

Wishes and Family

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/29139060) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/29139060>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warnings:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings , Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	Gen
Fandom:	Dream SMP
Relationships:	Ranboo & TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Wilbur Soot & Technoblade & TommyInnit & Phil Watson , Toby Smith Tubbo & TommyInnit , Ranboo & Toby Smith Tubbo & TommyInnit , Jschlatt & Toby Smith Tubbo
Characters:	Ranboo (Video Blogging RPF) , TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Toby Smith Tubbo , Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF) , Wilbur Soot , Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Dream SMP Ensemble , Jschlatt (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream's Sister Drista (Video Blogging RPF) , Grayson Purpled (Video Blogging RPF) , Eret (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Modern Setting , Alternate Universe - Madoka Magica Fusion , Somewhat , Found Family , BAMF TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , BAMF Toby Smith Tubbo , BAMF Ranboo , Protective Everyone , Alternate Universe - Magic , I Wrote This Instead of Sleeping , Why Did I Write This? , Blood and Injury , The children are not okay , Magical Boys , miscommunications , Child Soldiers , Minor Character Death , Wilbur Soot and Technoblade and TommyInnit are Siblings , Magic Revealed , DadSchlatt , Magical Girls , world building , magical systems , Minecraft , Video Game Mechanics , Violence , Fluff and Angst , Family Feels , Secrets , Dreamon , DreamXD - Freeform , human technoblade , Long-Haired Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Dysfunctional Relationships , Platonic Relationships , Platonic Cuddling , Twins Wilbur Soot & Technoblade , Older Siblings Wilbur Soot and Technoblade , Good dad Philza , Good Dad Schlatt , Good Sibling Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Good Friend Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Other Additional Tags to Be Added
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Non's Written Works
Collections:	Found Family , This is insomnia , pog fanfics ! , Cross' Collection of DSMP/SBI fics (unfinished) , MCYT stories that are still being written , fics that have a chokehold on me /pos , Top Tier Supernatural SBI Fics
Stats:	Published: 2021-02-07 Updated: 2023-12-13 Words: 79,043 Chapters: 23/?

Wishes and Family

by [A_Non_ymousWriter](#)

Summary

"-ase be forewarned that your child may be in danger because of the entities 'Ohne' and 'Exde' who are known to contract with children and teenagers. We have yet met an adult 'Magical'. All 'Magical' can be easily identified by the silver bracelet and a colored square on their middle fingernail-"

Dropping his soda, Tommy stares at the television while his father and two older brothers stare at him. Stare at the silver bracelet on his wrist and his middle fingernail. "Tommy?" Phil says slowly, a look of disbelief and denial on his face, "Did Tubbo really give you that bracelet?"

"Tubbo."

Tubbo kept his hands behind his back, looking at the wall, guilt and panic growing in his chest as his father, Schlatt, looking desperate and tired. "Tubbo, tell me you're not- Tubbo show me your hands." Tubbo takes in a deep breath, shoulders trembling as he kept his hands behind his back. That's confirmation enough. "*Tubbo*."

Ranboo didn't have anyone, he lived alone in his apartment. Which is kind of perfect as he welcomes Tommy and Tubbo inside, both looking haggard and teary-eyed. They ran and came to him. He hugs them both and comforts them.

Notes

yeah i couldn't resist kickstarting my ideas just like Rewind it itched in my head
well three ideas itched but i managed to make sure i only worked on one because i already
have my hands party full with rewind. so i put in the ideas in a number generator to chose and
THIS IDEA came to fruition now!

time to scratch another itch! the madoka magica-esque idea is coming to life!

will have blood. death. fighting and angst! for the next week or so i'll be trying to focus on
this while Rewind is on hold! you don't have to know about madoka magica to know this fic,
i'll be trying to explain it in the fic itself. i've changed a lot of things obviously.

you'll see.

at any rate, i hope you enjoy!

FINALLY I CAN WRITE CLINGY TRIO!! I CAN WRITE MORE RANBOO!

Before the Storm

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"Found anything?"

Tommy sighed, shaking his head as he looked around, a baseball-sized nearly transparent red cube in his hand. It glowed softly in his palm, the glow was dim unfortunately. "Nope. Looks like it's a quiet night on my end Big T." He said, the cube disappearing in a small burst of red sparks before reforming into a silver bracelet around his wrist. "What about you Ranboob?"

He grinned and snickered at the exasperated sigh that came from the modified bluetooth headset of his ear. *"No Toms. Nothing on my end either, should we wrap things up and head home?"* Tommy shifted from his seat, looking up at the night sky, barely feeling the freezing wind despite how high he was. It would take a lot more than that to make *him* feel cold. The sky looked nice, even with the clouds floating about and blocking some stars.

"Maybe. I kinda want to just stay here for a bit." The blond admitted, leaning back against the pole, crossing his arms behind his head, leaning against the metal behind him and enjoying the cool night breeze. "Enjoy the night, y'know?"

"You just don't want to head back because you haven't done your homework yet." Ranboo accused through the headphones and Tommy gasps.

"How *dare* you make such an *untrue ACCUSATION*-" The blond shouts through grinning teeth only to be interrupted by Tubbo's frantic voice.

"Code O! Code O! He's just crossed our territory at the southern part of the city-" Immediately Tommy jumped off the radio tower.

"I'm fucking on it! I'm gonna crush that motherfucker to bits and burn the rest to ash!"

Wind whipped past him as he fell, his bracelet glowed red, it flashed as his clothes shifted at his will.

Motherfucker thought he could just stroll into *their* territory and *not* get smashed to bits by Tommy? *That asshole had another thing coming Tommy promised that.*

Well if it isn't my favorite human. Come to destroy me again? Don't you get tired over destroying my copies? It makes no difference to me.

"Yeah well it's actually very satisfying to do so fuck you you circular piece of shit!"

You're not even going to ask why I'm here?"

"As if you'd actually answer me!"

I could you know.

"With the fucking *whole truth* you asshole!"

But I could.

"You expect me to believe you? HAH! Fat chance! *Get fucked Ohne bitch!*"

But *Toms*, I wanted to tell you so-

Pyrkagiá.

Tubbo gave Tommy a grimacing look as he, Tommy and Ranboo stood on the roof of the tallest abandoned building within the city. "Do you think we should've listened just a *bit* to what he wanted to say?" He asked hesitantly, thinking back to what Tommy reported to him.

"Bah- it was probably the usual fucking bullshit Tubs don't worry about it!" Tommy waved off, feeling relaxed as he had *just* destroyed a copy of one of the things he's hated the most. The one thing he utterly *despised* with all his being. Sure it *may* have been a copy and Tommy was always lowkey pissed at that fact but the fact he still destroyed it, left it nothing but ash-

It was a good feeling.

Both Ranboo and Tubbo looked at him unsurely and he huffed, "Aw c'mon guys! As if that *thing* would have *actually* told us the truth or whatever why he was in our territory." A bitter smile crossed his lips as memories flashed by. His friends' look softened, knowing just what was crossing his mind with that distant, complicated look he had on his face. Ranboo especially.

Trust me Tommy, this is for your own good :)

"What matters now, is that he's been destroyed and is fucking out of our territory. It didn't feel like he contracted anyone. Tubbo?"

Tubbo sighed, "Alright alright..." He took out his laptop out of his inventory, summoning his green translucent cube and placing it on the device. He sat down on the ground, typing into the laptop while both Ranboo and Tommy shuffled over to watch him work. A map of the city came up, along it, the pathway of Ohne was retraced. "With how fast he'd been going, no it really doesn't look like he contracted anyone. Looks like he was just heading to you Toms."

Tommy made a disgusted look on his face, overplaying his reaction to hide the gutwrenching anger and lingering traces of fear. "Goddamn obsessive asshole."

"Well, aside from that, at least it was a peaceful night. No mobs, no Mvms. That means we can go home and either sleep *or* work on our homework." Ranboo commented, smiling

underneath his facemask at Tommy's splutter and Tubbo's laughter. Ranboo perked and snickered before jumping away from Tommy's playful swipe.

"Come back here you shithead!"

Tubbo rolled his eyes fondly as Tommy chased after the now running Ranboo, both of them jumping off the abandoned roof. "OI! *WAIT FOR ME!*" He shouted after them, picking up his laptop and throwing it into his inventory before sprinting after his best friends.

Ranboo seemed to be right. The night was peaceful, no mobs, no mvms, nothing troublesome aside from the one moment with Ohne.

Little did they know that what was going on in the background was *far* from peaceful.

"Good morning Tommy!"

Tommy yawned, making a show of blearily rubbing his eyes as if he'd just woken up- which wasn't exactly the truth. Still, his family knew him to not be a morning person so that's just how it is. "M'ning dad." He greeted back, shaking his head and grinning at his father who smiled back from the kitchen.

"Morning Toms." Wilbur greeted him, smiling fondly as he sipped his cup of coffee.

"Morning Wilby!" Tommy beamed at his older brother.

"Theseus." Technoblade deadpans from his place at the table, a book in one hand and a piece of toast in the other.

"*Mr. The Blade.*" Tommy exaggerates to his oldest brother, snickering at the eye roll he received from him.

Philza chuckled, shaking his head at the antics of his children. "Sit Tommy, eat your breakfast." He motioned with his spatula and gladly, the youngest male went to sit down, fiddling with his phone and opening Discord.

He tapped a specific one, checking in on the private server he was part of. He'd been @'d in it- in several other servers as well but this one was more important.

GgggWafflintom: @BIGHOTMAN @boombee @HalfWhipped You definitely should have listened to what the damn thing was going to say and THEN destroyed it.

MercilessPurp: could have at least let some of the guy remained so we could sell it off to other mags. i know a few who'd be interested in getting some of ohne's bodies for a good buck.

HalfWhipped: you've only been a mag for FIVE MONTHS how the hell do you know a few other mags already

boombee: george????

GgggWafflintom: Don't look at me, I may have told him a few names of the other mags but no one I know seemed interested in ohne's body.

godsista: it's just purpled don't bother to question it!

BIGHOTMAN: rly now

BIGHOTMAN: dm me purp and ill think about it.

StrawberryDress<3: everything aside i'm glad nothing else happened last night

BIGHOTMAN: it was kinda boring tbh

"Here Toms, eat."

Tommy blinked as his attention switched from his phone, he quickly switched from Discord to Youtube and gave his father a grateful smile. "Thanks dad! Looks great!" Smells great too mm.

He watched a few videos on his phone, listening with half an ear to the conversation around the table as his family talked pleasantly in the background.

He wondered just how much Purpled could get if Tommy gave him whatever pieces of Ohne he could offer. He hated the bastard but hey, money was money and if Purpled could get money then Tommy was in for it. He just had to remember *not* to scorch the remains next time. It'd be difficult to remember, he's been scorching Ohne's bodies for a year and a half now ever since he got strong enough to do that type of shit.

Old habits die hard and all that shit.

"Tommy." "Hm?" Tommy hummed, looking at the brother who called out his name. Technoblade surprisingly, but his face was squinting suspiciously at Tommy who looked back innocently at his brother. "Did you take one of my fencing swords?"

Yes.

"What?" Tommy questioned with a scowl on his face, "Why the fuck would I take one of your dumb stick swords hm? I dropped that shit like, a year ago!" He complained, inwardly though he sighed.

It wasn't his fault his old ones had all broken and had to be thrown away. He wasn't lying on dropping fencing- compared to Technoblade, he wasn't good at it. That and other things had taken up his time, he didn't really want to drop it but being compared to Technoblade constantly by their fencing teacher had been tiring and he simply didn't have the extra time to put into fencing. That was then, he was better at managing himself now and could probably take it up again but he was fine as it was.

Why take fencing *classes* when Tommy fought with swords and shit on an almost weekly or daily basis?

When it comes to straight on fencing though, he knows that Techno still has him beat.
Damned prodigy brother.

"Why the fuck is it whenever something goes missing you all automatically assume it's me?!
It could've been Wil for all you know!" Tommy cried out, motioning to said amused brother.

Technoblade cocked a brow at him, "And what exactly would Wilbur do with my fencing sword hm?" He questions making Tommy pout.

"I don't know, skewer the other shitty asshole musicians and people in his school?" Wilbur barked a laugh at his suggestion while Philza tried not to seem amused by it. "You can check my room and shit, I don't have your pee stick sword!" He mocked.

His long pink-haired brother pressed fingers against his eyes as Wilbur wheezed at the table, "It's called an *épée* sword. Tommy."

"Pee stick sword!"

Techno wouldn't find the sword in his room, Tommy stuck the damn thing in his inventory, one of the best hiding spots for items to ever exist.

blackandyellowenergy: yes

ripefortheslaughter: no

blackandyellowenergy: YES

iseeadreamer: maybe?

ripefortheslaughter: NO

blackandyellowenergy: ttmmy pleeaassseeeee??/?/?/?/?

ripefortheslaughter: DAMMIT TUBBO NO I AM NOT GOING ALONG WITH YOUR
EXPERIMENT AGAIN IT WAS A BITCH TO HEAL FROM LAST TIME AND IT'LL BE
A BITCH TO HEAL AGAIN!

blackandyellowenergy: :(((

blackandyellowenergy: 2 b fairr i didnn thin itd be T HAT storng

iseeadreamer: also you were being an idiot in handling it. and i was distracting you.

ripefortheslaughter: you just want to see me explode again

iseeadreamer: ye

ripefortheslaughter: horrible unfriended i hate you both

blackandyellowenergy: ill do ur maths homework

ripefortheslaughter: ...

ripefortheslaughter: how much power are you gonna put in this one? also ranboo you'er not allowed to distract me

iseeadreamer: you're*

blackandyellowenergy: :DDDD

ripefortheslaughter: RANBOO'S DISOWNED TUBBO ADD PURPLED IN THE CHAT HE'S COOLER

iseeadreamer: you don't have enough money to pay him to stay hehe

ripefortheslaughter: FUCK

blackandyellowenergy: we doin the expwrimnt in 2 days

blackandyellowenergy: see u both at shool!!

"You're a menace." Tommy told Tubbo the moment they sat down for lunch, "How everyone sees you as innocent and wholesome is utterly beyond me."

Tubbo gives him a sincere smile with closed eyes, it's fucking disturbing to see for him and Ranboo who chokes on his drink. "I have no idea what you mean Toms."

"And *you* are an *ass*." Tommy continues, pointing sullenly at Ranboo who quietly snickers at him through his coughing. "*Why* are we best friends? I should have left you in the boxes I found you in." He complained aloud, shoving a piece of food in his mouth.

"*But'cha didn't!*" Ranboo and Tubbo chorused with twin smiles.

Tommy refuses to acknowledge the smile that grows on his face. It doesn't exist. Nope. These two were menaces that did not deserve his smile.

Fuck them.

Still, together, the three of them ate in relative peace. Enjoying the lunch with just the three of them, everyone else seemed busy today. Or maybe they were hanging out on their own, it was hard to tell sometimes but at any rate, it was still a nice time of lunch.

"Exde should be coming back tonight." Tubbo murmurs to him as he and Tubbo go to turn in their now empty trays. "Think he'll stay the week?"

Tommy looks thoughtful before shrugging, "Dunno. He's a busy motherfucker. He'll probably go off to find out what the fuck Ohne was trying to say if we tell him, or maybe he knows and he'll tell us. We'll just find out tonight." He replies quietly, Tubbo nods back and smiles.

The day goes on like normal, school sucked, Tommy couldn't wait to get home and just *relax* for a few hours before heading out to patrol after dinner.

Though there's a few nice moments that Tommy appreciates in school, a pleasant surprise to see that his grade was doing better- made sense since he's been getting more help and he actually has the time to do homework now thanks to everyone especially Tubbo and Ranboo. He sees the glorious video sent to him and a bunch of others in Dream's server sent by Sapnap. It was of Dream tripping George and triggering a short 'Manhunt' during their break, George lets Dream win the Manhunt this time because he was lazy. Tommy trips Ranboo himself, thinking it was worth it even though he knows Ranboo will probably try to trip him later during patrol, that was fine it'd make things entertaining.

At any rate though, the day goes on like normal and Tommy comes home with a smile and a sigh.

"*I'M HOME!*" He exclaims loudly, listening to the responses he gets. All of his family was home it sounded like, nice. Guess Technoblade's fencing class was canceled and Wilbur finished practice early. He peeked into the living room to see both Wilbur and Technoblade on the couch, watching something boring- the news. Tommy rejected their offer to join them at the couch, he'd invade the living room later after he spent some time to himself in his room.

Tommy goes up to his room, throwing his backpack on his bed and checking Discord again. He snickers as he rewatches the clip of Dream tripping George and the short chase afterwards, he hums and types into Dream's server a bit before switching to the private personal Mag server he, Tubbo and Ranboo were with with George, Purpled, Drista and Eret.

MercilessPurp: yo tommy if you pay me enough i'll give you a nice funeral.

BIGHOTMAN: SO LITERALLY EVERYTHING I HAVE ON ME? nope im good thanks purp

MercilessPurp: damn okay have a shit funeral then

StrawberryDress<3: Purpled, Tommy please stop joking about funerals

BIGHOTMAN: okay

MercilessPurp: ok eret

GgggWafflintom: it's clear who's the favorite adult here and that's just not fair

HalfWhipped: you'd probably be the favorite if you slept less and cared more

GgggWafflintom: true

boombee: true

godsista: v true

BIGHOTMAN: true and brb

Feeling thirsty, Tommy stashed his phone in his inventory and headed downstairs get either a glass of water or a can of coke. After climbing down the stairs, he's made his decision; a can of coke shall ease his thirst. He determinedly goes into the kitchen, passing his father and brothers who were *still* watching the news only now Philza's joined them in the living room. He's blocked out the tv, too determined to get his soda can to hear what was going on the television.

He can't feel it but his phone buzzes incessantly in his inventory.

Tommy looks for any soda left in the fridge, trying to remember if they were running out of the stuff or not.

"*TOMMY!*" Phil calls to him, sounding- off? Concerned?

"*Yeah?!*" He calls back, perking as he found a can stashed in the back of the fridge. He sighed in annoyance though since it was at the very back- Techno probably did that to annoy him.

"*TOMMY COME HERE!*" That was Wilbur. He sounded off too.

Tommy grunts, shifting aside the contents of the fridge to reach his can. "*Hold your fucking horses I'm trying to get some soda!*" He replies, grinning as he grabbed the can.

"*Tommy!*" Okay now *that* was Techno, who was *definitely* off because he was actually being *loud*. What the fuck was happening now? Was he still on the missing sword thing? Techno should know by now that Tommy didn't have it in his room and thus should suspect nothing from him.

"*I'm coming I'm coming fucking hell!*" He shouts, taking a brief moment to open his can and then walking towards the living room. He takes a few gulps, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand just as the television continued its report.

"*-ase be forewarned that your child may be in danger because of the entities 'Ohne' and 'Exde' who are known to contract with children and teenagers. We have yet met an adult 'Magical'. All 'Magical' can be easily identified by the silver bracelet and a colored square on their middle fingernail-*"

Dropping his soda, Tommy stares at the television while his father and two older brothers stare at him. Stare at the silver bracelet on his wrist and his middle fingernail. On the screen, there's a clip of a Mag transforming in front of the camera- surrounded by police. Another clip shows of a Mag jumping off the roof of a high building, landing somewhere unseen. There's pictures of a dark wrist wearing a familiar silver bracelet and showing a pink cube on their middle finger nail. There are more pictures, of bracelets, Mags, fuck there's a few pictures of a Mag's *cube* along with some clips of fighting and-

"Tommy?" Phil says slowly, a look of disbelief and denial on his face, "Did Tubbo really give you that bracelet?" Besides him, Wilbur and Techno stare at him with various shifting looks as Tommy unconsciously grabs his wrist, holding his hands close to his chest.

"I..."

This was impossible.

The news reporter continues to explain basic Mag stuff with a mixed look of seriousness and disbelief on the tv.

His family stands from the couch, "Tommy, none of this is true right?" Wilbur questions quietly, a searching wide-eyed and incredulous look on his face. Clearly wanting Tommy to answer with the truth, maybe he's hoping that the truth that this was all a hoax- Tommy was certainly hoping at least. However the look drops into disbelief as Tommy opened his mouth to answer but nothing came out, Tommy took a step back.

"Thesues..." Techno says quietly, voice not as monotoned as he probably wanted it to be but there was a calculating and slightly pleading look on his face. "Tell us what happened. Did you really sell your soul to the devil?"

Tell me your wish Tommy. I'll grant it for you because we're friends :)

"Tubbo."

Tubbo kept his hands behind his back, looking at the wall, guilt and panic growing in his chest as his father, Schlatt, looking desperate and tired. "Tubbo, tell me you're not- Tubbo show me your hands." Tubbo takes in a deep breath, shoulders trembling as he kept his hands behind his back. That's confirmation enough.

"*Tubbo.*"

"Tubbo? Don't tell me the stuff they're saying on tv is *real*." His little sister, Lani, says, motioning to the screen.

What do you want Tubbo?

Ranboo didn't have anyone, he lives alone in his apartment. His parents had long died, barely even remembered them, his other relatives didn't care as much and just set him up to be independent. He didn't mind, not anymore.

He's alone in the apartment, watching the news with dread filling his stomach as the reporter explains Mags to everyone in the world while showing *proof* of their existence. Which should be *impossible*.

What's your wish Ranboo?

His phone buzzes and practically jumps in his phone, the Mag servers were going crazy, even their private personal.

MercilessPurp: I THOUGHT YOU SAID THEY COULDN'T GET MAGIC AND SHIT TO SHOW ON TECHNOLOGY!?

MercilessPurp: PUNZ IS BANGING ON MY DOOR WHAT THE FUCK DO I DO?!

godsista: DREAM AND MY PARENTS ARE BEING SO CONCERNED ASDKJA HELP

GgggWafflintom: fuckfuck fuck stay calm hol on

StrawberryDress<3: This is bad this is really really bad

Gripping his phone, he doesn't type a reply into the server, instead he goes to his, Tubbo and Tommy's group chat.

iseeadreamer: tommy? tubbo?? are you guys okay???

No answer.

He @'s them.

Still no answer.

He *calls* them.

No answer.

He ignores the messages from everyone else, focusing on Tubbo and Tommy. Spamming their chat until he *finally* gets a reply.

blackandyellowenergy: imcomgib ver rnboo

Ranboo jumps from his couch and immediately looks out for Tubbo, also for Tommy even though he hasn't said *anything* yet.

He spots them soon enough, they were jumping on the rooftops and he opens the window, welcomes them inside. They were both haggard looking and teary-eyed. "*They know oh my fuck they-*" "*What do we do what do we do what do we-*" They both babble and Ranboo hugs them, all three of them sink into the floor with Ranboo trying to comfort his two best friends the best he could.

Honestly though, he has no idea what to do other than that because their biggest secret was out and their existence was revealed.

I told you Tommy, I wanted to tell you something but you just. Wouldn't. Listen :(
Ahh, I miss the Toms that listened to me.
That's fine though, I'll see that Tommy again one day :)

Pyrkagiá - Greek; Burning Shot

of course tommy's element is going to be hot. there's a TON of things i've got in my head for this but like usual i'll be flailing my arms for the storyline.

yes ohne is a homage to dreamon, he's going to be kyubey in this scenario. who is exde? just wait on that!

bear with me everyone, i'll be describing clothing next chapter as well as weapons and hoping that i dont fuck up on that. oh yeah, and worldbuilding. can't forget the worldbuilding

but yeah! viola. the madoka magica esque idea i had in mind! i really hope you enjoyed because i sure did! this story is going to be f u n

watch as the adults run around like headless chickens trying to help their kids and each other! meanwhile the kids are quietly despairing over their current situation.

ages for the people mentioned: (yes i adjusted a few ages for a few people just to make things easier for myself okay)

Tommy - 16

Ranboo, Tubbo, Purpled - 17

Drista - 14

Lani - 13

Eret, Sapnap - 20

George, Technoblade, Dream, Wilbur - 22

Philza - 38

Schlatt - 36

Ohne, Exde - ?

Discovery

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Have you thought of your wish yet Tommy?

"Not yet Big O. Not yet."

It's been a week, you really haven't thought of anything?

"Oh I've thought of so many fucking things Big O- it's a wish! Course I thought of so many things to wish for, I just can't decide idiot!"

Tell me your wishes then and I could point out which one seems most efficient.

"Hmmmmyyyybe but naah, I'll decide on my own! I gotta do this on my own Big O! Prove that I'm like, capable at deciding and shit. I'm a big fucking man!"

Fair enough, fair enough. Just tell me when you're ready Tommy and I'll be there to grant your wish :)

"I will! I will! Don't worry about it Big O! I'll call for you when I decide what I want!"

Technoblade liked to think that he was a man of logic. That he was smart, that he made decisions based on his head instead of his heart. But however logical he was, he still indulged in fiction. He had read a lot growing up and he still read so much even now.

Fiction was amazing, the creativity of people was amazing, it could pull you in with its fantastical ideas and creative storylines. Fiction based on reality or had realistic properties but still had that mystical, magical air were one of his favorite genres to read even though he still enjoyed non-fiction stories and such.

Fiction was not supposed to be reality.

Otherworldly beings, mystical events, *magic*.

For however fantastical fiction was, for its beautiful compositions and concepts, fiction *in* reality could be one of the most dangerous things to happen because it would mean *so many things*. The *consequences* of magic, its side effects, its raw power and the very *concept* of it. It could lead to a dark path that he's read *and* thought about time and time again in his free time.

One of the stories he's read involved a man in a magical apocalypse, the story was completely fiction but also very serious, it depicted horrible things within that apocalypse, caused by magic, by people, by people who had *power* in the form of magic. Consequences of magic

were one of the things he's thought heavily on occasion, indulging himself with thinking on the *what ifs* and exploring just what could happen should it have *actually* happened.

Should magic had *actually* been real.

Techno knows that actions have consequences, and magic would be no different.

Magic had consequences, be it big or small.

Stories that involved *magic contracts* usually bit the protagonist in the ass one way or another, a consequence to their actions and the most damning one would be selling their soul for magic. For power. Selling their entire being for the chance of being *more*.

Would it be worth it?

Perhaps.

Perhaps it would, Techno would think as he read through the story, contemplating the protagonist's choices and the obstacles they must face in the future. That power would be useful, maybe it was worth selling their soul for the sake of the greater good he'd think one day. Or maybe not, he'd think another day. Because what was worth a person's soul?

What was a person worth?

Would it be worth it?

Techno doesn't know a solid answer for that. His thoughts change base on the circumstances, he'd have to know the consequences, he'd have to know the effects, he'd have to know *everything* before making that type of choice.

"*I'M HOME!*" Tommy screams from the front door, announcing his presence and making Techno snort.

"*WELCOME HOME TOMS!*" His twin shouts back from his place on the side of the couch.

"*Welcome home.*" Techno greets, idly hearing Phil exclaim his own greeting from somewhere within the house- his office most likely.

Technoblade has control over the remote as he flips through the channels, eventually settling on the news much to his twin's exasperation. Hey, if he wanted something else then he should've won roshambo. Techno's scissors beat Wilbur's flimsy paper, heh.

Tommy's head pops from the living room door, "There you fuckers are, what are you watching?" He asks but immediately looks disinterested when he sees the news on the tv.

"The news. Want to join us?" Techno deadpans, smirking as Tommy refuses, all part of his plan. Sure he wanted to know what was on the news but having Tommy go to his room was an added plus. Tommy didn't seem interested in watching tv at the moment, which meant Techno and Wilbur could enjoy it gremlin free for a while.

Wilbur watches Tommy leave and turns back to Techno, "I forgot to ask, did you find your sword?" He asks curiously, remembering the topic from this morning.

The pink-haired twin sighed, shaking his head, "Nope. Guess he was telling the truth." Whenever Tommy stole something he *always* stashed it somewhere in his room and Technoblade had looked through every nook and cranny. No sword whatsoever. "You didn't steal it did you Wilbur?"

"Tempting as it is to do Tommy's suggestion this morning," They both snorted as they remembered, "No. You know I'm utterly shit at swordplay Tech. You and Toms are sword boys like dad, I'll stick with guitars and punching and kicking people like mum thanks." Wilbur says with a wry grin, his face looking a bit sad at the mention of their late mother. Still, it was amusing.

Techno hummed, "Fair enough... Though Tommy *did* drop out of fencing class." He said with lingering disappointment. His little brother had been good at it, no matter what his biased teacher had said. He didn't have his and Phil's natural talent but Techno knows that Tommy could've been great at fencing if he continued, Tommy didn't have the natural talent but he could build into the skill on hard work alone. However Tommy had both been discouraged and seemed to genuinely lose interest in it and dropped it, Techno would've tried to get him back into fencing however it seemed like he'd been stressed out enough with school and definitely needed some time to himself so he didn't say anything.

"It's been a year and that teacher's been sacked, think you could convince him to take it up again?" His twin asked, knowing what Techno was thinking.

He shrugged, "Maybe, but it's up to Tommy really. If he doesn't want to take it then he doesn't have to." He hoped Tommy would though.

Wilbur nodded, smiling and together they got back to watching the news.

It didn't take long for their father to come out of his office and join them, "Another teen disappeared in the next town over?" Phil murmured, hearing the newscaster broadcast the story of the missing teenager. A video of the poor child's parents showed, crying and pleading viewers to report anything if they had seen even just a glimpse of their child.

Unfortunately people going missing happened every day, however it didn't make it any less terrifying or sad, especially when it came to young teenagers and children.

"You gonna adjust curfew?" Techno asked his father, knowing that the story would just make him more worried about Tommy's safety. The missing teen was Tommy's age after all.

Phil grimaced and shrugged, "Maybe. I should sign him up for a few self-defense classes again. Just in case." He said making both his sons nod in agreement. Techno could take care of himself, and despite mainly being a musician, Wilbur was no slouch when it came to fighting. He had taken the same martial arts classes as his twin, he had more trophies when it came to that but music was his passion and he was focusing on it these last couple of years.

Tommy knew a few moves himself, their family adamant to self-defense and being strong enough to at least fend themselves against people who tried to physically hurt them.

Techno took the remote, about to change the channel when the newscaster was suddenly interrupted.

"Uh-I b-breaking news, we interrupt our regularly scheduled program with new information across the globe-" Whatever was going on was important, because suddenly their local news channel switched into a *global* news channel. Something very important was going on.

Fiction was not supposed to be reality.

"-t may seem hard to believe but it has indeed been confirmed. Magic does exist and-"

A feeling of dread pooled in Techno's stomach, in the background, Tommy quickly walks into the kitchen for whatever reason. He, Wilbur and Philza don't call out to him, too entranced by the news.

"-he following clips-"

A clip shows of a girl, either she was younger than Tommy or was just short, her face was blurred but it showed a clear picture of her holding some sort of white cube. The video was shakey, taken from the side in secret but it showed the girl's school uniform glowing before *changing* into a completely different outfit while a giant ornate *hammer* appeared in the girl's hands. By its size and the fact it seemed to be entirely of metal, the girl shouldn't be able to lift it but she does with clear ease. The clip ends but another starts.

A boy this time, holding a blue cube in hand. The cube glows before turning into a simple silver bracelet. A *familiar* silver bracelet.

"-s unknown how exactly they were given their magic but a contract was mentio-"

No.

"*TOMMY!*" Philza calls, his father and brother easily recognizing the familiar bracelet. They've seen it everyday for the past *three years*.

"Yeah?!" His little brother calls back, oblivious to their plight.

Incredulous denial sets in on Wilbur's face. "*TOMMY COME HERE!*" He shouts, desperate for either confirmation or a disclaimer.

The newscaster is looking just as disbelieving but he continues with his job with impressive seriousness because apparently the *government* was indeed, backing these claims along with various other people as more pictures and clips continued to show.

There's a picture of a little girl in a pink poofy dress holding a fucking *crossbow*, shooting at an obscured older boy in another outfit.

Another clip of a cube turning into a simple silver bracelet.

"Tommy!" Techno shouts, not as loud as his father and twin brother but it's *loud*. Louder than Techno usually was and Tommy *knows* to come now because if Techno was louder than usual then something was up.

"I'm coming I'm coming fucking hell!"

Finally Tommy comes to the living room, drinking from a fucking *soda can*. He's wiping his mouth just as he seems to finally hear the television's words.

"-ase be forewarned that your child may be in danger because of the entities 'Ohne' and 'Exde' who are known to contract with children and teenagers. We have yet met an adult 'Magical'. All 'Magical' can be easily identified by the silver bracelet-"

Tommy's soda falls to the floor, it was going to stain the rug but no one cared as Tommy stared at the television while Techno, Phil and Wilbur stared at *him*. At the simple silver bracelet on his wrist.

"Tubbo gave it to me!" Thirteen year old Tommy exclaimed when they finally noticed his new regular accessory.

"- and a colored square on their middle fingernail-"

Tommy's hand curls unconsciously, showing the red cube on his middle fingernail- they had never noticed that before. *Why were they noticing it now?*

"Tommy?" Their father says slowly, a look of disbelief and denial on his face, "Did Tubbo really give you that bracelet?" He asks, Tommy finally looks at them, eyes wide as he clutches his wrist, covers the bracelet and brings his hands to his chest.

Please no.

There's a blurred picture of a boy and a girl on the screen, the girl has a spear in hand and she was blocking the boy's sword. They were *fighting*- the girl's clothes were clearly tattered and her outfit was yellow so it was easy to spot the red that seeped into her clothing.

"I..."

"-dangerous weapons, they are not fake. I repeat. They are not fake-"

"Tommy, none of this is true right?" His twin questions quietly, a searching wide-eyed and incredulous look on his face. The news continues to report and it continues into the very real possibility that this might be connected to *many* missing people.

His little brother -*young so young the look of disbelief and quiet horror little brother why-* opens his mouth but no words come out, he only takes a step back.

"Thesues..." Techno says quietly, getting up from the couch, his mind whirling, calculating and pleading. "Tell us what happened. Did you really sell your soul to the devil?"

What was his brother's soul worth? Did Tommy know what happened? When the hell did this happen? What happened? Why him? Why his previous little brother? Tommy are you okay?

He should've asked a different question. Subtly accusing his brother of selling his soul to the devil wasn't a good idea clearly as Tommy's face shifted and he *bolted* out of the living room.

"*TOMMY!!*" They chorused, jumping from the couch to chase after him.

Tommy's already in front of Schlatt's house by the time they're outside, and that house was on the other side of the street, just two houses down. Tommy has always been fast but the fact he was by that house already just *proved* that Tommy was one of these 'Magicals' as the news called them.

"*TUBBO!!*" Tommy screams, looking frantic and panicked and Techno remembers.

Tubbo had a matching bracelet.

Screams came from the second floor window as a blur jumped out of the open window, Schlatt and Lani appeared at the window staring wide-eyed as Tubbo landed on the fence with a type of grace and precision that Tubbo *should not have*. He was *17* and though he had been a trampolinist, he had dropped the recreational activity *years* ago and hadn't practiced in years. And *even still*, being a trampolinist didn't explain the grace, precision and *experience* that Tubbo showed as he hopped off the fence by Tommy's side, looking just as panicked.

"*Tubbo we gotta go-*" "*Tommy we have to-*" Clasp hands, the two boys *ran*.

"*Nonono TOMMY WAIT!!*" "*TUBBO COME BACK!!*" "*BOYS WAIT!!*"

With unnatural speed, Tommy and Tubbo ran away towards the woods, going as far as to *jumping* impossible heights to reach the tree tops. Disappearing into the trees and going who knows where.

Philza and Wilbur moved to follow after them but Techno grabbed them both, "*Techno let go we have-*" "*Tommy's gett-*" "*Wait.*" He interrupted them firmly, looking grim. "It's not just about Tommy anymore."

From the house, Schlatt and Lani came bursting out, father and daughter looking worried and scared.

In other houses, there were noises bursting. Screams, dogs barking, cat yowling- Techno's grimace deepened as he considered that someone had *definitely* seen Tubbo and Tommy run off.

Thankfully though, Techno had a good feeling as to where they had gone.

It doesn't take long for the fear and panic to be suppressed.

Tubbo and Tommy end up sitting on his couch while Ranboo gave them a few drinks to help calm down.

"Was this... What Ohne was trying to tell you about?" Tubbo whispered, staring at the muted television that displayed Mag after Mag after Mag.

The can of soda in Tommy's hand bent underneath his tight grip, some soda spilling from the action. "He's the cause of this bullshit he- he- *he did this*." Tommy snarled with burning conviction and hate. The panic he felt before morphing into anger to the point that the soda in his hand began to *steam* as his magic reacted to his emotions.

Ranboo bopped his head, prying the steaming, crushed soda can from Tommy's hand. "Calm down Toms, I'd rather you not burn my apartment thanks." He said, tossing the ruined can into the trash bin on the other side of the room. "You're probably right but *why*. Why is this happening? *How* is this happening? Purpled said something that caught my attention, normal technology shouldn't be able to catch magic and yet the news are showing off these photos and videos of Mags and their cubes and marks and weapons-

"They mentioned the fingernail mark." Tommy muttered, brows furrowing as he looked at said mark, the red cube permanently plastered on his nail until he summoned his cube or changed. "They shouldn't be able to see it but my- my family they-" They *did*. They clearly did. The bracelet was capable of being seen, it was just a simple bracelet after all but the *mark*? Only Mags and potential Mags could see the mark.

Tubbo got out his laptop, summoning his cube- it looked fine, if a bit murky- to place on his laptop.

"The servers are going crazy, Mags are being outed left and right." Tubbo says softly, biting his lip, "It's only a matter of time until-

"Hordes are going to spawn and more contracts will be made." Tommy finished darkly, mouth thinned as the air within the apartment became heavier.

Ranboo nodded, wincing as he looked at his phone. He, Tommy and Tubbo were pinged multiple times by George.

GgggWafflintom: @BIGHOTMAN @boombee @HalfWhipped
GgggWafflintom: @BIGHOTMAN @boombee @HalfWhipped
GgggWafflintom: @BIGHOTMAN @boombee @HalfWhipped
GgggWafflintom: @BIGHOTMAN @boombee @HalfWhipped
GgggWafflintom: answer us are you guys alright?

StrawberryDress<3: @godsista @MercilessPurp situation update?

HalfWhipped: Tommy and Tubbo are with me, they ran from their families after being discovered.

GgggWafflintom: fuck

StrawberryDresses<3: are they okay? did they react badly??

HalfWhipped: if you mean phil and the others then idk, they both panicked and left without saying anything.

HalfWhipped: toms just started running and called out to tubbo who ran with him

HalfWhipped: it was an impulsive decision that they're starting to kinda regret

MercilessPurp: i don't blame or judge bc i just did that myself

MercilessPurp: i jumped out the window

HalfWhipped: oh hey tubbo did that too apparently

boombee: toms screamed an the w indow was opnn

StrawberryDresses<3: You're welcomed to come to my place Purpled though I know Punz is going to be very worried.

GgggWafflintom: @godsista are you okay? you've been quiet, what's the situation with dream and your parents?

godsista: what the fuck

GgggWafflintom: drista?

boombee: drssta are u ok??

godsista: george?? tubbo?? what the fuck

godsista: youre both magicals too??? george why the fuck didnt you tell me?

BIGHOTMAN: DREAM???

godsista: TOMMY TOO?

GgggWafflintom: oh fuck

MercilessPurp: aaand shit is going down in this server

godsista: my server

godsista: now

godsista: get in the damn call

Ranboo gulped as he switched to Dream's server, messages were flying fast between everyone as the call channel was quickly filled with people.

"Should we-" Ranboo said, turning to his two best friends, about to ask if they *should* get in the call.

Unfortunately he's interrupted by the rapid banging of his front door. "*RANBOO? RANBOO ARE YOU THERE? PLEASE, IT'S WILBUR, ARE TOMMY AND TUBBO WITH YOU?*"

All three teens froze at the muffled sound of Wilbur's voice coming from the door. Philza's came soon as well, "*TOMMY?! RANBOO! TUBBO! PLEASE WE JUST WANT TO TALK!*"

WE'RE NOT MAD, JUST PLEASE, let us in..."

Ranboo looks at them both, his best friends looked pensive and hesitant. "I can tell them to wait, to go away." He told them quietly, offering some time for them both.

Tubbo shook his head however, "Eret's right. We have to talk to them at some point. We shouldn't have ran away so recklessly at least."

"But it'll have to wait *after* we deal with some shit. The hordes are going to pop out, let them in Ranboo. They'll have to wait here." Tommy said, a grimace on his face.

"You're still going to go out with George and Eret?" Ranboo checked Discord, both Eret and George were in the call within Dream's server.

Tommy nodded, "Have to. Purpled and Drista are too inexperienced, plus Drista's stuck with Dream and their parents... Sorry guys but I'm gonna have to leave the explaining shit to you." Tubbo's brows furrowed and he opened his mouth only for Tommy to interrupt, "I'll do two more experiments, no complaints from me big guy if you and Ranboo stay back to talk. Between the three of us, having me go out and deal with the horde with Eret 'n George is the best choice and you know it."

They do. They do know.

Out of the three of them, Tommy was the most experienced Mag as well as the strongest. He, George and Eret had been Mags the longest with both older men being one of the rare Mags who made it into adulthood. They both hoped to live to their thirties and forties but the fact they made it to their twenties was impressive enough.

"Fine. Ranboo, get the door, I'll look out for the locations of all the hordes." Tubbo muttered, typing into his laptop.

Ranboo nodded, quickly getting towards the door where the adults were still knocking at the door and pressing his doorbell. Just as he opened the door, red light flared behind him, "Uh hey- OOF!" He wheezed as the door was forced open by both Wilbur and Schlatt, Ranboo hadn't expected that.

"*Tommy/Tubbo!*" Both men exclaimed though they were shocked to find Tommy in his Mag outfit.

They don't really know how their outfits form, it was a mystery to Mags everywhere on how the designs were made. Some speculated it was connected to their wish, some to their name, their family history, etc.

Tommy's outfit seemed somewhat connected to his original name Theseus since his outfit was somewhat greek-related.

A white chiton draped over Tommy's left shoulder, leaving his right shoulder bare, underneath the chiton was a red sleeveless shirt that had gold trimming. His left arm had a long red leather archery bracer that stopped at his elbow underneath the draping chiton sleeve

while his right arm had a fingerless white glove that was connected to a golden armband that held a bright red ruby that shined with power.

Dark red pants covered his lower half underneath the half-opened ending skirt of the chiton, a little loose and baggy but tapering tightly into brown and gold sandal boots that crisscrossed over the end of the pants. Finally, entangled and crowning Tommy's skull was a wreath of gold leaves, a golden laurel.

Tommy looked spooked at the sudden entrance of both Wilbur and Schlatt which was followed closely by Phil, Lani and Technoblade.

For a shocked, dumbfounded moment, no one spoke before Tommy shook his head and barked to Tubbo. "*Locations!*"

"*Abuh- uh- northeast! Southeast, North, West-*" Tubbo listed off.

"I'm heading North!" The blond Mag declared, sprinting towards the window that Ranboo had thankfully forgot to close after he welcomed Tubbo and Tommy inside. Tommy's family cried out in protest but it was too late, Tommy had jumped out of the window, traveling on the rooftops and heading North for the hordes and the mobs that were spawning in their territory.

Those poor people.

Wilbur and Phil attempted to leave, to try and follow Tommy but Ranboo had closed the door. Blocking the exit, using his magic he shut the window from where he stood. "I'm sorry guys but Tommy said you all have to stay here while he dealt with the hordes." He said while Tubbo joined Dream's voice channel to get to George and Eret directly.

"*-EST FRIENDS!*" Sapnap's enraged and heartbroken voice came from the laptop, it was mixed with various other voices but it had been the loudest to hear. Techno grabbed Ranboo, eyes hard and looking grim.

Ranboo gave him stoic look, inwardly he sweated because Techno was always an intimidating man. Not to mention Wilbur and Phil were looking pretty intimidating right now too. "You're going to tell us *everything*." Techno said grimly.

"*SORRY TO INTERRUPT BUT GEORGE, ERET, TOMMY JUST LEFT TO DEAL WITH THE HORDES NORTH SIDE OF OUR TERRITORY CAN YOU PLEASE DEAL WITH THE SOUTH, WEST AND EAST SIDES? THANK YOU GOODBYE!*" Tubbo screamed in the background just so both men could hear him. He quickly left the call and smiled nervously at his father and sister. "Er..."

Ranboo was going to make sure Tommy paid him back too as he was dragged into his own living room by three very worried men.

What is the point of this chaos?
What are you up to now?

Why are you doing this and how?
This will just make it everything harder than it should be, is that what you want?
I have to find out, everyone is in danger.

Chapter End Notes

skdjfbvrhb it's only been one chapter and there's already *fanart*

[by Eeveecat1248](#)

First they made 4 panel doodle about the cube turning into the bracelet and mark! it's great!! that's what's gonna happen now :)

[by Eeveecat1248](#)

THEN they made these BANGING designs for tommy's possible outfit and ngl, i MAY have had some inspiration and based some of tommy's look on their doodles bc it was great??? THANKS SO MUCH EEVEECAT

i tried my best to describe tommy's mag outfit. i really did. yes i went greek-themed. all i wanted was tommy wearing golden laurels okay?? i dont know if his outfit is nice or not, i did my best ;u;

next chapter will be a fighting chapter! you'll find out more about the 'mob' mags, hordes- also either eret, george, tubbo and ranboo's outfits as well! but we'll mostly be exploring tommy and his magic and fighting style :)

i forgot to mention put in punz's age as well damn. i readjusted the ages and added punz to the mix:

Tommy - 16

Ranboo, Tubbo, Purpled - 17

Drista, Lani- 13-14

Eret, Sapnap, Punz - 20-21

George, Technoblade, Dream, Wilbur - 22-23

Philza - 38

Schlatt - 36

Ohne, Exde - ?

i'm having a lot of fun with this story hehehe

Horde

Chapter Notes

AGES

Lani- 13

Drista- 14

Tommy - 16

Ranboo, Tubbo, Purpled - 17

Quackity, Fundy, Jack- 18

Karl, Quackity Niki - 19

Eret, Sapnap, Punz- 20

Skeppy, Foolish - 21

George, Technoblade, Dream, Wilbur - 22

Puffy, Bad - 23

Philza - 38

Schlatt - 36

Ohne, Exde - ?

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

GgggWafflintom: @godsista are you okay? you've been quiet, what's the situation with dream and your parents?

godsista: what the fuck

GgggWafflintom: drista?

boombee: drssta are u ok??

godsista: george?? tubbo?? what the fuck

godsista: youre both magicals too??? george why the fuck didnt you tell me?

BIGHOTMAN: DREAM???

godsista: TOMMY TOO?

GgggWafflintom: oh fuck

MercilessPurp: aaand shit is going down in this server

godsista: my server

godsista: now

godsista: get in the damn call

George's grip on his mouse tightened a bit before he let out a resigned sigh. Tiredly rubbing his face before he switched servers.

Eggpire:3: LANGUAGE!!

Eggpire:3: but yes magic is real

handsamdude: how are you so calm about this???

241bootyshorts: BAD I ALWAYS KNEW YOU WERE MAGICAL <3

eatmypants: BAD'S A MAGICAL??

241bootyshorts: you have no idea HOW LONG i've been wanting to say that in here

Eggpire:3: QUACKITY! WHY DID YOU OUT ME??

bluebling: hoh boy

241bootyshorts: I MEAN WE WERE ALL GOING TO BE OUTED ANYWAY MIGHT AS WELL DO IT OURSELVES!

pissbaby: @gogy. @GENDER @gremlin @buzzbuzz @Purp GET IN THE CALL

snapmap: GEORGE WHAT THE HELLL

jaquemanifall: christ

George took in a deep breath, adjusting his volume before joining the call with a *ping*.

Instantly he's bombarded with various voices overlapping each other.

"-es, like serious fucking he-"

"LANGUAGE QUACKITY!"

"-y little sister! She's FOURTEEN-"

"-hrist, this is a shit show, oh my god-"

"LANGUAGE!"

"Bad calm down-"

"GEORGE!" Dream's voice boomed in his headphones making him wince.

"George WHAT THE FUCK you're a magical?! You can use magic? GEORGE WHAT THE HELL!" Ssnap exclaimed with him, temporarily, the others quiet down as Dream and Ssnap address him.

Fucking hell.

"Calm down you two, yes I can use magic, yes I'm a 'Magical'- we call ourselves Mags though it's just easier." George said, pinching the bridge of his nose, "Look it's compl-"

"Why didn't you tell me about Drista!? Yourself?! George, she's fourteen years old- she is FOURTEEN!! She's- what the fuck?!"

The man gritted his teeth, "I didn't even know about Drista until a few months ago! She's a new mag!" In the background he can hear Drista's voice but Quackity had spoken up in tandem with Dream's.

"You should've told me!"

"Look she got tricked like the rest of us shmucks- well, most of us anyway-"

"Tricked?! By who- the Ohne and Exde guys they mentioned in the news?!" Jack Manifold exclaimed and a clamor of voices rose, everyone talking over each other and honestly George had to take off his headphones for a moment because of the sound as a few more people joined the call- Eret, Hannah, he didn't see Tubbo, Tommy and Ranboo however, he hoped they were okay. Dream thankfully and unfortunately muted everyone when it was too much.

"Fuck- okay, okay. It's too damn chaotic to hear anyone and- maybe everyone joining the call wasn't a good idea but we need to know- who here's a magical- mag? Just, who here knows magic?! Type it out!"

George already knows all the Mags in their server, they were all in the other Mag server and their territories were fairly close.

He, Eret, Tommy, Tubbo, Ranboo, Purpled and Drista were a team, managing their territory just fine.

Bad, Skeppy, Fundy and Quackity were a team, they managed their territory in their city just miles from their own, a neutral zone standing between them from being complete neighbors.

Puffy, Foolish, Niki and Karl were another team- though Foolish was a new member since he moved into their city. Their domain was the farthest to theirs, more closer to Bad and the others than to George.

Mags who knew each other and lived near each other within the same city typically teamed up to claim and manage a single territory. There were mags who didn't team up but for a normal mag it was easier to deal with mobs and hordes with more than one mag around, granted they had to be mags you actually trusted not to either back stab you and such.

If there were mags who lived in a claimed territory but wasn't part of the team, they either had to find the nearest mob within the territory when they had to hunt and deal with it before anyone in the team or they were usually forced to go to either another territory or a nearby neutral zone to hunt for mobs.

"Fi-FIFTEEN?!"

Yes it was surprising, George thought dryly. He'd been surprised himself at the beginning, especially because of Bad, Skeppy, Foolish and Puffy- *they* were Mags who managed to live to their twenties as well. Though out of the six of them, including him and Eret, Bad and Foolish were the least experienced.

Becoming a Mag was dangerous business and usually, they died young. George was slated to die young even though he planned otherwise.

"I *just* said it was complicated Dream, Sapnap. I became a mag *before* I even met you guys-" "You *could've told us after*-" "No I really couldn't-" "YES YOU COULD!" "NO I COULDN'T!" George exclaimed with exasperation. He had been tempted to tell them, they *were* his best friends and if there was anyone he could trust. It would be Dream and Sapnap, however it was dangerous to know. And by the time he had become best friends with them, he had experienced so much, *learned* horrid things- he couldn't subject them both to the world he'd been tricked into.

"And what the hell are we supposed to do huh?! They're saying the missing people cases and the mysterious death cases are tied to this- What if you DIED or went MISSING and we didn't know HOW?! What if my little sister went missing like all the others?! What then George?! That goes for all of you! WHAT IF, WHAT THEN?!"

Guilt stabbed his heart at the obvious and genuine panicked worry in Dream's voice. For the villain Dream played in their games, Dream cared so much for them all. George chewed on his lip, "Then we would've gone missing or died, it's just how it is." George answered truthfully because anything else would be a lie. If he died protecting them from the unnatural horrors of this god forsaken world, then it'd be worth it to die.

"FUCK YOU GEORGE!" Sapnap exclaimed angrily. Dream had unmuted a few others who were talking as well, George idly noted that Bad and the others had left however before he could even contemplate why, Sapnap had continued intensely, drowning out the rest of the ones who were unmuted. "YOU CAN'T JUST DO THAT! YOU CAN'T- DREAM'S RIGHT! George we fucking love you but this is INSANE- you should've told us, you should've said SOMETHING because we care about you and WE'RE YOUR BEST FRIENDS!" George flinched back, he rubbed the silver bracelet on his wrist and before he could even say anything, Tubbo's voice came, shouting.

"SORRY TO INTERRUPT BUT GEORGE, ERET, TOMMY JUST LEFT TO DEAL WITH THE HORDES NORTH SIDE OF OUR TERRITORY CAN YOU PLEASE DEAL WITH THE SOUTH, WEST AND EAST SIDES? THANK YOU GOODBYE!"

A jolt ran down his spine as Tubbo left, silence reigning the call before George swore, "Shit! Already? No wonder Bad left- I- I'm sorry but I have to go- Eret and I have to go."

"I'll take west side, you take east? Whoever finishes first can take south! Purpled stay away, Dream make Drista stay, you both are too inexperienced for hordes yet-"

"Wait wait wait what are horde-"

"What the fuck where are you-"

"I'm sorry but we have to go! I promise we'll explain but we *really have to go*."

He exits the call, shutting off his computer and left as his clothes glowed and were replaced. As he left, he saw himself in the mirror of his room.

White-rimmed goggles covered his eyes while a small night beanie sat on the side of his head that had a gold rimmed sapphire stitched into the center of the beanie, the fluffy high-collar of his blue turleneck short-sleeve jacket with black trimming almost touched his jaw, underneath that was a long-sleeved white undershirt. Over both his jacket and shirt was a sleeveless leather chestplate that strapped itself snugly on him but it never hindered his movement. His pants were blue with black accents and baggy, however there were a two leather straps around his left thigh while his other only had one and his feet were covered by black and white slip on shoes that, by experience alone, were *more* than enough protection for his feet.

His hands clenched, nails digging into the side of his palm before George opened his window and left towards the East side of his and the other's territory. Hoping he wasn't too late and that the horde was just starting to spawn and hadn't taken anyone's lives yet.

Practically soaring through the air, Tommy looked around quickly but carefully.

The sky darkened as the sun set, clouds were forming as latent negative magic filled the air—the clear signs of a horde forming. Rain would soon fall, a storm would follow if they didn't clear the hordes soon enough.

There.

The gem on his arm glows brightly and he follows his trusted instincts and senses towards an alleyway. He grits his teeth as he sees that it's not empty as he hopes, there was a small group of teenagers plus a couple of adults at the entrance of the alley, all of them looked freaked out and panicking as a distinct glowing symbol with runic alphabets that no one but Mags could read properly floating around it, a rippling distortion of space and reality.

A spawner chunk.

$\gamma \bar{\gamma} \rightarrow \ell \ell \gamma \gamma$
 $\ell \ell \rightarrow \ell \ell \gamma \gamma$
 $\ell \ell \rightarrow \ell \ell \gamma \gamma \gamma$
 $\ell \ell \rightarrow \ell \ell \gamma \gamma \gamma \gamma$
 $\ell \ell \rightarrow \ell \ell \gamma \gamma \gamma \gamma \gamma$
 $\ell \ell \rightarrow \ell \ell \gamma \gamma \gamma \gamma \gamma \gamma$

"What do we do?!"

"What is that thing-"

"RACHEL AND MOM ARE IN THERE!"

"Do we follow?"

"Are you *crazy*?!"

"Call the fucking police!"

"Like they- Jess? *JESS NO WAIT!*"

A teen girl ran straight into the fucking spawner, disappearing into the chunk, the others panicked and one of the adults went through-

"*STOP YOU DAMN IDIOTS!*" He roared, dropping down, standing between the spawner and the remaining people. He glared at them, "*Don't* go through, fucking *stay* here if you want to live. Wait for a few minutes, I'll get them back." Tommy growled, glowing red chains appeared between them- he couldn't let them follow him through. He turned on his heel, ignoring them as he sprinted into the spawner.

"*What the fuck.*"

"It's one of those Mags from the news-"

"No *wai*-"

Reality distorts around him as the spawner welcomes him into its trap. He's instantly hit by the heat of the spawner's inner lands as the chunk seems to be some kind of fucked up desert. Sand whips around him, carried by the strong winds while giant blue water droplets floated in place in the cloudless purple sky, the sun in the sky was red and fake as hell but it was *hot*.

It doesn't affect him, if anything he feels more powerful. Heat no longer affected him like before, it was his fucking *bitch* at this point.

"*AHHHH HELP!!!*" A young high-pitch feminine voice screams and instantly Tommy is moving. Sand kicks behind him in clouds as he runs towards the source, at the base of an impossibly large sand dune, a male adult clutched a screaming young girl as they were surrounded by faceless, thin zombie-like figures. Their proportions were exaggerated, and they looked like horror scribbles come to life as they reached out for the living flesh they no doubt craved. Husks, nasty zombies that were able to walk in sunlight and resistant to high temperatures.

Resistant but not immune.

"*Oh no you don't fuckers-*" Tommy hissed, jumping high into the air and manifesting his main weapon.

A yellow light emits from his left hand, his archer brace let out red steam as a golden stringless carved longbow appeared, the tips at each end had a single small red jewel that glowed as Tommy quickly plucked a leaf from his laurel and drew his gloved hand back. A thin, magic-made string appeared, connecting to the jewels.

With sharp eyes and a quick, precise aim, in less then a second the leaf between his fingers turned into a long crimson needle just as he released the magic string.

The magic arrow whistled through the air and a flare of his magic had the arrow *splitting* into multiple needles, piercing multiple of the drawn husks and preventing them from getting closer. It didn't get all of them, but it didn't need to as Tommy *slammed* against one of the husks, landing right on its head with a loud *CRACK*. Tommy swung his longbow, bludgeoning the nearby husks with it.

They were weak husks, disintegrating after a single blow. This was a new spawner after all. Tommy had made it.

"You-" The man said, making Tommy look at him- they seemed alright. Scared out of their minds but they hadn't been hurt. "Wh-"

"My mom's here with my best friend!" The girl in his arms exclaimed, breaking free and looking at Tommy pleadingly, "Please! Save them! You're a Mag right?! Please!"

Grimacing, Tommy nodded, "I will, I will- but you two need to stay here okay? *Don't* go anywhere." He ordered, stomping on the sand. A red circle instantly formed around the girl and the man, "Stay inside the damn circle and you'll be fine! Just wait until everything disappears!" The circle would burn any husk or enemy that would try to hurt the two.

It would also help with the heat, if the two of them stayed any longer and didn't have any safe water to drink, they'd dehydrate and have a heat stroke.

Tommy set off into the desert, annoyed by the amount of sand that brushed past him. The dunes of the desert began to twist the deeper he went into the spawner's chunk, more husks were beginning to form as well, but they were clearly still weak. He had time, the spawner hadn't taken any lives. Yet.

"*STOP PLEASE HANNAH!*"

The bright purple sky turned dim, and the red sun in the sky glowed brighter while the growls and moans of the dead filled the air alongside the sand and blowing wind. Sprinting across the sand, he sees the pair the girl he had rescued earlier had said. The teen was desperately pulling against the woman's hand, trying to stop her from walking into the giant fucking pit in the center of the desert. A waterfall of sand constantly falling into the black hole.

Both females were at the edge and the woman was in a daze, a spawner's grid no doubt somewhere along her skin, probably on her neck.

"*But Rachel can't you see? Life's meaningless, we should give ourselves to the greater deities. Can't you hear them? They sound beautiful.*" The woman breathes, tugging at the teenager who was making a valiant effort to make sure they were both away from the hole.

Rachel was crying, gripping the woman's wrist with all she had, digging her heels into the shifting sand that was slowly moving them forward towards the pit where the moans of something sinister came from. A pit to hell she never wanted to see. "*NO!*" She screamed in fear.

Suddenly, a bright red luminescent chain wrapped around her and Hannah. Surprising them both as they were forced back *away* from the pit.

Tommy flung them behind him, the chains wrapped around them softening their falls- with his magic the daze over the woman was broken and she passed out. Rachel however was wide awake as she watched a boy her age dressed in greek-themed clothing and clutching a golden stringless longbow in hand. "I fucking hate deserts, the sand goes *everywhere*." Tommy complained with a scowl as he looked at the hole.

Angered by the interference, the spawner responded.

A *cacophony* of growls, screams, moans and groans erupted from the pit, causing Rachel to cover her ears in pain.

"*Shut up you loud bitches!*"

The ground rumbled, the sand quaked as from the darkness of the hole, a monster emerged. Barely formed, practically a newborn to Tommy. The monster was a large mountain entirely made of husks fused together, it had a 'face', holes filled with murky water. It was crying and drooling. It terrified Rachel, Tommy however wasn't phased.

Tommy snorted, plucking three golden leaves from his laurel, "Sorry motherfuckers, I'm not interested in your undead orgy." The monstrous creature *shrieked*, a watery warble mixed with the cries of the undead. "I like my women fresh and alive thanks." God, even that made him cringe but thankfully he didn't have his bluetooth on him right now and neither Tubbo nor Ranboo were there to heckle his choice of words.

He aimed into the pit just as it moved, slamming its 'face' to where Tommy had stood. The blond had jumped into the pit, letting go of the three newly formed arrows that flew into the darkness, nailing *through* the various bodies and into where Tommy knew the core was going to be. It was a horde after all, the cores were always the same in a horde.

Right at the bottom of the pit.

His magic flared and his arrows *burn*.

Vélos kapsímatos

Heat enveloped him and the monster, a fire quickly overcoming the horrid amalgamation. Making it *scream*. A faint but putrid scent of rotten flesh mixed with the steam that came from the once murky water. Elsewhere, the water droplets that were suspended from the sky began to fall, alarming a man and a girl. However before the droplets could even touch the ground and splash the desert.

Reality shifted.

Outside the spawner, the group that had been told to stay away watched alongside a few policemen as the symbols and the distorted air began to falter.

Crk

The symbols and distortion began to crack like glass.

Hssss

Steam leaked from the cracks and with the sound of ethereal glass shattering, the symbols and distortion disappeared and from out of nowhere, five people stood in its place.

Two teenage girls, a man and an unconscious woman.

"*HANNAH/MOM/JESS/RACHEL!*"

Tommy's chains disappeared and the blond watched as the group was reunited, a family most likely as the man cradled the unconscious woman who'd been dazed with a spawner's grid.

The sight of it reminded him of his own family who were likely waiting- well, *trapped* within Ranboo's apartment for now. He cringed as he thought on how shit was going down there. He was going to owe both Tubbo and Ranboo *so much*.

"Thank you, thank you thank you thank you!" The girl, Jess? Sobbed at him, trying to reach out and grab his hand but he stepped back, awkwardly smiling.

"No problem, just- get somewhere safe and- oh for fuck's sake." He says as he sees the shocked police men and the gathering crowd outside the alleyway. "Right, *that* is still going on. Okay, nope- I'm gone! You're welcome, stay away from spawners and the circular bastard girl!" He exclaimed to Jess, quickly jumping the walls to escape the situation much to everyone's protest.

Especially the policemen.

The world knew about Mags now.

Normal people were able to see spawner entrances- the man hadn't been affected by a grid and he'd been wide awake within the chunk.

This was not good.

Not good at all.

However, he wasn't done yet.

That was just one horde spawner. There would be plenty more coming, he could already feel the pull. His magic crackled underneath his skin and he grimaced.

He was in for a busy fucking night.

"Explain. *Now*."

Tubbo glanced at the grim-faced Technoblade before back at his screen. "Yeah uh, about that- I really need to focus on a few things here so- Ranboo? Can you do it?" He asked, typing into his laptop.

"*Ah-wh-* But Tubbo!"

"I have to keep check on the stats of our territory!" Tubbo exclaimed, motioning to the digital map on the screen of his laptop, "Hordes are popping up, Tommy hasn't turned on his bluetooth yet the prick, George and Eret *just* did and I've only *just* lost their coordinates so they're within the spawn locations at the West and East sides so they've started dealing with them too! Not only that, if normal people can see magic now my Robeets are going to be found all over the city!" He's already feeling a couple of his precious little bees disappearing.

"Your *what*." He winced at the flat tone his father used, "Tubbo young man, you are going to explain what the fuck is happening right now or *so help me*-"

Tubbo let out a miserable noise, "I will dad I will but- this is *really* important! I'm the tech information guy on our team-"

"*What* team?" Wilbur asked, he as well as everyone else looked so frustrated- *Tubbo* was feeling frustrated himself.

"*Ranboo*!"

His best friend sighed, "Okay! Okay fine! I'll do most of the explanation!" He took in a deep breath, cringing at the expectant and frustrated looks he got from the adults- Lani was just looking very confused, concerned and really curious as to what her big brother was doing. "So.... Magic is real."

"It *is* and *you three* know about it." Philza says, looking like the stern father that Ranboo knows he was whenever things got serious.

And god knows that things were *absolutely* serious right now. "We do, we do. It's uh... a very complicated thing."

"Territories, hordes, robeets and magic- this is sounding like a fucked up crazy mafia thing. *Territories*, you kids are talking about *territories* like gang members!" Schlatt exclaimed.

Well, in terms of context and seeing it at a different angle- they *were* kind of like a gang? But far more powerful and a lot more serious. Maybe. Ranboo doesn't know how a normal non-Mag gang functions.

"Start from the top." Techno said, arms crossed and expectant. "Just how much of the information given by the news is accurate?"

Ranboo glances at Tubbo who briefly looked up to meet his gaze before breaking it to look back at his laptop. Both their stomachs were heavy with dread and their hearts were in turmoil for the discussions ahead.

This was going to be a long night for them all.

Elsewhere, a white orb with dark green rings spinning and rotating lazily around its circular body watched the chaos of the human world.

Watched as the 'Mags' as they, of this part of the world, called themselves, dealt with the first wave of hordes and mobs spawning from the disarray and unbalance of powerful emotions that every human was giving off.

If it had a neck, the orb would tilt its 'head' as it looked towards a specific direction where a familiar Mag enters another spawner chunk and leaves after a few minutes, saving the people within.

It's only the start and things are already so entertaining.
How fun.
:)

next chapter, explanations and maybe the reveal of ranboo and tubbo's outfits! also maybe erets! we'll see! i hope you all enjoyed this story so far, because we're only just beginning :)

Magicals

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"Woah you're so cool! Holy shit that's so cool!"

"Hahaha, why thank you Tommy! I know I am very awesome, isn't that right Ohne?"

You are, you're quite talented for a Mag.

"Woahhhhh."

Do you want to be a Mag too Tommy? You could if you want.

"Hey now Ohne-"

"YOU MEAN IT?! HOW?! I WANNA-"

"WOAH THERE TOMS! Hold your horses! Being a Mag seems cool and all but you have to remember what just happened."

"... Yeah but, you saved me."

"I did, I did save you Toms. However it was very dangerous. Being a Mag is dangerous Tommy. I need you to remember that."

Oh he will. That was very traumatic and I doubt he will ever forget, but he seems like a strong human. He'll get over it. He does have the talent and potential to become a powerful and great Mag.

"... I do?"

"If Ohne says so then you do, however I want you to think this through very carefully Toms. And Ohne..."

Say no more, I'll keep my non-existent lips shut for now :)

"You're a weird orb thing man."

And you're a weird monkey thing but I'm not saying anything... until now.

"OI!"

"Hahaha!!!"

Schlatt was not a good man.

On the contrary, he's lived a shit life. He was an alcoholic, a scammer, he's done shitty things, he's been involved with some shady shit in the past.

And that was an important thing to note, in the *past*.

Schlatt was not a good man, but he did his damn best in trying to be a good father.

The moment Tubbo came into his life, he started to pick himself up from the hellhole he called his own life in an effort to make sure that his own flesh and blood, his *son*, wouldn't end up anything like him. The him that he didn't really consider 'alive' from how bleak it all was.

He cuts back on his drinking, he cut ties with a lot of his contacts that wouldn't and didn't have the empathy to his situation- he keeps some in his back pocket, just in case. He cleans himself up the best he can and he gets himself a 'proper' job. He doesn't really need to, the money he made in the past would've been enough for him and Tubbo.

Then Lani comes, just as unexpected as Tubbo but nonetheless loved.

It's stressful, being a father or two children however Schlatt refuses to be like his own shitty dad and end up fucking up his kids and kicking them down a dark pathway in their lives. Instead he goes to his neighbor and friend, Philza who has *three* kids and asks for help. His only son and Philza's youngest son end up being the best of friends. Clinging to each other and being a general but utterly endearing nuisance to *both* families.

It also ends up with his kids having british accents but honestly it's kind of adorable and very hilarious when the british accents are dropped whenever Tubbo or Lani get angry or overly emotional.

There are pieces of him in his children and he's both proud and terrified of them. For them. Both proud and terrified of himself because holy *fuck*, Schlatt was raising two kids something he had before *never thought* of doing and was even adamant against in doing but here he was now *and...* What if he fucked up? What if he messed up his kids? What if they were sent down a dark path anyway even when he tried his best? *Because* he tried his best?

He's not the perfect father. Far from it, there are bad days when temptation seduces him off his sobriety and he ends up drunk on the kitchen floor and Tubbo has to drag his ass to his either his bedroom or bathroom. There are days when he's too abrasive, when he shouts too loud at his daughter for something stupid caused either by her or by himself. There are times where he scares his children when his past self bubbles to the surface, a cold hearted man who cared only for himself.

He's not the perfect father, but he *tries* to be good *enough*.

Schlatt gives Tubbo more cash in his allowance after he gets sober, or maybe buys him a little mechanical toy because Tubbo was a smart ass kid that loved to tinker with shit and the smile he gives when Schlatt does either is too good for a shit man like him. He quietly gives Lani a hug hours later, apologizing for his words and they both talk shit out because that's what

you're supposed to do. His kids are brave and tough as they face him head on, melting the cold-hearted man and reminding him that he was different now.

Schlatt loves his kids, loves them to goddamn hell and back. He doesn't want to see them end up like him. End up in a dark pathway that'll either drag them down and kill them or worse.

So the moment the news plays, the moment 'Magicals' are revealed, the moment Schlatt realizes that *Tubbo* is a 'Magical'...

It's like a nightmare come to life.

Only *worse* because Schlatt doesn't know how to deal with this.

Doesn't know how to help his only son with this shit.

If it had been the normal shady business type deal, Schlatt would've been able to help his son- or at least try to persuade him out of that life but *magic*?

He has no idea about that!

And even worse, Tubbo had kept this a secret for *two years*.

Freshly fifteen, Tubbo smiled innocently as he rubbed the bracelet. With his eyes close and his head bowed, Schlatt can't see the slight guilt but fiery determination in his eyes. "Finally found a matching bracelet with Tommy."

He felt angry. Some of it was aimed at his son, some of it was aimed at himself, but a lot of it was aimed at the *motherfucker* that had *dared* to get *his son* involved with *whatever the fuck was going on*.

Ranboo- his son's other best friend, the poor emancipated kid who moved into this city and lived all on his own in this apartment because his parents were six feet under and his *relatives* couldn't give a shit- fidgets in place, taking in a deep breath and steeling his heterochromic eyes. He's the reason why they can't leave, he's locked the doors and windows with *magic* and now he was going to explain what was going on.

"Well, most of it was accurate information. Though we call ourselves 'Mags' instead of 'Magicals', dunno who started it but it just became the norm. Uh, to answer your question Wilbur. Toms, Tubs and I are in like uh, a team- George, Eret, Drista and Purpled. They're like, our teammates. Since they lived in the city and we're friends, we decided to team up to manage our territory together instead of being like, rivals and stuff."

Lani spoke up, "Wait *Drista* is a magical? Mag- whatever? She's like, just a year older than me!"

"She's *fourteen*- *George* is fucking *twenty-two*." Wilbur stressed, looking and sounded shocked. "Eret's twenty, Purpled is seventeen- *George* is the *oldest* among you."

Ranboo nodded, giving them a crooked and somewhat anxious smile. "Yeah? He uh, he and Eret are obviously the oldest and um, the ones who've been around the longest. I think

George contracted when he was seventeen? But Eret's the one who's most experienced, he contracted when he was fourteen. Purpled only contracted like five months ago and Drista did it about, two or three months ago."

"And when did you, Tubbo and Tommy '*contracted*'?" Schlatt questioned, not liking the flinches he got from both his son and the teen before him.

"... I uh, I contracted before I moved here so about- about almost two years ago? Give or take a couple of months? Tubbo..." Ranboo trailed off, looking at his son who finally paused from typing into that laptop. The cube that they saw on the tv was placed on the side of the computing device, held in place on the square indent on the side- it wasn't a normal type of laptop, Schlatt has never seen that laptop before. When the hell did he get it? *Where?*

"After I turned fifteen, so two years ago for me. Toms has us beat by three years, he was thirteen when he contracted." Tubbo answered softly which made Wilbur and Philza swear while Techno's fists clenched.

Schlatt glanced at his fellow parent, the man looked pale and anxious. He had wanted to follow after Tommy but Ranboo and Tubbo were keeping them here. "*Why?* Why did- Toms- " Wilbur asks but Tubbo interrupts.

His son has a far too grim and haunted look on his face, a look that no teenager should ever have. "You'll have to ask him when he comes back, it's not our right to say."

"Tell us what happens during a contract. What- *Who* contracted you? They said that two '*entities*' were the ones who were contracting kids and teens- *Why?* What's the price? What did *you* wish for?" Techno asks and Schlatt to admit his respect for Philza's son, the young man was pragmatic. He was asking the important questions here.

"Please don't tell me you sold your souls for this." Schlatt says because that's the *one thing* that comes to his head when he hears 'contract' connected to 'magic'. "Please, *please* do not say, you fucking sold your souls for magic."

The hesitant silence is damning.

"*YOU SOLD YOUR SOULS?!'*" Wilbur shrieks with terror and anger laced in his voice, Phil looks like his entire world was crumbling and he didn't know whether to be pissed or despaired, Techno- well, even Schlatt's own anger abated at the murderous look that the pink-haired man wore on his face. And Lani, poor Lani is looking so confused and scared for Tubbo who's back to looking at the screen of his laptop, but he's not typing.

"Uhhh- *technically* we still have our souls! They're just- well, displaced? Not where they originally were? It's- it's *complicated*. We didn't know that'd be the price! At least, Tommy and I didn't." Ranboo said quietly, looking away with a look of frustration and guilt.

Schlatt turns to his son, he's not *looking at him*. "Did you know?"

Tubbo's fists clench on top of the laptop. "... Yeah."

"You *knew* and you *still* did the contract? Tubbo *why*?"

"Because Tommy needed me." Tubbo answered, finally looking at Schlatt and the man was taken back by the hard, steely look in his eyes. The cube on the laptop glowing fiercely. "Tommy was alone, he fought alone as a Mag for a year and *no one* noticed. Not even me. Dad, Tommy *saved* me from dying and when I saw a chance to help him, I took it. I don't regret it, I knew what I was in for. I *know* what I'm doing." It really seems like he does.

And Schlatt knows that Tubbo was smart and cunning, probably much smarter than he was when he was his age- scratch that, *definitely* smarter and more cunning but *still*.

As a parent, Schlatt couldn't help but be *worried*.

"Thirteen, he was *thirteen* it's been *three years*-" Philza presses a tight fist against his face.

Tubbo was right.

None of them had noticed.

Not really.

Tommy *had* been a bit more quiet, more subdued two years ago, *something* had been going on but they didn't think it'd be something like *this*. However whatever had happened, Tommy seemed to have swept it underneath a rug and gone back to normal- or he certainly acted like it.

Schlatt should have known.

Tubbo and Tommy had been close before, but two years ago they seemed have been connected to the hip with how much time they had spent together. Then Ranboo came and three of them were nearly inseparable.

"Explain on the 'displacement' Ranboo, Tubbo. Keep on track here." Techno said, reminding everyone that they still had things to ask. Things to learn. Schlatt wants to know how he can even think properly but he notices the way Techno's fists are clenched, the slight stain of red on his fingers- his fingernails were digging into his palm. Just enough for a little blood to spill and he doesn't have to wonder anymore.

Techno was just as affected as the rest of them were, but he was thankfully more focused on learning everything he could.

"Would I be correct in guessing that the cubes that come from the bracelet are your souls?"

Schlatt glances at the green cube on the laptop.

"You would be, yes." Ranboo confirmed, going as far as to manifest his own cube- it was transparent, tinting half black and white somehow. Schlatt wants to ask how the hell but chalks it up to magic. "It's um, the main source of our magic and yeah. After someone becomes a mag, their souls get turn into this cube- a Core Cube. It's um, our literal cores, our

souls, our main source of magic. Core Cube." The cube glows before reforming back into a silver bracelet.

His son's *soul* is in that damn *cube*. His son's *soul* was connected to a fucking *laptop*.

"What- what happens if the cube breaks?" Lani asks a *chilling* question, a curious, morbid and fearful look on her face. "Do-do you-"

"You can't break the cube." Tubbo answers, tapping the cube- *his* cube, his soul. "Not when it's like this. Our souls are protected when it's a cube. The outer shell is practically unbreakable."

Techno gave him a weary stare, "And you know this... how?"

"It's Mag knowledge. Cubes are unbreakable, you can throw it against the wall and nothing'll happen to it." Schlatt doesn't sigh in relief like Philza does, instead he gives his son a searching, knowing grim stare that his son doesn't return. Tubbo tested it. He loved testing things, if his cube really was unbreakable like he said, he'd test it to find out.

Tubbo's grounded, Schlatt decides. He's- he's just flat out grounded. ~~It's pointless but still-~~

"*When it's like this*," Wilbur repeats, a sharp thoughtful look in his eyes, "It's breakable when it's *not* a cube? When-" Realization dawns on him, "The ruby on Tommy's arm-"

A golden armband with a glowing red gem.

Both Tubbo and Ranboo wince once more, but Ranboo quickly tries to calm the growing panic before it could grow too wild again. "He's fine! He'll- he usually makes sure his core's protected. He's a veteran Wilbur, he knows better than to leave his arm unprotected! We all do." He says, hoping it'll calm Wilbur down. It somewhat does.

Philza however latches on to a single word that Ranboo had said. "Veteran. Tommy shouldn't be considered a *veteran* he's sixteen years old! How- how long do Mags live for? From what you said about Eret and George- they've only been Mags for about five to six years! That's- they're in their *twenties* Ranboo. You, Toms and Tubbo are just *teenagers* and three years is considered a *veteran*?!"

Ranboo cringes back, but before he could even try to say anything in reply, Tubbo suddenly yelps, eyes wide at his laptop screen. "*There's a horde just a few blocks away from here!*"

"*What? Where!?*" Ranboo scrambled over to look at the map on Tubbo's computer. A small screen window showed the spawner's entrance glowing and distorted right by the store. The adults and young teenage girl came over to see as well, their eyes widened at the live footage shown on the screen.

"It's by the store, right around the corner! No one's been lured in ye-" On screen, a couple was seen pointing at the entrance, suddenly, the man seemed to slip into a daze- he's been caught by the spawner's grid, a luring system that attracted prey into its domain. The man let

go of the woman and walked into the entrance, freaking out the woman who quickly went after him.

Schlatt squinted at the screen, "What the fuck happened? Where did he go?"

"Dammit! *Ranboo!*"

"On it!"

Ranboo suddenly glowed white, turning black as it shifted and changed. His dirty blond hair turning black and white, somehow splitting halfway his head. His clothes shifted from the hoodie he'd once been wearing to a sharp-looking black and white suit. He had a half-black, half-white suit jacket on that had long coat tails that reached his ankles, the jacket was buttoned up and there was a silver chain connecting the topmost button to a pinned jewel on the folded lapel of the suit. The jewel was a four-sided diamond shaped silver brooch, one side black opal, the other white quartz. Underneath the jacket was a simple grey button up and a tucked in red tie.

He wore thin looking gloves on his hands, black and white, contrasting the sleeves each glove was on. Around his waist was a green belt that held up his black and white suit pants. Hell, even his *shoes* were contrasting black and white.

Ranboo looked certainly looked fancy and looked more like he was going to a great costume party instead of facing whatever the fuck a 'horde' was.

"Wait- *Ranboo!*" The window opened on its own and Ranboo was jumping out of it, showing the same unnatural abilities that both Tommy and Tubbo had as a Mag. The window glowed green and closed by itself, and when trying to open the door, the door didn't budge. They were still trapped within Ranboo's apartment.

"Tubbo!"

Tubbo grimaced, giving them a look. "I get that you're worried but Ranboo will be *fine*. He might not be like Tommy and I but he's strong in his own right. Plea- *oh for fuck's sake.*" He suddenly swore as he from out of *literal thin air*, a bluetooth headphone appeared in his hands, it glowed green as he clipped it to his ear and started typing rapidly into the laptop. "George? Hello? Yes, yes I see your location- Eret? Oh thank fuck. Okay, okay, head South then. No no, you can leave! There're Mags entering our territory- does it matter? There's more hordes and mobs, defending out territory is the least of our problem here! Yes, I know Eret-"

"Tubbo? What the fuck is going on?!" Schlatt demanded- they were still very confused and largely uninformed here! Ranboo had transformed and *left* through the damn *window* like Tommy did way earlier on! "What-"

"*Dad please-* fuck, yes my dad's here along with Tech, Phil and Wi- We're still in Ran's apartment, Ran left to deal with a nearby spawner. Dad, I'm busy here- I have to keep track- *TOMMY YOU ASS FINALLY!*" Tubbo screamed, causing them all to jump.

"Tommy?!" Wilbur scrambled to try and grab Tubbo's bluetooth, "Tubbo let me talk to Tommy!"

Tubbo dodged away from Wilbur, moving away with his laptop, "*Later!* Tommy's busy- yes they're still here- *FUCK'S SAKE WILBUR STOP I'M TRYING TO WORK HERE! SIT DOWN AND SHUT UP! PEOPLE'S LIVES ARE IN DANGER AND WE'RE TRYING TO DO SOMETHING IMPORTANT! THAT GOES FOR THE REST OF YOU SHITS IN THIS APARTMENT, I'M SORRY I CAN'T EXPLAIN BUT RIGHT NOW THERE'S A CRISIS GOING ON AND YOU ARE NOT HELPING!*" Tubbo's accent dropped and he was scowling, exasperated grievance and rage painting his face. Wilbur flinched back, unused to Tubbo's anger aimed at him.

"Wait for Ranboo for you damned explanations! Wait for Tommy to come back to talk to him! *Will you please all just wait while we deal with all this bullshit?!* It's bad enough I'm stuck here with you all, not being able to help because if I don't keep you all here, you'll try to follow us and probably end up hurt or even worse! So *please! Just! Wait!*" Tubbo huffed, turning back to his laptop, pressing against the bluetooth attached to his ear. "Head for-"

Schlatt shared a helpless look with the others, grimacing as he sees the hurt look on Lani's face. It was never pleasant whenever Tubbo got angry enough to yell. They wanted answers however it looked like that whatever was going on was indeed very serious as Tubbo spat out instructions on locations and coordinates and things that Schlatt could barely follow. Ranboo had joined their call apparently and couldn't come back because more of those 'horde' things were popping up around the area.

There was nothing else to do but wait.

They despised it. They all felt helpless right now as Schlatt's *seventeen year old son* was working frantically in front of him while Philza's sixteen year old son was out doing god knows what alongside Ranboo was the same age as Tubbo.

Suddenly, something sounded in Schlatt's head. A strange somewhat stoic voice that came out of *nowhere*.

Tubbo, you're looking very stressed.
Are you okay?

Frustrated, Tubbo turned to the *window* where something *floated* before the glass. "*OH WHAT NOW-* Exde!" Tubbo exclaimed, his frustration dropping into something akin to relief at the sight of the floating orb with rings rotating around it.

Hold on.

Exde?

Floating in front of the window, a grey orb with light green rings spinning and rotating slowly around its circular body watched the group of humans within the magically protected apartment.

Watched the faces of the human adults shift into instant distrust and rage at the sight of it. As the boy, one of its claimed, smile tiredly at the sight of it. There were powerful emotions within the apartment, a protective air coming from the adults who had potential- the oldest two however could not be contracted. Not easily at least.

If it had a neck, the orb would tilt its 'head' as it focused on its boy, temporarily ignoring the adults and the single young girl with them.

May I come in Tubbo?

I'd like to wait with you for everyone to return so we can discuss what's happening.

Chapter End Notes

serotonin

[by SparksOwO](#)

possible eret design! and generally just eret- we love our king icon!

[by Galaghiel](#)

basufdh you show up once again Galaghiel with a mag tommy!!!

[by EeveeCat1248](#)

more mag tommy but with action poses!!! :DD

[by EeveeCat1248](#)

possible tubbo designs!

dad schlatt dadschlattdadschlatt- he's a good dad, not really a good man, but he's trying! so is phil! most of the adults here are trying! they're very worried for the children and the adults who are in this whole situation.

im kinda worried on how the reactions are and the pacing of the story. i'm trying to keep in mind that despite the explanations, there is more going on in the background and sometimes, there isn't enough time to explain everything in one go. and yeah, tubbo is stressed because he's sitting back while his friends and team go out and deal with the hordes without him during a crisis.

also yes, ranboo has dirty blond hair in this but for the sake of aesthetic, his hair turns black and white when he transforms. why? because it fits him. and because magic. and because i said so.

ranboo's theme; fancy suit, butler? idk, we all knew his outfit was going to be a suit. HOWEVER his weapon has yet to be revealed! i think i also got both tubbo and eret's possible mag outfits down so we should be good!

we explore and show a bit with exde next chapter! along with ranboo's weapon and probably tubbo's outfit along with eret! i don't know! again i'm not sure what i'm doing just yet aside from doing an identity reveal family angst story that'll hopefully turn into family fluffy and comfort soon!

also next chapter will be the last chapter i'll be updating for this story for now because i DID say i'd switch back to rewind after i reached either chapter 5 or 6! which, predictably, i'm very close to reaching after updating for 4 days straight! again! holy shit, i know.

so after chapter 5, expect a Rewind update! by then i should be able to decide my update schedule for both stories? anyway i hope you enjoyed!

Assistance

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Are you sure? I have told you the consequences, you have seen them yourself. Once the contract commences, once I convert your soul-

"I know. I know what I want Exde. I know what my wish is. I know that if I do this, there's no turning back. But Tommy needs me, and he's been alone in this bullshit long enough."

He is struggling, yes. But with time he can overcome the obstacles he faces. He is very strong and shall grow stronger in time. He-

"I don't care! Grant my wish, let me help my best friend!"

Sigh, very well, I have warned you. Time and time again, but very well.

I shall grant you your wish Tubbo.

Around him, the spawner faded, the woman sobbing with relief as she clutched the unconscious man in her arms. Ranboo gave her a shy but reassuring smile, "He'll be fine-confused as to where he was, but mostly fine!" His weapon disappears out of his hands, fading into black and white sparks.

"Thank you-"

"Stop right there!"

Oh no.

Ranboo grimaced as policemen and- *oh god reporters* tried to surround him, "Uh- nuh-uh, goodbye!" He jumped, shivering as he dodged the metaphorical bullet there. He did *not* want to be held back by law enforcement or worse, *the news people*. There would probably be clips circulating about him but then again there'd be clips circulating about *every Mag* as suddenly it seemed like *everyone* was aware of the existence of magic and Mags.

It was a downright *clusterfuck*, a global crisis- just how many hordes were being created? Just how many mobs were spawning because of the ruckus and the chaos? How many Mags were out trying to contain the situation? How many Mags were dying? How many were hurt? How many were being *contracted* now as things continued to spiral?

Questions whirled in his head as he started to head back to his apartment, however he stopped as he felt the pull. Another horde was nearby.

"Ohhh damn."

Reaching into his inventory, he pulled out his bluetooth headphone, clipping it to his ear and joining the call.

"-uth. God, it's an utter shit show out here." Tommy's voice came and Ranboo perked, happy to hear his voice. However for as happy as he was, he had to be quick.

"Tubbo? Ranboo here, I can't go back just yet there's-"

"Another horde nearby I know, go deal with it and any other spawner that appears around us. I'll be fine here." Tubbo said, sounding tired and stressed.

Ranboo felt his concern spike however, they were in the middle of a spawning crisis. Of course Tubbo was feeling stressed, plus he was alone in his apartment with his dad, sister and Tommy's dad and brothers who were no doubt very confused and worried about them- which is nice for a change he guesses but their worries would have to be put on hold. For now at least.

"Okay." He keeps his bluetooth on even though he knows the call will be cut the moment he enters a chunk. Tubbo was trying to find a way around that with not much success, however there was some progress that they *would* have tried to improve upon in the future. Now though, it seemed like that was going to take a while, if ever with how things were going.

The next spawn location was right at the start of an alleyway. Thankfully it didn't look like anyone had gone in yet, however there were a couple of people pointing at it and Ranboo could see a few trying to wander closer. He grimaced and flared his magic.

A net of black and white magic that turned grey whenever the black and white lines crossed appeared before the entrance, startling the people who had been trying to get closer- a few had probably been dazed. Ranboo landed on the opposite side, causing gasps and murmurs to sound off. "Please stay away from things like these, they're very dangerous and they can kill you." He can't help but warn even though he knows that some people might not take his word seriously.

These were normal people who didn't know how dangerous spawn chunks were, hell they didn't even know what a spawn chunk *was*. However, he still wanted to warn them before he headed in, even though his barrier would stay up until he dealt with the chunk. He glances at the glowing, floating script that spun in a tight circle before heading inside.

$\overline{\kappa} \mathcal{S} :: \vdash \mid \mid \mathcal{L} \cdot \mathcal{Y} \mathcal{Y} \top :: \mathcal{S} !; \dot{\mathcal{H}} \mathcal{S} \perp \mathcal{L} \cdot \cdot \mathcal{L} \cdot \mathcal{S}$

A dim tunnel greeted him as reality shifted into the chunk's environment. The walls were tall and large torches were embedded into some sections of the wall, each giving off a soft purple glowing light, barely giving anyone actual light to see into the darkness.

Anyone except Mags of course.

Ranboo's eyes adjusted to the dimness quickly, even before he'd been a Mag, he always had excellent eyesight and could quickly adjust to the dark. "Oh great, a cave chunk... Well, at least Tommy's not here to complain about his claustrophobia." He jokes to himself lightly

before shaking his head. Though Tommy would have definitely disliked this cave, he'd downright despise it if it had been a tundra cave. He hates those caves as much as he hated Ohne, which was very understandable given his past with them.

The heterochromic teen listened carefully as he started walking briskly through the tunnel. Listening for anything that sounded off as well as keeping his eyes out for possible traps.

His eyes glint as he sees the thin lines of thread floating in front of him, completely still and straight. Those without magic wouldn't have even seen the thin thread.

To anyone else, even normal Mags, this would be a tricky spawner chunk. Trapped ones were always cunning and difficult to deal with, even newly spawned ones were a bitch to deal with.

To Ranboo though, there was a rare time that a trap would actually effect him.

Eyes glowing softly, he smiled and let his magic flare. One moment he was before the thin wall of string, the next, he was past it without much problem. The wall was still there, but it was untouched. Particles of magic disappeared from where he once stood.

Ranboo had a rare magic ability, it wasn't an elemental one like Tommy's, nor was it an inventive type like Tubbo's.

Teleportation was a tricky ability to master, but Ranboo liked to think that he's become one of the best. It's been two years after all, and the training he's got from his teammates, the training that they all went through with each other- it just helped their abilities in the end.

He barely twitches as he hears the slight hisses in the background, familiar sounding hisses only a tad bit different. He doesn't do anything though and continues down the tunnel.

The torches shift color, going from soft purple to a sickly green that reminds Ranboo of Ohne. It puts him on edge and irritates him just a tiny bit.

He had no idea what was going on with the world right now, how normal people could see the entrances to spawner locations and chunks, how they could film magic on their non-magic modified technology, how they could see the marks on their fingernails. He has no idea how they're able to see but he has a feeling that Tommy was right. Ohne was to blame for their current predicament.

It'll be another thing to add to the long list of wrongs that the ball has done to him, to Tommy, to so many others.

The list was already so long and growing steadily moment by moment.

That aside, Ranboo keeps his calm and listens, observes.

He makes a short teleport jump past each trap he sees, not even triggering them as he continued into the tunnels, the walls getting taller, the path getting wider. There's hisses of annoyance and clearly the chunk is annoyed with his seamless journey into its center without triggering a single thread trap.

It was new, it was learning, and it was not happy with him.

Ranboo chuckles as it seemed like enough was enough, traps clearly wouldn't effect Ranboo. The tunnel rumbled, the walls crumbling around Ranboo, turning into a cave covered in spiderwebs, silky threads, thick and thin surrounded him and within those threads were spiders.

Janky, tealish colored hell spiders that were the size of Ranboo's torso. Their legs were all misshapen and crooked, yet they skittered across the silken threads with ease. Their eyes were a beads of red and suspicious black liquid dripped from their mandibles, or fangs really.

That made Ranboo grimace, "Oh even better, poisonous nope spiders." He deadpans dryly.

Being poisoned was *not fun* and Ranboo would rather avoid that. Even from a newly spawned chunk of spiders.

"I take it back, I wish Tommy was here to burn everything to the ground." Ranboo muttered, summoning his weapon. Black and white particles converged and formed his weapon in hand, it coiled in his palm as he eyed his surroundings- fire was *definitely* a great element to have right now. To burn every single thing within the chunk would be great, however Ranboo did not have an element. Teleportation was his skill, something he was very proud of.

The spiders hissed at him before they pounced, hundreds of them jumped off their silk platforms to attack him only to collide mid-air as Ranboo disappeared from the spot. From above, Ranboo's weapon uncoiled from his palm as he lashed out to attack.

CRACK

The whistling crack of his white whip colliding against a handful of spiders was satisfying to hear. Seeing the spiders split from his attack and disintegrate was equally satisfying to see in turn. As he fell from above, Ranboo summoned another whip, a black one that he grasped in his other hand.

With a spark of his magic, his whips were suddenly *spiked*, black spikes adorned his white whip while white spikes were on his black whip. A smile graced his face as he *spun*, he blurred as he spiraled inhumanely fast, his whips lashing out and surrounding him, becoming a tornado of magic and pain.

Acri motus faceret

Around him, webs and spiders were sent *flying* before they were absolutely *shredded* by the violent magic and lashes they were inflicted by Ranboo and his whips.

Ranboo only stopped when it looked like there was barely a spider alive. He laughed slightly to himself, grateful that his magic prevented him from becoming dizzy so easily. He'll admit, he'd been nauseated the first time he tried that but once he practiced more this ended up being one of his favorite moves.

Looking around, he searched for the pit where the core of the chunk was in.

He'd need to destroy it if he wanted to move on.

May I come in Tubbo?

I'd like to wait with you for everyone to return so we can discuss what's happening.

Tubbo could only feel slight relief as he opened the window, "Yeah sure whatever, I need-God, I need someone to explain shit so this is actually perfect! Exde, *you* deal with them please! Just- answer their questions!" He exclaimed as the orb floated in.

Exde was the size of a human head, though his rings were obviously large just so they could rotate and spin around him. However Exde was actually only a bit smaller than Ohne, and was colored grey instead of white and his green was shades brighter than Ohne's green.

Plus, Exde didn't do that weird smiling or frowning faces that Ohne did.

They seem cautious and angry with me.

"I contracted with you, of course they're angry. Just deal with them! Please! I'm busy and I can't answer their questions right n-yes? Eret! Carry on, there're more Mags in your area now, they'll be able to handle the spawners hopefully. Join up with Toms, he's moved on West side while George is going for South, I'll send you his coordinates-" Tubbo rambled as he pushed Exde towards his father and the others. Pretty much just offering him as sacrifice to their plight.

That should keep them busy.

Tubbo felt guilty, both at pushing Exde into the crossfire *and* for yelling at everyone, especially his little sister who he heard sniff. He would apologize after things calmed down because right now, he was very busy and was very stressed.

His robeets, he precious robo-bees, the ones he made through magic and normal means, were disappearing steadily. Either overworked with the amount of hordes appearing and messing with their sensors or found and taken down by the occasional Mag but usually by curious, suspicious people who managed to see them.

He had about a hundred bees out in the city before, now it had dropped to about ninety-

Tubbo let out a frustrated noise when he felt another cut off. Make that eighty-nine.

Behind him, Exde was facing four adult humans and one teenage girl. Each in varying states of caution and anger.

Hello.

I am Exde.

Exde dodged away from one of the adults', Schlatt, Tubbo's father it remembers, swipe at it. He looked furious.

Please avoid doing that. I'd rather not end up defending myself against you.
You are the father of Tubbo, Schlatt right? It's an honor to meet you. Your son is an exemplary Mag, one of the best I've contracted with.

"You sick son of a bitch!" Was it's answer and Exde recognizes that it shouldn't be complimenting Tubbo's prowess just yet to his father, after all, they were angry and probably blamed it for Tubbo's current situation. "Why the hell did you take my son's soul?! Why the hell are you contracting *kids* into whatever the fuck is happening here?!"

I did not take your son's soul. I merely converted it into a Core Cube and gave him access to his magic. He offered it, made his wish and I granted it.
As for why, it is because human magic is extremely volatile and effective against the hordes and mobs that spawn.

The pink haired human, the one with the most potential within Ranboo's apartment, furrowed his brows at it. Technoblade, Tommy's brother. "What are hordes and mobs? It's been said over and over again, I think it's time we learn what they are." He said and Exde hums, appreciating his forwardness and focus on learning. Yes, much potential came from this man.

It will be difficult to comprehend easily but very well.

Floating above them, out of their reach, it continued, keeping an eye on them while Tubbo kept busy, telling George where next to go and talking to Ranboo.

Mobs.

They were singular monsters that were created by latent repressed magic merged with charged, negative emotions. Merging together, they create a creature that usually hides within a dimensional space called a spawner chunk. A distortion of reality where the Mob can safely lure prey into its chunk and consume energy and life to sustain itself.

If a Mob grew strong enough, they could escape their spawn chunk and break free into the real world and be seen by those who did not use magic. They are extremely dangerous, both in and out of their chunk locations. Mobs had cores within them, it could either be easily seen or difficult to spot depending on how powerful they were and how cunning they could be.

Hordes.

Weaker versions of Mobs but what they lacked in strength, they had in numbers. They too reside within a spawner chunk, however their biggest weakness is that their cores could always be found within a massive pit. Hordes are more numerous and easily formed than Mobs, however they pose perhaps even more danger than Mobs as they have the ability to evolve from a massive Horde, into a powerful single Mob.

Mobs and Hordes have a chance in dropping items that were once connected to the Mob and may benefit the Mag, however the chance varies with each Mob spawner or Horde spawner. The more powerful a spawner, the greater and more valuable the chance of the dropped item.

A Magical's duty was to clear the spawner chunks, defeat Mobs and Hordes and protect humanity from the shadows at the price of a wish and their souls.

A Mags' soul is converted into a Core Cube, a single indestructible cube that had to be on their persons at all times if they want to perform magic. It is essentially their key to magic, and if their cube is separated from their bodies in more than a hundred feet, then their body shall fall comatose. If their cube is *kept* separated from their body shall begin to deteriorate if no outside magic is involved and shall perish. The cube, if not given form, shall eventually perish as well from the inside.

Though their cube is indestructible, it cannot be used to its full potential. When transformed, the outer shell disappears and the core transforms into a precious gem that is adorned on the Mag's body. Should the gem shatter, the soul is destroyed.

Should the gem become corrupted via outside forces, enemy Mags who have twisted their magic, direct contact with powerful Mobs, then their magic prowess lessens. If it becomes completely corrupted, there is a high chance they will either self-detonate or even become Mobs themselves due to the corruption.

Once the contract has been made, there is no plausible or discovered way to reverse the process.

Tubbo stops typing as he hears nothing but horrified silence coming from them.

It's understandable, their horrified silence. He had been the same when Exde first explained everything to him in great detail.

It was one of the traits that separated him from Ohne, Exde actually *explained everything* before making his offers. Ohne wouldn't mentioned any of the things Exde did on first basis, wouldn't even talk about it unless mentioned and even then, he either explained it too vaguely or even downright lied.

"You... *You monster!*" Philza snarled, jumping to grab the orb from the air only to be held back by a honeycomb patterned glowing ring that held him in place. And even then, Exde moved away from Phil, from the others as they tried to catch him as well. Suddenly everyone was restrained. "Tubbo? *Tubbo let me go! This thing shouldn't exist!* Didn't you hear what the hell he said?!"

Tubbo clutched his glowing core cube, giving the man a deadpanned look. "Of course I did." He replied, grimacing at the looks he got from his father and sister. The horror mixed with fury was familiar, it was what he felt when he learned about Tommy's predicament. "Like I said, I know what I'm doing. Exde told me everything before I contracted. Every detail, answered every question with the truth. Exde doesn't tell lies, it's not who or what he is. It is. He told me the truth, and I made my wish."

He did.

I warned him, Tommy did as well.

And he contracted anyway.

"*But why?*" Schlatt stressed, fists clenched while his hands were still pinned to his side as he stared into his son's grim but determined eyes.

"Because of Tommy." Tubbo answered, "He was all alone and he needed help. He was tricked into making a contract with Ohne, who, unlike Exde, either never told the truth or the whole truth at least. Tommy didn't know everything I did, he had to learn it all by himself. The cores, the chunks, everything."

"Tommy, at this rate you're going to overwork yourself to death!" Tubbo exclaimed, clutching his best friend's shoulders.

Tommy gave him a tired smile, "Pfft, me? The great big badass Tommy? No!" He retorted but he couldn't hide the slight wobble in his step after he shrugged off Tubbo's hands off his shoulders. "I'll be fine Tubbo! Ohne- Ohne's got my back. He's an asshole but, he's got my back." There's something bitter in his words. "I'll be fine Tubs."

Fine he said.

Tubbo didn't believe him.

"It was just Tommy, all alone with *Ohne*. He's- He's like Exde, looks almost exactly like him but he's white and a bit bigger and an utter *bastard*. He's the one who tricked Tommy into contracting, Ranboo too. Exde... Is a complicated subject but just- don't attack Exde- he's different from Ohne by the fact he's not a lying asshole. We don't trust him that much, but he's better than the circular piece of shit that tricked Toms, Ran and *so many others*." Tubbo spat, rubbing the bridge of his nose. "Besides, you can't hurt him. He's like- practically unbreakable by non-magic standards. And very hard to break by magic standards. You're just gonna end up hurting yourself."

Tubbo dispersed the magic restraints, shaking his head, "Please, just, calm down and don't do anything stupid." He said with an exhausted tone. He was so *done* with today- done with *tonight*. The sun was down and the moon was out.

It wasn't even patrol time and everything was going to shit.

"Tommy!"

The blond teenage Mag perked and turned to see Eret landing on the rooftop behind him. "Eret!" Tommy greeted with a slight cheer, smiling at the older Mag who smiled back.

"How are you Tommy? How's your magic?" Eret asked, glancing at the gem on his arm. The ruby was still glowing, but it was a bit dimmer than the glow that Tommy had started with when he first transformed a couple of hours earlier.

Tommy waved off the concern, "Doing fine Eret! Doing fine. What about you?" He asked, looking at the gem on their crown.

Eret wore a small golden crown perched on their head, their gem, a bismuth gem that was mostly white tinged with pink but also shined different colors whenever light hit it from different angles, coiled at the center of their crown. They wore a small glittery cape that turned from purple to pink and the trim was made of some sort of white fluff, the cape ended at their elbows and underneath the cape was a white long-sleeved button down shirt with golden cuff links.

A fancy white belt decorated their waist, holding up the parting and slightly poofy light strawberry pink skirt they wore, the back of the skirt reached the top of their ankles while the front was short and stopped at their thighs. They wore thick black leggings that seemed to blend into the calf-length platform boots they wore for shoes, adding into their already ridiculous height.

Gone were the usual shades they wore to hide their glowing white eyes.

They looked like divine royalty ready to kick ass like usual, especially with the glowing eyes.

Tommy snorted at the sight of their platform boots though, he was still a bit sore on how much taller Eret was when they were transformed. Eret was already tall, why the hell did they need platform boots in their outfit?

Eret knew the snort was about their boots and grinned, however they didn't say anything else as they felt the pull. "Doing fine, it'll take a while for me to stand down. Can't chat idly for long, they're still spawning." They sighed, shaking their head.

Tommy grimaced and nodded, "Yeah, fuck, I just want things to be calm again!" He complained as he felt another spawner nearby as well but in the opposite direction still, he and Eret prepared to jump off the roof to split up and deal with said spawner. However in the corner of his eye, he saw Tubbo's Robeets buzz by.

The robeet was small, it was half the size of an American soccer ball, usually it was hidden with magic- people who weren't Mags weren't able to see the drones that served as Tubbo's sensors for the city. He blinked as suddenly, a burst of blue light hit the Robeet, making it explode and fall.

That had *definitely* been magic.

"Wha- *HEY!*" He shouted angrily, knowing how much painstaking time and effort Tubbo put into each of his Robeets.

"That was-" Tommy interrupted Eret, scowling.

"I'll deal with this! Go deal with the spawners!" He exclaimed, jumping in the direction where the Robeet was shot down, trying to find where it crashed.

There was a Mag in the area and they shot down one of Tubbo's Robeets. Tubbo had last said that more than ten of his bees were down.

This definitely needed his attention.

Chapter End Notes

yeeee

by_LDCat996

ehehehe adorable possible eret mag outfit

by_rosewitchx

POG MAG TOMMY!!

by_frosti (kittensonmylaptop).

possible tubbo design!!

you didn't expect ranboo with a whip huh? I KNOW IN CANON HE'S GOT SILKTOUCH HANDS BUT I LIKE TELEPORTING WHIPPY BOY. i've got *plans* for that powerset. honestly it was a bit hard to think of an actual weapon for ranboo, because as much as i wanted him main guns, i wanted him to have something unique and different from the norm.

and thus, the whip came to mind. bc why not? also i chose latin for ranboo because i couldn't think of anything else. forgive me for i use google translate.

Acrid motus faceret - sharp turbulence

[illegible]

also ranboo's spinning attack was admittedly inspired by that video of him just spinning around in his chair for five minutes XD

i hope the explanation doesn't seem too confusing or rushed- if it is, that's because it probably is. i wanted the basic explanations out of the way, half of it is indeed based on madoka magica but it's obvious as to where i diverged from the baseline. i've got plans here. half-baked but they're hopefully great!

also... ERET MAG OUTFIT REVEAL!

we finally have eret out! no tubbo yet, he'll come next chapter. i hope. yeah i wanted to end with eret's outfit revealed :) and yes i'll be randomizing eret's pronouns once more. switching from a couple of chapters whenever they're mentioned. right now, they're a they for the moment.

sorry to disappoint the people who were looking forward to eret wearing the strawberry dress! the skirt at least is homage to the dress BUT i kept the platform boots because... eret in platform form boots. i'm terrified of them in platform boots they are TOO TALL, so might as well chuck that into the story. yes eret fights in platform boots and is fabulous, we stan the multi-pronoun bi king.

ALSO IT'S TIME for me to HEAD BACK to Rewind! week's over, we're at chapter 5. sorry mates, you're gonna have to wait for chapter 6 :)

i'm glad you all enjoyed you guys! i really enjoyed it as well! but admittedly i miss Rewind this past week or so, next update shall be chapter 43 of Rewind.

Responsibility

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

There was a Mag in the area and they shot down one of Tubbo's Robeets. Tubbo had last said that more than ten of his bees were down.

This definitely needed his attention.

And his attention it got.

Landing on the lower roof of a building, Tommy saw the smoking and slightly sparking remains of Tubbo's Robeets.

They were silver colored and cube-shaped and half the size of american soccer balls, with glass and metal wings that were powered by magic that helped them fly through the air. Their eyes were large, green and mechanical just like the rest of it. It was kind of adorable, the way Tubbo designed them, they were surveillance drones that would help Tubbo find spawner locations as well as keep track on the borders of the city.

Tubbo had actually just made them to help make a complete map for them at first before it escalated into camera robeets that would patrol the areas that they couldn't get to.

Tubbo was one of, if not *the* smartest people that Tommy has ever had the pleasure to meet. Even before he had the advantage of magic, Tubbo had loved to tinker with little cheap toy robots and watch videos online about making robots, coding them, coding in general- sure he was dyslexic but that didn't stop him, Tommy and Ranboo would deal with anyone who would try to make fun of him for any reason anyway.

His Robeets were his pride and joy, he had spent so much time over the past two years making each one. It took two years just for Tubbo to make a hundred of the things, Tommy wasn't going to let his best friend's work be destroyed like that.

Like *this*.

The magic shot had completely blown the Robeet's face off, damaging the camera eyes and inner wiring, not to mention its wings and body. Tommy carefully picked up the damaged mechanical bee drone, storing it in his inventory and looking around with hard eyes.

"Okay wh-" Tommy started loudly, about to call out the Mag that had shot the Robeet, about to lace his sentence with a tad bit more profanity than usual, about to bluster and show the culprit why he shouldn't mess with his best friend's things on *their* territory. In the Mag world, believe it or not but better believe it because it was *true*, Tommy was actually well known.

He was considered powerful, he *was* powerful. He had many monikers to his name and was going to show whoever the fuck was messing with the Robeets that most of those monikers, the cool and awesome ones, were *well deserved*.

However he was interrupted, by a familiar voice.

"Hello *Tommy*."

A chill ran down his spine which straightened, a pit of dread formed in his stomach and memories flashed in his head as the owner of the voice landed on the other side of the roof. Instantly his anger dropped into regret, old, festering regret and he was left keeping his guard up against the familiar girl who glared at him while holding her sniper rifle.

She was about his age, her hair was short, curly and ginger orange, her eyes an earthy brown color that were glowing with both magic and badly repressed anger. She wore a light blue corset dress, the frilly skirt ending at her knees. Over the dress was a elbow-length sleeved black jacket with orange straps and buttons, she wore black leather gloves that gripped her silver sniper rifle quite well. Underneath her dress were dark brown shorts that covered her thighs, calf-high socks were strapped tightly down by more orange straps alongside her dark brown leather boots. Her gem was light blue, a tear-drop aquamarine gemstone that was clipped to the side of her face, keeping her hair out of her vision.

Tommy took in a deep breath, nodding stiffly to her. "Hattie." He said, his voice subdued and somewhat sad.

"My god Tommy you're so annoying! Come back here you blond prick!!"

"Blah blah blah, do you ever stop talking?"

"Stay away from my sister, she's MY sister you dumbass!"

"Heh, y'know you're not so bad Tommy."

"Tommy, where's my sister?"

"Do you know where she is? She's- Mum's getting so worried."

"WHERE IS SHE TOMMY?! WHERE IS MY SISTER I KNOW YOU KNOW WHERE SHE IS!"

"WHAT DID YOU DO TO CLEMENTINE?!"

"Why? Why are you doing this? They're- They're *children*, they aren't supposed to be doing- *this*." Philza motions to Tubbo's frantic typing and the way he was muttering into the bluetooth headphone, he looked stressed out. Too stressed out for his age. He was only *seventeen*, the only thing he should be stressed out about was school and maybe his own love life but this whole Mag business? The magic, the hordes, mobs, cubes, territories- *This wasn't supposed to happen*.

A human's magical capabilities are strongest when they are experiencing their initial growth stage of life. From the moment their brains are able to comprehend complicated and emotional situations, their magic abilities can be awakened.

Techno narrowed his eyes at the orb, teeth gritted and jaw clenched, "By contracting them at what, their preteen-teen ages? If you want complicated and emotional situations then go for

adults, go for *us*." For *him*. He could've easily held this Mag stuff on his shoulders, he could've easily handled it. His little brother shouldn't be shouldering this type of responsibility on his own- and he wasn't on his own but his closest comrades were his best friends who were only months older than him.

"He's right, if you wanted *real* complicated and emotional situations paired with wishes you could easily grant it with people who aren't *underaged*." Wilbur snarled, glaring at Exde who let out a small hum.

The concept of 'underage' is something you humans came up with but I understand the reason why you are upset.

And though you do speak truth I do not discriminate between ages. I have contracted humans of most ages, young, old, the age does not matter to me. What matters is their potential and magical capacity.

Younger humans have more potential for their magic compared to those who have made their wish much later in their years. There is a prime opening for magical awakenings, and that opening lasts between a varying time span of their childhood to their young adulthood. And most of the time the wishes provided by those of your young are more easily granted and possible. There are restrictions to certain types wishes and most do not edge those restrictions like others do.

"Restrictions? What restrictions?" Schlatt questioned warily, a hand on Lani's shoulder, making sure he kept himself between her and the orb that floated just out of reach from them all. He didn't want her interacting with the damn thing.

"He can't grant certain wishes like wishes for world domination and big reality-altering, shattering, etc. kind of wishes." Tubbo answered, taking in a deep breath and glancing over to them. "Ohne is kind of the same, except not. They can't, or really prefer not to interfere with the big picture in the spotlight, i.e. humanity as a whole, the state of the universe and in the public non-magical eye. Like if they grant the wish of a man who wants to be the king of the world, it would probably alter reality in itself and cause a disruption to the balance of universe *not to mention* cause a commotion to the whole world. Something they don't exactly want- well, Exde at least doesn't want. Ohne would probably grant the wish out of fun but only after making sure the Mag who made the wish falls down and becomes a mob."

Exactly.

And I suspect that is exactly what happened for the Mag Revelation entirely.

Tubbo frowned as he looked at Exde, "You think Ohne granted the wish of a Mag who *wanted* this. To out every single Mag, reveal the existence of magic, all of *this*? Yeah. That sounds *exactly* what he would do. You and Tommy are right, Ohne's the whole reason for this nightmarish bullshit." He seethed, teeth grinding together as he thought about it all because it makes *sense*. Ohne was a wildcard after all, but that still left several questions. "But why? Why *now*? Who in their right minds would make a wish like *this*?"

Exde bobbed slightly in the air as he answered, his voice a bit more quirt and almost seemingly subdued in their heads.

I do not know.

"What so Exde is the good one while this Ohne thing is the bad one?" Lani can't help but ask aloud because from how she's hearing it, from how she's seeing her brother talk with the orb- Exde was apparently something he trusted.

She wasn't wrong, but she wasn't right either.

Tubbo's mouth thins and he shrugs, "You could say that, but I wouldn't call Exde 'good'. He's at least honest to a point, and is better than Ohne." Between the two of them, he and the others *definitely* preferred Exde over Ohne. "Either way- fucking *dammit!*" Tubbo suddenly swears, slamming both his fists against the table and startling the others.

"What's wrong? Tubbo are you okay?!" Schlatt instantly asks, he and Lani coming over to Tubbo's side as the brunet's face contorts to anger. "Kid?"

"I'm- I'm *fine* dad. I'm just- fuck, *fuck* no wonder-" Tubbo pressed the bluetooth headphones against his ear, "*Ranboo come back right now! No, you can leave the chunks to the rest of the mags around, I've officially opened up our territory for freelanced hunting- YES I know what that means, no I didn't ask George for permission but I don't think he'll mind right now! Look just come back and look after everyone!*" He barked as he closed the laptop a bit more forcefully than he intended to after his cube turned back into a bracelet.

You are leaving.

Tubbo looked incensed as he looked towards the window, waiting for Ranboo to return. "Yeah."

"*What?!*"

The teen barely flinched at the chorused protests that came from the others, "I have to go." He *does* wince at the looks his father and sister give him, "I *have* to go."

Schlatt's face cycles through a lot of emotions but it settles into firm resignation mixed with caution. "Where? Where are you going?"

"Out- I have to go to Tommy." At the mention of his name, Tommy's brothers and father immediately spoke in tandem.

"What happened?/What's happened to Tommy?/Take us with you."

"*No.*" Tubbo said firmly to Technoblade, standing tall and unmoving to the pink-haired man's glare. Even when Phil and Wilbur joined him in giving Tubbo firm glares, Tubbo stood strong. He understands their desperation, he's been in their place, maybe it's hypocritical, maybe it's unfair but that was just how things were going to be. "It's impossible to bring you all with me and it'd be too dangerous."

"But bro-" Lani tried only to be interrupted when Tubbo started glowing green.

In a bright flash, Tubbo's clothes were replaced by his mag outfit.

A dark green bomber jacket with a white fur collar trim covered his upper body, it was partially unzipped revealing the black vest underneath that had a few pouches on it along with a green shirt. Unlike Tommy or Ranboo, Tubbo didn't have any gloves but there were thick, metallic green bracelets on both of his wrists. Around his waist and keeping his cargo pants up was a belt with two big pouches at his sides while combat boots covered his feet. On his head was a thick and heavy-looking headset that had two antennae coming from side of the set, on the left ear of the headset, an emerald was clearly embedded to it.

Tubbo's face was set in hard determination and at the moment, he really did look like a child soldier. And that fact just made the adults who thought about it feel *worse*.

"This is mag business and I know you all want to help but right now, the only help you can give is to stay, be safe and *wait*." Tubbo told them, glancing over to Exde, "I'm cashing in that favor you owe me." He says as he flicks his hand at the window and it opens, not long afterwards Ranboo came through, landing smoothly.

I see.

Very well Tubbo.

Hello Ranboo.

The black and white mag breathed out a sigh, "Hello Exde." He greeted quietly before turning to Tubbo, "Where are you going?"

"Tommy. I finally know who's been getting rid of most of my Robeets, it's Hattie. She's with Tommy." Tubbo nodded grimly at Ranboo's eyes widening.

Ah, she will try to goad Tommy into an MvM and Tommy can only resist his guilt for so long.

Be careful Tubbo, I have heard that she's become more powerful.

"I will be, I *promise* I'll come back, with Tommy." Tubbo said, reassuring both his father and sister along with Techno, Wilbur and Phil. It was a nice attempt but they didn't seem reassured at all but Schlatt and Tubbo's gaze locked for a moment before Schlatt sighed resignedly and looked away. That was as much acceptance that Tubbo expected, he'd take it.

The green glow on the doors and windows were replaced by Ranboo's white and black glow as Tubbo leaped out of the window.

Wilbur's face had been frowning the entire time, but there was a thoughtful look in his eyes. "Hattie..." He mumbled aloud, he looked over to his twin and father, "That's- That's Henrietta Gourd right? That's Helena's daughter. They moved away didn't they? After Clementine... disappeared..." He trailed off, his gaze looking over to Ranboo who grimaced and looked away from Wilbur.

Techno was quick to catch on to his brother's thoughts, "Henrietta slapped Tommy before she and Helena moved away. Clementine disappeared three years ago." Dots were being connected as he remembers how close Clementine and Tommy had been.

Philza paled as he too, caught on as he remembered what happened three years ago as well. "Ranboo, is Clementine... Was she- was she a mag? Did she disappear because-" Phil couldn't continue, a look of horror settling on his face as Ranboo stayed quiet.

The life of a Mag is dangerous.

Exde spoke, floating besides Ranboo and sounding just a bit solemn.

And Clementine Gourd was a magnificent Mag with great potential. Unfortunately she was contracted by Ohne and was too close and useful for him to ignore. She was Tommy's inspiration and would-be mentor had she survived.

It's cold.

"Clem?"

So cold.

"Cl-Clementine?"

Freezing.

"O-OHNE HELP WH-WHAT HAPPENED- WHAT HAP-HAPPENED T-TO CLEMENTINE?!"

It's so very cold.

"H-h-haa-hh-hel-p-"

Come on Toms, make your wish.

He's going to freeze.

Your friend is right here to help.

Help.

I'm right here Tommy, make your wish :)

"I-I wi-wishh-"

BAM

Skidding back with each shot, Tommy gritted his teeth as his back collided against the edge of the roof. He shook his head, trying to shake away the memories as he looked at the angry girl who was firing heavy rounds at him with three different sniper rifles, one that she held and the other two floating right above her shoulders. The blue magic bullets didn't hit him, it hit the tightly coiled wall of red glowing chains instead.

With how heavy she was using her magic with each bullet, the force of their magic colliding was actually making Tommy skid back.

But they both knew that Tommy was only letting himself be moved in such a way, and that just made Hattie angrier.

"Fight me!"

He *can't*.

No, that wasn't very accurate. It's more that he *refused* to fight her.

"Really Toms, I wish you and my sister would just stop fighting constantly."

"God damn you Tommy fucking FACE ME AND FIGHT ME LIKE A GODDAMN MAN!"

Hattie snarled, a flare of magic and suddenly there were seven more rifles in the air, surrounding the blond who grimaced and summoned a coiling protective dome barrier of chains around himself. Magic clashed with magic, the blue bullets impacting heavily on the chains- if it had been anyone else, the chains might've broken underneath their wrath but for Tommy, it barely made a dent as small strips of steam exuded off the chains.

Guilt plagued Tommy's chest as he peers through the chains at the angry mag who he had once tentatively called friend. The little sister of the original Mag he had looked up to-

Bright brown eyes glittering with mischief, long ginger hair tied to a pony tail, a smile decorating her face-

Shattered amber disappearing into thin air as the body landed in the snow-

Tommy flinched back as he felt something pierce through his shoulder. He'd been distracted again, and it created a small gap that she took advantage of. Blood stained his chiton which now had a hole in it and Tommy took in a deep breath, exhaling red steam as his magic made immediate work on the hole of his outfit and body.

Hattie's assault on his barrier had stopped as abruptly as it started as the girl stared at Tommy through the chains, her face tight with anger and grief. "You're no man *Theseus*," She spat, gripping her rifle tightly, "You're a fucking *coward*." She hissed as she stomped towards his chain barrier, which tightened around Tommy. She stopped right before the barrier, though her gun was thankfully aimed at the roof. She still looked furious though.

Had anyone else said it, Tommy would have denied it. Would have screamed back and proved that he was in fact, *not* a coward. But in the face of Hattie, he stayed silent, grief hanging over them both paired with anger and sadness respectively.

"Fight me Tommy." She whispered, causing the guilt to spike but Tommy desperately keeps his mouth shut.

"Step away from my best friend Hattie."

The ginger haired girl's tongue clicked in her mouth as she looked back to see Tubbo aiming his large hexagonal shaped launcher at him, eyes glowing a soft green which contrasted the

hard look in them. She opened her mouth, about to sass him when she noticed the glowing green transparent round bee-looking bombs that were in the air, beeping softly, awaiting Tubbo's command to detonate.

Dropping her rifle, she held her hands up. The rifle disappears before it could hit the ground and the rest of her guns disappear from the air as she takes long steps to the side. "Careful there Tubso. We're on a roof in real reality right now, people can see magic, they'll see your bombs." She says semi-casually. "Unless you want to fight me in Tommy's stead again?" Her aquamarine gem glows, causing Tubbo's emerald to glow as well.

It doesn't last long as Tubbo snarls at her, "We don't have *time* for MvMs Hattie! You said it yourself, people can see magic now what is the *point* of this?! You're supposed to be dealing with the spawners like every other self-respecting mag! I may have opened the territory for freelance hunting but that doesn't mean you can assault Tommy and challenge him!" The ammo in his launcher glow a bit brighter and the bombs in the air beep just a bit faster. "*And* you got rid of most of my Robeets! Why the bloody hell did you do that for?!"

Cautiously, Tommy's let his chain barrier uncoil as Tubbo took Hattie's attention. The chains disappearing as Tommy quickly sprinted to Tubbo's side. "Y-Yeah Hattie, messing with Tubbo's bees isn't cool. You're just- you're just being-" God, he hated himself for acting *so unlike* what he usually was but he was facing *Hattie* who scoffed at him.

"Being a what? Being a *bitch*?" She questioned back, crossing her arms and cocking her hip to the side. "Look, I'm... *sorry* for going off the fucking handle and trying to challenge Tommy." Hattie apologized robotically, without feeling and clearly not meaning it at all- it was for formalities sake. "Lost my temper- as for your stupid bee bot drone things, I got paid to get rid of the ones I saw." She admitted, "Fifty bucks per bot."

Both males' brows furrowed, "What? Who's paying you to take down my Robeets?!" Tubbo questioned incredulously.

The girl shrugged, "Don't know, don't care. I accepted the job and I'll be paid soon enough, no questions asked." She turned on her heel, "Since the jig is up, I'll just leave now. I scored a solid two-fifty for myself, I'm satisfied."

"You're still homeless aren't you Hattie?" Tommy blurted out and asked, flinching as Hattie abruptly turned back, giving him a glare. "Please Hattie, just- let us hel-"

"*I don't need your help Tommy.*" Hattie hissed, taking a step forward but only freezing when Tubbo re-aimed his launcher right at her. She huffed hotly through her nose and turned on her heel again. "I don't want nor need *anything* from you. Who needs whatever the fuck a *coward* gives huh? Go fuck yourself Theseus."

And like that, she jumped away. Leaving the two alone on the rooftop.

The green bee-looking bombs faded with a flare of Tubbo's magic, the rocket launcher disappeared as well as Tubbo turned to Tommy, concern in his eyes as he sees the despairing, resigned look that made Tommy's usually bright blue eyes seem a few shades duller. "Toms?"

The blond shook his head, "I'm fine." He rasped, closing his eyes tightly as the guilt continued to fester.

"I'm fine."

godsista: @everyone dream is calling for everyone to meet soon
godsista: i know things are busy tonight but he really wants to talk personally with everyone
godsista: what do we do?

Chapter End Notes

apskdn mm yes serotonin

[by_yourecool](#)

MAG ERET! not exactly what i described but very pog :D

[by NonExistantArtist](#)

MORE MAG ERET! THAT is more what like i described :DD

[by Kiko](#)

possible mag tubbo design! POG!

[by cakeractuallyarts](#)

more mag tommy! pulling the epee sword out of a quiver!

TUBBO'S DESIGN IS FINALLY REVEALED! honestly had a bit of trouble this chapter but i managed to get it out! i gave tubbo a slight militaristic design, probably a bit weird but it makes sense when i pair tubbo with his weapon which is a fucking ROCKET LAUNCHER YEAH THAT'S RIGHT I GAVE THE BOY MAGIC ROCKET PROPELLED BOMBS IT'S CLOSEST THING TO NUKES FOR THIS TUBBO. THE BOMBS LOOK LIKE ROUND CARTOONISH BEES. IT'S AMAZING.

hattie. hottie. gourd. pumpkin. i hope some of you got that because yeah, they're now characters in the story. hattie is indeed hot girl from dsmp. or maybe hotter girl. it doesn't matter, she's here, she's angry and tommy is one traumatized boy. poor clementine :(

Reuniting

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

He stared at the orange cube in his palm- that had been uncomfortable as *fuck* but he'd done it. No, *they* had done it.

:)

Welcome to the Mag World you two.

They frowned and eyed the dark orb, before either of them could say anything though, the door *slammed* open, a beam of light green light flew past between the two men startling them but not the orb who laughed and let the light hit it. It didn't do a scratch.

A blur followed afterwards and with a loud *CLANG*, a purple sword met with the rings of the orb. Laughing still, the owner of the sword yelped as he was suddenly blasted away by an invisible force as the circular being floated high above them, smiling ominously with the moon shining down on its dark surface.

Cute, but unfortunately you're not strong enough to destroy me just yet.
Don't worry, I'm not sticking around now that I've done what I wanted.
I'll see you next time, say hi to Tommy for me :)

Niwl Cysgu

Light blue mist quickly spread within the chunk from his pipe, his magic overpowering the horde and forcing them into slumber. The mobs thankfully too weak to stay awake or even try to fight against it. Along them, the previously trapped group of people also quickly fell into unconsciousness, some of his mist thickening into clouds made of soft, solid magic to help cushion them as they fell to the ground. The clouds don't disperse back into mist, George instead morphs them into a safe barrier and comfy blanket that would protect them just in case anything happens.

After that, George jumps from platform to platform, careful not to disturb the explosive creatures that just fell asleep on each one.

Creepers.

He hates creepers, and this cave chunk was chock full of them.

At least Tubbo wasn't here to add into the potential explosion just waiting to happen.

Reaching the center of the cave and finding the pit, George peered down it, looking deep within the abyss for the core of the spawner. Twirling his pipe idly, he brought it to his face and aimed, magic gathered at his lips and within his pipe, forming the dense, heavy dart.

Phwoop!

His pipe went as he abruptly exhaled, the dart flying with a slight whistle in the air and nailing the core right at the center. The spawner chunk rumbled, practically shrieking as it realized that its core was destroyed before crumbling as the dart exploded, destroying the core as well as the spawner.

Reality shifted and phased into existence around him, George was quick to escape while he can- the spawner had appeared in one of the *worse* places. Right in the middle of a crowd. Tucking his lower face into his fluffy collar, he jumped high in the air as soon as he could, ignoring the protests and loud exclamations coming from the crowd as he left. Dispelling his magic which protected and kept the people he had saved, letting them wake up from their seemingly nightmarish situation and back into normal reality.

They would have to deal with the crowd though, George was *not* going to stick around.

Landing on the balcony of a tall building, he briefly checked if the balcony he landed on had anyone in the room or so before sighing in relief when he realized he was alone. "Another spawner down." He mumbles to himself, shoving his goggles off his face for a bit just so he could rub his eyes, he wondered just how long it would take before he could rest, or even better- *sleep*.

Unfortunately it doesn't seem like he'll be able to sleep for a while, a lot was happening and he's pretty sure he wouldn't be given the chance to sleep by anyone. Not his team, not his friends... George winced as he thought of his best friends, Dream and Sapnap- God, *that* was going to be fun he could already tell.

Shaking his head, he pressed turned his bluetooth headphone on, "I've taken care of another spawner, Tubbo. I can't sense anymore nearby, where am I going next?" He asked, looking over the scenery on the balcony. He frowned as he spots multiple figures jumping from rooftop to rooftop. Mags. A lot of them. He's been seeing more of them over the past hour alone. "Hello?"

Immediately Tubbo spoke up, some shuffling coming through the phone. "*George! Yeah, sorry I- I'm with Tommy and Eret right now. Let me get my laptop just hold on.*"

He rose a brow, "You're with Tommy and Eret?"

"*Yeah, Eret here. I've just rejoined them both, Tommy- well, Hattie was here George. She tried challenging Tommy to an MvM again.*" Eret's voice sounded tired and exasperated, something George instantly sympathized with as he groaned.

Hattie was a complicated subject, for Tommy especially. "Tubbo interfered." He said more than asked because if Hattie had been there then of *course* Tubbo interfered. "Alright, what's the status then? Hattie gone?"

George sighed quietly as Tommy's subdued voice came through the phone, "*Yeah she's- she's gone. She got me only one time but I'm already healing so don't worry about me. Someone's paying her to deal with Tubbo's Robeets though, fifty per bot.*"

"What? Why?"

"Dunno, but I'm pissed the fuck off. I'm recalling most of my Robeets for now, I'm leaving my most stealthiest ones out for scouting purposes... Oh and George, I've opened our territory for freelance hunting so uh, if you see any other Mags-"

The colorblind man interrupted him, "Got it. It'll be easier to deal with the spawners like this anyway, and we don't need whatever loot they drop, we're good for now." There might be a very small chance that one of the spawners would drop something relatively good but, they weren't going to take that chance. Right now, there were more important matters to address. "Situation with Purpled and Drista?"

"Purpled's gone back to Punz, he's explained the situation to him. Drista- oof, Dream wants everyone to meet. And by everyone I guess us, Bad and the others will be busy with their territory and I'm sure Drista's explained what she can to him."

Dammit.

He took in a deep breath, exhaling blue mist and feeling just a bit more tired as his magic roiled underneath his skin in lieu of his emotions. He wanted to nap *so badly* right now. "Okay, okay. We'll talk on that. And the situation with your families Tubbo, Tommy? Ranboo's with them I'm assuming?"

Ranboo's voice came through the phone, "Y-Yeah! I'm here with uh- with them. Exde is here. Too."

George straightened, "He's *what*? When did he come back?!"

"*Bout a bit ago.*" Tubbo answered him, immediately Tommy exclaimed, sounding panicked and ticked. It was certainly better than the subdued tone he had earlier on.

"You left our family alone with Exde?! What if- what if the fucker contracts them?! He doesn't- he's nicer than Ohne but he's still fucking-"

"Tommy- Tommy calm down you're smoking-" Eret soothed, trying to calm him down and George can just see the wisps of smoke steaming off of the blond. Tubbo interrupted Eret through the phone, "*It's FINE! I cashed in the favor he owes me. He won't contract them.*"

"But what if he still does!?"

"It's Exde Tommy. He won't go back against his word. C'mon now, calm down."

This entire night was a *mess*. Two whole messes he fucking *swears*.

"Eret's right Toms, he's not contracting anyone right now. Wilbur tried-"
"WHAT?!"

"He TRIED Toms, he didn't succeed. Exde's keeping to the favor."

George let out a sigh of relief, having tensed when Ranboo said that Wilbur had tried to contract with Exde. "Good, but just to be safe, make sure to keep them away from Exde. No,

actually, send him my way instead. I'll talk with him." He said, climbing atop the balcony railing.

"*He wants to talk with all of us though.*" George pinched the bridge of his nose.

"*Dream's forced Drista to add him to the server, he's being very persistent in meeting with everyone.*"

"Now? It's- huh, it's not that late but still-"

"*Purpled's already at their house, he- snrk, he carried Punz all the way there.*"

George blinked as he heard Tommy burst out laughing through the phone, he couldn't help the snort that escapes him at the thought of Purpled carrying Punz across rooftops- still, should they *really* be meeting *now* of all times? It was night, though it wasn't that late- still not even time for normal patrol but the revelation had only come hours ago and there were plenty of spawners that would come to fruition.

But then again, Tubbo had opened their territory for Mags everywhere.

"Can we afford to meet right now? I know you opened the territory for freelanced hunting Tubbo, but will it be enough? I-"

Tubbo interrupted him, sounding panicked and upset. "*Oh- Oh no, George we- there's a BIG problem now-*"

George's heart drops into his stomach, his eyes widen as Tubbo tells him what said problem is.

No.

As per Tubbo's favor, I will not be contracting with anyone in this room.

Regrettable as it may be for you and your brother have immense potential, I will adhere to the favor.

Frustration.

That's what Wilbur was feeling right now, a whole *fuck ton* of frustration. Underneath that frustration however was a whirling mix of fear, anticipation, despair, paranoia- it was a crock pot of mixing emotions and never before has Wilbur wished that today was just one big nightmare that he could wake up from.

Wish.

What a loaded word now that magic was an actual thing.

Or no, now that it was *revealed* to be an actual thing.

His brother had magic.

His brother had sold his *soul* for magic.

For whatever reason, his youngest brother, the brother he had *swore* to protect alongside his twin to their mother- he was in *danger* and has been in danger for three. Fucking. Years.

And Wilbur had no idea about it.

He, his twin, their father- they hadn't noticed at all.

No, they noticed the moments whenever Tommy had acted weird but they hadn't prodded him about it. Not all of it, and most of the time it seemed like there was just the perfect excuse not to push the blond into talking.

Three years ago, Tommy had seemed to be upset over something but they had chalked it up to the fact that Clementine, a friend of his who was only a couple years older, had disappeared. They had both been right and wrong.

Clementine had been a Mag. She had introduced Tommy to her world and they lost him the moment she did. She had been a Mag for however the hell long she had been and she had dragged Tommy into the sights of Ohne- who supposedly was the bad orb creature who acted all nice, was Exde acting? Was this all a ruse? He had taken Tubbo after all, Tubbo had left them with the same creature that he sold his soul to. Regardless of the fact the boys still kept their souls, they had *sold* them and in turn they became something inhuman.

Tommy wasn't human anymore.

Was he?

What was a human?

What could Wilbur do to help his brother?

He knows how but the orb *wasn't letting him*.

Wilbur's thoughts were spiraling as he glared at the orb, one thought led to another, got derailed and formed into another thought- his mind was frantic, his emotions swirling inside of him like a maelstrom, only getting more violent and it was only a matter of time until-

"*Wilbur.*"

Wilbur's gaze was forcefully moved against his will by his twin, their eyes locking together and Wilbur's glare melts at the firm determination that was spotted with concern. "Calm. Down." Techno told him, one comforting hand on his shoulder and the other on Wilbur's face, that hand goes on Wilbur's other shoulder soon enough. "You're being too emotional Wilbur, calm down."

"I don't get how you're *not*." Wilbur choked out but he tried, tried to calm the whirlwind of emotions inside of him. It helps when his father comes in, settling a hand on both their shoulders. It's comforting, the presence of their father.

And then Phil cuffs their head simultaneously making them *both* sputter, "Wha- Dad!" "What was that for?!" They complain but quickly shut their mouths at the look that their father gave them.

"I don't know, maybe it's the fact that both his sons were offering their souls to the soul-contract creature thing that took *my* son's soul?" Schlatt drawled, giving them an unimpressed look. "What father wants to see his children selling themselves out like that? In *any* way?"

Tubbo still has his soul.

"Shut up, the adults are talking here."

I am older than all of you combined, I was here whe-

"Shhhhhh, the *human* adults are talking here buddy. Shut your... Just shut up okay?"

...

Schlatt looked pleasantly smug while Lani giggled, it was certainly amusing and a certain degree of impressive.

"He's right y'know." Philza mumbled to his sons, "I... Tommy's already... I don't know how I'd feel completely if you two followed after him like this. The least you could do was *talk* with me about this decision instead of trying to jump right in to this nonsense." He said, a lost, helpless look on his face. The near-exact look he had when their mother had passed away.

Guilt bubbled and Wilbur bit his lip, "I- Sorry dad."

"... Sorry."

The blond man sighed, shaking his head, "I don't blame you boys, but please. Think this through, *talk* with me and each other. Don't- don't make sudden decisions like-" Like Tommy, he doesn't say. But they know it all the same.

Wilbur doesn't know what wish his brother made, but he has a feeling that it had been sudden or if he was piecing everything together correctly- if it had been a wish that he actually wanted to make. Something that he thought through and had time to ponder over it.

It'll be one of the things he'll ask him, as soon as he'd come back. As soon as he saw him again.

"HUH?! Y-YOU'RE KIDDING ME RIGHT?! NO, no that's- that's not good! At all! Oh fuck!"

All five of their heads snapped towards Ranboo, who had gone into the corner to speak a bit privately into the bluetooth headphones- another thing that Wilbur desperately had wanted just so he could talk with Tommy but Ranboo for once hadn't caved into his demands and had stubbornly gone into the corner and used his magic to keep Wilbur and the others away while he spoke into it.

He'd be impressed if it wasn't so damn frustrating.

"Ranboo? Ranboo what happened now? Is it Tommy? Is he okay?" Phil immediately asked, not liking the shocked and horrified tone and look the teen had on his face.

Schlatt followed up just as immediate, "Is Tubbo okay? What happened kid, what happened?"

Frazzled, Ranboo glanced between the five of them, "Uhh- uhh, what do I- huh? I- maybe? There'd be so many though I'd need- I'd need a lot of magic. I can't- one second," He told them, face complicated and screwed as he mumbled into the phone, "No, no I haven't tried uh- Theoretically, I could. I mean, I could do it pretty easily now at three as long as I had a constant stream of- o-okay I'll- I'll try. Okay. Mhmm. Okay see you soon thanks."

Taking in a deep breath, Ranboo turned to the five of them, looking both serious and nervous. "Eret's on his way and uh, we're going to Dream's house."

What.

"Hold on hold on, what do you mean by 'Eret's on his way and we're going to Dream's house'?" Schlatt said with an incredulous voice, "Gotta explain more than that Ranboo!"

Ranboo shifted, his clothes magically changing into his Mag outfit- Wilbur has to admit, he looks rather stylish but now wasn't the time- as he opened the window with his magic. "Something happened at Dream's house and uh, George is telling us to head over there right now. Eret's coming so we can go." He explained. Badly.

"You can't just leave us here!" Lani exclaimed angrily.

"What? *Oh no no!* You're coming with us!" Ranboo hurriedly added in, looking back and forth between them and the window. "We just have to wait for Eret."

That took them all by surprise, "We're coming with you?" Techno repeated with a raised brow.

The teen nodded his head rapidly, "Yeah! You're coming with us. We just- Eret's on his way and after he comes, we can all go to Dream's house."

"What's the point of waiting for Eret? Can't we meet him along the way? Where even is he?" Wilbur asked, looking out the open window. No sign of him anywhere.

Ranboo shook his head, "No- we gotta wait for him to come. He's- he'll be here *very* soon- just, trust me okay? I need him to be here." He told them firmly, his last sentence clearly meaning for no argument to against it.

Without much of a choice as Ranboo had the door magically locked anyway, they waited for Eret to appear.

Thankfully they didn't have to wait long.

Eret landed in Ranboo's apartment through the window, panting lightly as Ranboo closed the window after him. "I got here as soon as I could." He said, smiling at Ranboo before noticing the slack-jawed and dumbfounded looks that Wilbur and the others gave him. "Uh, hi?" Eret greeted with a nervous smile, waving at them.

"Eret, your *eyes*!" Wilbur blurted out, wide-eyed at the white glowing sockets that were Eret's eyes.

Both Eret and Ranboo winced, "*Ooh*, I knew I was forgetting something." Ranboo whispered, glancing at the grimacing Eret who gave them a strained smile.

"It's a very long story, but hey, now you know why I always wear my shades." Eret joked, looking very uncomfortable.

Lani noticed and frowned before piping up, "You look very nice Eret, I love your outfit."

He blinked before beaming at Lani, "Why *thank you* Lani, I look fabulous don't I?" He said, swishing his skirt side by side for a bit.

"Your crown's great." Techno couldn't help but add, eyes briefly fixated on the crown on Eret's head, making him preen.

"It *is*."

"Moving on!" Ranboo exclaimed, "*Now* we can go to Dream and Drista." He summoned a... black whip? "Can you all um, can you guys group together? It'll be easier if you were all close together." He told them, smiling nervously.

Schlatt's eyes narrowed at him, "Why?"

"So- long story short, I can teleport. Magic but uh, I need a couple of things to teleport, magic obviously, a location that I know or see, exact coordinates- etc. Thing is, I've only teleported *three* people simultaneously before. Teleporting uh, *six* people, seven including myself, it's going to take a *lot* of magic. Which is why Eret is here! So, to make things easier for me, can you all um, group together so we can teleport? It might make it less scuffed but uh, yeah."

The night becomes more and more bizarre as Wilbur grouped together with his brother, father, Schlatt and his daughter. "Hold still, this is just so you can come with the teleport- everything's fine, we're all good- don't give me that look Techno. It's either this or holding hands and I kinda need both hands for Eret and I to actually teleport us all." Ranboo said as the black whip in his hands suddenly stretched out, wrapping itself around them, basically tying them all together and connecting them to Ranboo.

"Wait if you're teleporting us then what about him?" Phil asked, looking over to Exde who had surprisingly been quiet the whole time.

I shall meet you there.

Ranboo prefers not to teleport with me included anyway.

"Y-Yeah. I- yeah, he'll just meet us there. And we can see both Tommy and Tubbo there too so please, stay still, stay quiet and uh, hope for the best!"

Schlatt deadpanned at him, "Really? Hope for the best?"

Ranboo huffed at him but turned to Eret, "Ready?" The gem at his lapel glowed, disappearing in place before appearing as his cube at his palm.

"Ready." Eret replied, smiling reassuringly at him, the gem in his crown glowing, disappearing and reappearing as his cube in his palm.

Wilbur watched with wide eyes as Ranboo and Eret pressed their cubes against each other, both cubes glowing brightly as Ranboo and Eret's magic *flared*.

Even without magic, he could feel the pressure in the room as Ranboo let out a strained sound and-

The

world

shifted.

Wilbur's vision went black then white.

"-AN'T BELIEVE YOU DID THAT, YOU'RE AN IDIOT, OH MY FUCK YOU'RE BOTH THE BIGGEST GODDAMN IDIOTS TO EXIST!" She screamed at him, frustration and upset coloring her tone.

"Honey she's *right* how- this is-" Their mother was struggling, trying to form words but couldn't, too shocked and overwhelmed over the whole thing.

Her brother clutched the silver bracelet around his wrist, a stubborn look on his and his best friend's face. "I- Look, if you, Purpled and George are doing this- hell, *Tommy and Tubbo* are doing this, then-"

"Then *what?*" Purpled interrupted, an incensed look on his face. "You join in? You *become one of us* just because everyone else is? *You do realize what the hell you just did? You can NEVER back out!*"

"We know that!" Sapnap exclaimed, cradling the orange cube to his chest.

Drista seethed, "I don't think you *do*."

Before she could continue, maybe she'd yell at him more but before she could, a bright flash of light came from outside the window as well as multiple *thumps* and the startled, shocked sounds of multiple people.

"What the *fuck?*"

A quick check and-

They found Wilbur, Techno, Phil, Lani, Schlatt, Eret and Ranboo sprawled on their front lawn. Ranboo was unconscious while Eret looked severely tired.

"Oh this is going to be *good* I can already tell." Purpled said dryly before he climbed out the window to check on his groupmates, ignoring Punz's shocked spluttering.

Drista took in a deep breath, calming herself down.

She didn't have to be angry.

Someone else would do it for her.

He was already on his way and she knew he was downright *pissed*.

Drista smiled sweetly at the now wary Dream, "Oh yeah. This is going to be *great*."

Chapter End Notes

HAHA

[by Eveecat1248](#)

YOU MADLAD YOU DREW OUR BEE BOY!!! holy shit go get some sleep you champion, it doesn't matter you got the bees wrong it's still amazing as fuck! LOOK AT HIM. TUBBO THE BEE BOMBER.

i have no idea if george is a smoker, he probably isn't and he isn't here he just- his weapon is a magic blowpipe that can double as a magic smoking pipe, and his main magic ability is sleeping magic and clouds and smoke. look i thought it was cool and now george is a walking magic sand man type guy. only he uses clouds and mist instead of sand. also i used welsh for goerge because why not? again i'm sorry if it's wrong but i'm using google translate

Niwl Cysgu = Sleeping Mist

sapnap and dream are homies, they dont leave no homie behind and they refuse to be left behind in turn- they're idiots and george is suffering.

tommy better be careful, looks like techno and wilbur had the same idea but thankfully tubbo had thought quickly.

almost didn't get this chapter out today, but boy am i glad i managed to make it, even if i'm late :)

Confrontation

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Jumping from rooftop to rooftop in the middle of the night was usually a pleasant past time for unhurried Mags, even during patrol.

Being magically enhanced and capable of doing things you can only imagine, that you've only seen in movies, read in books, seen maybe other people who either trained very hard over the few years or had trained their whole *lives* to do- everything physical they do has a certain edge, a thrill that *almost* makes up the dark reality of their situation. Almost.

Jumping from rooftop to rooftop, occasionally it's not even a roof, sometimes it's a lamppost, a tree branch, a *power line*. The thrill of having the wind rush through your hair, feel the night chill nip your skin teasingly while magic kept the cold at bay and enhanced their physical abilities to *beyond* what they're supposed to be.

Mags who were afraid of heights very quickly learned not to be afraid, most even learn to embrace high places and actively seek them. It was either that or perish under not being able to move, not being able to dodge, not being able to cope with the terrifying life of a Mag.

Jumping from rooftop to rooftop was usually a pleasant way of transport for most Mags, and one of the easiest and fastest way to get somewhere in secret. Even those who could teleport liked to jump roofs and parkour their way towards their destination.

It's trilling, it's fun, it's fast and relatively easy for normal Mags, especially those who've been at the business for years now.

Jumping from rooftop to rooftop, George, Tubbo and Tommy rapidly made their way towards Dream's neighborhood which was miles away from where they were. George sprinting across rooftops, power lines, lamp posts- anything he could use as his pathway towards his destination. He was a man on a mission and was fueled by paranoia, anger, denial, despair and magic.

Tubbo and Tommy tried their best to keep up with the older Mag, George was the oldest Mag of their group and was second to Eret when it came to experience and time as a Mag. Eret had contracted when he was fourteen after all, that was six years or so as a Mag, just a year or at least a few more months compared to George who contracted when he was seventeen.

Five years, he'd spent five years as a mag, he met Dream first and then Sapnap just a year or less afterwards.

Five years spent, protecting his friends against his world. Five years silently accepting the terms of his life, that at any given time, if he made a single mistake- he'd die and leave his

friends behind. An unfortunate price but one he was willing to pay as long as they stayed safe, uncontracted and live a long life in his stead.

That was the plan at least.

The plan was thrown out the goddamn window, landed in a tree shredder and absolutely *obliterated* the moment he found out that Dream and Sapnap had fucking *contracted* the instance he had turned away from them.

Tommy could certainly sympathize with him, having had a near heart-attack when he learned that Exde had been left with only Ranboo and his and Tubbo's family. While he certainly preferred Exde over Ohne, it was like choosing one of the lesser evils. Just because it was lesser didn't mean it wasn't fucking evil.

No, Exde wasn't evil, he had no true concept of evil. Good and evil wasn't a thing for him. He was merely focused on his job but compared to Ohne- he was a goddamn *saint*.

Still, if Tubbo hadn't cashed in that favor Exde owed him and prevented him from contracting *any* of their family, Tommy was certain he'd be reacting the same way George was reacting right now.

Actually he *was* feeling whatever George was feeling right now, because Wilbur had *tried* to contract with Exde and that had Tommy *pissed the fuck off*. Techno undoubtedly had the same idea, his brothers, he loved them he really does but they were overprotective *idiots*. The same kind of idiots that Dream and Sapnap were.

As the three of them traversed the vast terrain, using what they could to vault over distances, climbing over buildings, jumping over streets- a few Mags had almost confronted them by accident but sensing the anger roiling off of them- George and Tommy's anger practically palpable in their magic which misted and steamed off the both of them respectively, Tubbo was just trying to keep up and more worried really- they thankfully avoided them and kept their distance.

Eret must have been with Ranboo at this point, providing magic for their trip along with the teen's families.

Tubbo would have come along and provide more magic for him as well, but *someone* had to look over the two steaming Mags before him. Quite literally for Tommy. Eret had enough magic for Ranboo to use, though Tubbo suspected that Ranboo would pass out as soon as they teleported to Dream and Drista's either lawn or backyard. Teleporting with people always did strain his poor best friend.

At any rate though, with how fast they had been traveling, they managed to arrive at Dream's house soon enough. Just in time to see Punz and Techno help an exhausted looking Eret inside while Purpled carried an unconscious and de-transformed Ranboo on his back.

Tubbo was relieved to see that they all seemed okay, Ranboo's teleportation having seemed to work on all seven of them no problem- with the obvious exception of Eret and Ranboo but

that was to be expected. He felt more than a bit guilty though, seeing them both, maybe he *should* have accompanied Eret to provide Ranboo with more magic.

"Tubbo/Tommy/George!" Their names were chorused when they landed on the lawn where nearly everyone was.

Tubbo smiled crookedly at his father and sister but winced as he watches George stalk forward with clenched fists towards Dream and Sapnap who gaped at them, at the approaching fury that was their best friend. Tubbo instantly spotted the silver bracelets the two wore and winced again, feeling sympathy and pity for them as he just knew what was coming.

"George what are you *weari-*" Sapnap started, looking bewildered but was firmly interrupted when George abruptly *slammed* his fist against Sapnap's cheek, knocking the man to the ground much to the surprise of almost everyone there.

Dream choked, "*GEORGE WHA-FUCK!*" He wheezed painfully as the colorblind man's fist collided against his gut, causing him to double over and collapse on the ground from the intense ache of his stomach.

"*WHAT ARE Y-*" Dream and Drista's father started with shock and anger but was thankfully held back by Drista.

The girl smirked smugly at her downed brother and his idiotic best friend, "No no no dad- it's fine. Dream and Sapnap definitely deserved that, besides they're Mags now. They can handle something as trivial as that, they're just lucky that George held back." She said, shocking the non-Mags because yes, that *definitely* looked painful but also strong as hell.

They really had no idea just what Mags were actually capable of. George had been holding back *a lot*.

Huffing, George grabbed the back shirts of both Dream and Sapnap, they groaned in pain and barely protested when George started dragging them towards Dream's house. "Inside. *Now.*"

Tubbo could only give his father and sister a hapless smile before they all went inside the house.

This was going to be... interesting, to say the least.

His brother had asked him once with an amused, smiling face, on what he wished for a long time ago when Purpled was younger, a child and had just blown out his candle on the cake Punz got him.

Nothing.

Purpled just shrugged at him, not answering much to his brother's exasperation.

Purpled hadn't really wished for anything, why would he when his brother got him everything he had wanted that birthday? He was happy, his brother was happy, things were doing great

for them both even though their parents weren't there to celebrate with them. Too busy as always, not that he cared, he and Punz were doing just fine on their own. Punz was a great brother.

When his brother asks him again, years later as a teenager who's just been outed to have magic and all that shit, this time with an anxious look and a hope for denial or rejection- Purpled feels remorse as he knocks Punz into the truth.

He made his wish, he sold his soul and now he was involved in one of the strangest but absolutely very dangerous businesses in the world.

What was his wish?

He wouldn't tell anyone, it was just for him and Punz to know. Exde too he supposes but the guy, orb thing, wouldn't snitch and tell. He never did with the other's wishes after all.

At any rate though, here he was now, carrying one of his unconscious seniors- it's strange to think that the others were pretty much his seniors, hell *Tommy* was his fucking senior and he had never been more surprised. God, even *Drista* was his senior by like a fucking month or so- into the house as the head honcho of their team dragged his best friends into said house.

"Tommy-" Wilbur started, he, his twin and their father Philza, coming over to Tommy who surprised them with a stern, serious look.

It's a look that the three of them have never seen that much is clear. They don't know this Tommy, they don't know Mag Tommy who was much more serious than regular Tommy. He was a Tommy that Purpled was unfamiliar with as well until a few months ago. Hell, he was *still* learning about Tommy, about George, Tubbo, Ranboo and Eret. He's only been a Mag for five, sixish months and he knows he's still out of his league when it came to them.

Panting on the ground, Purpled could only boggle over how he ended up on said ground, bruises and cuts covering him entirely while Tommy loomed above him, a calm look on his face as he tucked away his sword. "You're gonna have to do better than that Purpled. " The blond told him, offering a hand to the purple-eyed teen who was one year older than him. "Great job though, you cut part of my sleeve." He smirked and Purpled could only huff as he looked at the thin slice of the chiton on his shoulder, it was knitting and mending together thanks to Tommy's magic.

"Shut up." He accepted the hand and groaned as he was pulled up to his feet. "I thought you dropped fencing."

Tommy shrugged, "I did. I dropped the class, didn't see the point of staying. Plus, George's a better teacher and shit's more practical this way." He had a point, why stay in a class and learn from a teacher who wasn't part of their world when you could learn from someone who was?

"Think you should listen to George here fellas." Tommy murmured, motioning to George who finally let go of Dream and Sapnap once they were all in the living room.

Purpled glanced over to Drista, "Can I-" He tilted his head towards Ranboo and waited for Drista's nod. "Kay thanks." He set the unconscious lanky teen on the couch, offering a crooked smile to Drista and Dream's shocked mother. Punz set Eret on a chair and she finally de-transformed, letting herself rest on the comfy chair. Teleporting seven people wasn't easy clearly.

"What were you two *thinking?*" George started, his Mag outfit glowing and he de-transformed, the outfit disappearing and replaced by the comfy clothes that the man had previously been wearing before he had gone out. "No wait, you obviously goddamn *weren't*." He seethed, scowling at the two men who got two their feet, rubbing the places where George had punched them with mirroring scowls.

He and Drista shared a bemused look, yeah *this*- this was going to be *good*.

Sapnap sputtered, "We *were!* We so *were* thinking thank you very much!" He exclaimed back, crossing his arms, "We were thinking of you *duh*."

"What he *means* George," Dream continued, still wincing over his stomach but trying to stand strong, "Is that we knew what we were getting into and we weren't going to just stand back while you, *my* younger sister there and everyone else be part of something so stupidly dangerous."

Tommy couldn't help the derisive snort that escaped him, he scoffed when Dream obviously heard him. "*Please*, if you think this would help us in the long run then you're obviously delusional. If you think we're just going to welcome you with open, *happy arms* then you've got another thing coming you two bitch boys."

Before Dream could even say anything back, George agreed with him, glaring at his two best friends. "He's right. What you did was something so, *unbelievably stupid*, that I want to fucking *throttle* you both." He hissed, sounding genuinely angry. It was enough to make both men straighten up as George continued on, "I did not spend *years*, *PROTECTING* you two and the others from this fucked up world I was part of only for you two to end up *jumping on the damn bandwagon* the moment I wasn't paying attention!" He snapped and Purpled could see Tommy sending looks to his brothers who saw it and didn't say anything.

Tommy also glanced at Tubbo who say it and smiled back, his smile was filled with teeth and Purpled held back a shiver as he remembered just how explosive the shorter male could actually be. Tubbo was already chaotic but paired with his signature magic rockets and explosive magic? Purpled was glad to stick to Tommy during training and patrols thanks.

"Well we didn't ask you to protect us now did we?!" Sapnap snapped back, fists clenched and the bruise on his face already healing rapidly as his magic flared- unrefined with a touch of heat to it. He had an element to him, Tommy might have fun with him. "What the hell were we supposed to do then?! Just sit back while you do whatever dangerous fucking thing happens!? There's *stories* popping up man, on the internet, stories on how missing people were actually Mags who fucking *died*, people who died under myserious causes were too and no one but other Mags knew- *were we supposed to just let that happen to you without saying anything?!*"

"YES!" Tommy and George answered viciously.

"NO!" Dream, Sapnap, Techno and Wilbur countered just as viciously.

"How could you *say that* to us when you know that if things were switched, *you* would do the exact same thing in their shoes. *Our* shoes." Wilbur said angrily, glancing between Tommy and George. "If we were contracted and you weren't you would've tried and did it as well!"

Tommy's lips pursed and he glared at him fiercely, "It goes *two ways* Wilbur, you or fucking Techno or *both* of you assholes would be here shouting at *me* not to do it either." He points out gritted teeth. "Don't take the high road of switched damned perspectives if you won't acknowledge the other goddamn side!"

"You let your best friends get magic but won't let your brothers have any?" Techno grunts, eyes narrowed at the fuming blond though his eyes widened as Tommy hissed at him and puff of smoke escaped his mouth.

"Oh trust me I was absolutely FURIOUS when I found out Tubbo dealt with Exde."

Tubbo laughed crookedly when heads turned to his direction, a very strained smile was plastered on his face, "Y-Yeah, he- he uh- he *really was*. Absolutely furious, it was, honestly quite terrifying. And Ranboo was um, he was already contracted before we even became friends." He adds in, glancing at the slumbering teen on the couch.

"Look what's done is done and you can't do shit about it!" Dream exclaimed, holding up his hand that had the silver bracelet and the green square on his middle finger, "Sapnap and I made our wishes, we turned into Mags and now we're all in this together! I am *not* letting my little sister *and* my best friend go through this shit on their own without me with them." He replied stubbornly, glancing between them both but sending an apologetic look to his parents. "I'm sorry mom, dad, but- I had to do this."

He, Drista and Tubbo had been doing a good job at keeping the others at bay and quiet, their parents and siblings respectively while the six of them argued. Drista huffed, "No, you really didn't." She muttered but glanced at their parents.

They both looked like at a loss for words, their mother looked especially tearful.

Phil also looked just as loss for words, glancing between his sons and looking so dismayed and perplexed. The poor man had no idea what to do.

"You try this and I'm smashing your computer." Purpled whispered to his brother who had a complicated and thoughtful look on his face. Unfortunately his threat didn't seem as effective and Purpled was getting really worried that maybe he'd have to start shouting at his brother as well.

"Yeah we really did." Sapnap replied to Drista determinedly.

Both Tommy and George still looked angry, but what Wilbur said next made them freeze. Made all Mags who were conscious pause. "You weren't even going to tell us if this whole

thing hadn't happened." He said, looking at not only his brother but the rest of them as well. "It's not even a question, we were just going to live out our lives without knowing you guys were in daily danger and that at any moment, you could be severely hurt or even *die*- and we wouldn't know a single thing about the truth. If you disappeared, we wouldn't know why. If you died, we either wouldn't know *why* or the actual truth of the matter. Like Clementine."

Tommy staggered backwards, as if physically hurt by the name that Purpled didn't really know. But whoever they were, Eret, George, Tommy and Tubbo looked stricken. Tommy especially. "H-How did you-"

"We figured it out when Tubbo mentioned Henrietta." Techno answered, giving him a firm look. "She was a Mag and she died, didn't she? She disappeared and you were the only one at the time who knew the truth of why. She died, you became a Mag and things escalated but do you remember Helena and Henrietta during the time we all thought she was kidnapped or even ran away? How Helena kept crying and begging police to find her. She was a *wreck*, Tommy, is that how you wanted the rest of us to be if or when it happened when we all had no actual idea of what was going on?"

Purpled's brows furrowed but he watched the faces of the others falter, how Dream, Sapnap and Dream's parents looked stunned.

"Clementine was a Mag?"

"Oh fuck, is that why she disappeared?"

"Oh Helena-"

"Ridiculous, this is- all of this is-"

"Is that really how you wanted things to go George?" Dream asked quietly, "Drista? Tommy, Tubbo, Purpled, Eret- is that *really* how you wanted it all to go down? One of you end up dying with this- shitty fucking Mag stuff and the rest of us wouldn't know?"

Tubbo shifted uncomfortably, avoiding looking at the looks he got from his father and sister. Drista shrunk into herself while Eret sighed and closed her eyes, Purpled in the meanwhile tried to keep a stoic face, ignoring Punz who was looking quite angry now.

"It's just how shit is in the Mag world." Tommy replied just as quietly, fists clenched and head bowed to avoid looking at his family. "Would you even have believed us if we told you about everything?"

"Not at first but if you provided solid proof and evidence, of course we would've!" Phil declared, going over to grab Tommy's shoulders, trying to get his son to look at him in the eyes. Tommy stubbornly looked away.

George crossed his arms, still scowling but it wasn't as angry as before- it was obvious that guilt was festering in him. It was festering and growing in all of them "It was safer if you didn't know. You'd live longer and be happier without knowing a damn thing."

It was Sapnap's turn to look extremely pissed, and likewise, he swung his fist back and tried to punch George. Much to Purpled's surprise, George let him. The fist colliding hard against George's face, the colorblind man hardly budged but there was a bruise on his cheek now

while Sapnap hissed at the pain of his knuckles. "You don't get to decide that for us!" He exclaimed, rubbing his knuckles and glaring at him. "We're your best friends! You're ours- either we're doing reckless shit together or not! Fuck your greater good, *ignorance is fucking bliss bullshit!* We made our wishes, we did the fucking thing, suck it up Gogy."

George jaw clenched as he felt a twinge of pain on his face, "You want in on this bullshit?" He questioned lowly, eyes narrowing at them both, "*Fine*. You're Mags now, can't change a thing about that but I'm going to put you two through *hell* to make sure you survive." He promised, Tommy spluttered protests and shrugged off Phil's hands.

"What?! No! Don't suck it up Gogy, don't fucking-" George interrupted him, looking very disgruntled and displeased but unfortunately resigned. "What else am I supposed to do Tommy?! They're right, they already made their wishes and they're already Mags. If we don't take them in they're just going to end up throwing themselves into danger like lunatics."

He'll admit, Purpled was expecting more bloodshed before George gave in. But maybe this was for the better.

"Got room for two more on that team of Mags of yours?" Techno questioned lightly.

Tommy turned to him, looking absolutely furious, "Oh *no. Nonononno no n to the FUCKING O! NO!*" Tommy ranted, stomping over to him and grabbing the front of his shirt. Pulling his older brother down so they were eye to eye, "You are *not* contracting- not you! Not Wilbur! NO! It's bad enough that Dream and Sapnap did it, but we don't NEED EITHER OF YOU DOING IT TOO!"

Wilbur grabbed Tommy's hands which were gripping Techno's shirt tightly, "You can't expect us to sit at the sidelines either now do you Toms?"

"Yes! Yes I goddamn can- Wilbur, Techno, you two may be my older brothers but as a goddamn *veteran* of this bullshit I'm saying *not to do this*. DO NOT do this- I will- I'll-" Tommy's breath stuttered as tears prickled his eyes. "I'll never forgive you. I will never, *ever* forgive you for this. First Tubbo, then those idiots over there and *now you-*"

"Tommy." Tommy looked at his pink-haired brother, who gave him a solemn but grimly determined look. "You're out little brother. We don't need your forgiveness as long as we can help keep you safe."

Purpled had to look away from them and from Punz who's been so quiet and thoughtful throughout this whole ordeal. He didn't want to know. He didn't want to know what his brother was going to decide. His brother was the same age as Sapnap, he could easily be contracted as well.

"I'm strong- I've been doing fine for three damn years, I'm a big man- a big-big hot man. Don't do this. Dad you can't let them do this-"

Philza is quiet, too quiet but the keening noise that came from Tommy was enough for Purpled to know Phil's decision.

"They're adults Tommy. They can make this choice for themselves."

Purpled takes in a deep breath.

Looks like he wasn't going to be the newbie on the team anymore.

Chapter End Notes

gogy is *a n g y*, they all are but tommy and george are very angry at their respective pairs of idiots. also i wanted to try purpled's perspective. i haven't really written him fully before, just a bit in the apocalypse snippet over at my shelves. let me know how i did! i hope it's alright. thought admittedly it's mostly focusing on george, tommy, dream, sapnap, techno and wilbur.

also the confrontation; did i do good? bad? decent? it's cold and i'm tired and after this chapter i'm taking a couple of days off before i go back to Rewind and continue the rescue mission.

BUT YEAH PRETTY MUCH THE OVERPROTECTIVE SIBLINGS ARE GOING TO CONTRACT- i just realize how much more work i've put into this because i have to think for more powers and outfits :))) i definitely need that break. i need to give myself time and then focus on Rewind so i can think more on this later on.

THEY'RE ALL IDIOTS BUT THEY LOVE EACH OTHER AND WE STAN THESE IDIOTS WHO WILL SOON BE MAGIC!

granted there's going to be a lot of work to be done for their outfits, their skills, god i'm gonna have to reuse some languages and all that- still, i got PLANS and there's a lot to do- however that's for next time i'll be working on this. first i'm finally gonna try and get a couple of days without writing, take a break, and then i'm heading back to Rewind! i'll see you all in a couple of days and then it's Rewind time!!

A Deal With A Devil

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tommy unintentionally let a keen escape his voice the moment he saw his father's conflicted and resigned look, his anger and indignant emotions wavering as his father replied to him.

"They're adults Tommy. They can make this choice for themselves."

What.

No. Nonon- he couldn't be serious here. He just couldn't- he was their *father*, why wasn't he opposing this *fucking ridiculous idea*?! Wasn't he just angry about the fact that *Tommy* had contracted earlier?! The fact that magic was real, the fact that Tommy had gone behind their backs and sold his soul to that *green motherfucker*- Why the *fuck* was he letting Techno and Wilbur practically do the same thing *now*?!

"*Excuse Me?* Phil, you- you can't be serious here." Their heads swiveled to see Schlatt giving Phil a disbelieving stare, "They're- They're *your sons* and you're just going to let them sell away their souls?!" He exclaims, his disbelief quickly turning into rage.

Tommy perked, surely Schlatt could knock some sense into Phil right?

Phil frowned at him, "Schlatt, I want you to look at my sons then look back at me. Do you honestly think *either* of us could stop them from trying and succeeding?" He pointed out, motioning to his defiant twin brothers who glared at Schlatt, giving him a warning look.

"You could at least put in some goddamn effort!" Schlatt exclaimed angrily, "Between the two of us *you're* supposed to be the good, responsible dad- I don't a responsible good dad would let their kids get into something *this* dangerous! Lani I swear to god, you better be thinking about literally *anything else* than to do the same goddamn thing they're doing." He warned, eyes narrowed on his young daughter who winced, looking guilty but frustrated.

"But-" "Lani you are *not* doing this. At the very least, Techno and Wilbur are way older than you." Tubbo said, taking his father's side on the matter of Lani trying to contract. Unfortunately, it also seemed to Tommy that Tubbo was implying he supported Techno and Wilbur's decision.

Though Tommy had to actually agree a bit- Drista was bad enough as their actually youngest member of their group, letting Lani contract at the age thirteen just reminded Tommy too much of himself. Still, he didn't like the implication that just because Techno and Wilbur were older, it was alright that they contracted and became Mags.

"*Tubbo!*" Tommy snapped, "'At least Techno and Wilbur are way older'? That hardly fucking matters- *no one* should be contracting! Dream and Sapnap are one thing, it's too late to get them out of the picture. We are *not* involving more people into this bullshit! Not my brothers,

not your sister, Purpled's brother- *no one*." He hissed, a puff of smoke escaping his teeth as he glared at them.

Techno gave him a firm stare in return, "That's not your choice to make."

"*Like hell it isn't!*" Tommy shouted back furiously, literally spitting fire at this point- they all jumped at the small lick of flame that escaped his mouth. They looked startled, scared even in the case of Dream's parents- Tommy would feel bad if it weren't for the frustration and anger starting to cloud his mind. His magic reacting to his emotions, both the ruby on his arm *and* his eyes glowed brightly, flecks of a fiery red beginning to dot his eyes.

"Tommy- *calm down*. You're gonna end up burning something!" Eret exclaimed, having recovered enough to stand up and attempt to mediate between everyone. He understood why Tommy was angry, but being angry wasn't going to solve anything at the moment. If anything it might just end up causing more problems if Tommy's magic ended up lashing out- for as experienced Tommy was, for as experienced *anyone* was, being overcome with emotions always affected one's magic, no matter how tightly controlled they had it. Especially while they were in their Mag outfit and their core cubes were gems and the most receptive to emotions.

And in Tommy's case, it'd be particularly bad if Tommy got too emotional.

They didn't want Tommy to take his anger to the next level.

"Tommy please don't burn my house down." Drista piped in nervously, eyeing the way his eyes had red flecks in them.

She tried not to shiver as she remembered the last time Tommy's eyes had gone completely red.

Tommy took in a deep breath, exhaling dark smoke, trying to reign in his emotions. The flecks disappeared but his eyes and gems remained bright and glowing, and there was a scowl on his face.

"Is this a Mag thing or can we all do that?" Sapnap muttered to George who gave him a dry look.

George grunted as he muttered back towards him with Dream listening in, "Tommy's an elemental type Mag. And magic reacts accordingly to a Mag's emotions, so maybe you can do that too if you've got an incendiary element." He wouldn't be surprised if Sapnap was an elemental Mag, George would bet money on it and the fact that Sapnap's element would be fire. His best friend had a slight pyromania streak already as a non-mag. Dream on the other hand- he actually didn't know. Drista might give a clue given they were siblings but in the end, it was up to the Mag's potential and magic to end up with a type. Same went for their weapons.

He was actually getting curious now for them- he was still angry, but still, he wouldn't lie and say he didn't want to see what they could do. And unfortunately for Tommy, he was curious about Technoblade and Wilbur as well.

"You're not contracting."

Wilbur sighed at his brother's stubbornness, "Toms, we're not letting you do this on your own."

Tommy gave him a very dry look, "I'm not on my own or can you not suddenly see Tubbo, George, Eret, Purpled, Drista and Ranboo?" He reminded, motioning to his team who also gave Wilbur a look. He really wasn't on his own, he hasn't been for nearly two years now.

The man coughed, feeling a bit sheepish but he still gave Tommy a firm frown, "That's not what I meant." He motioned to him and Techno, "You really think Tech and I are just going to sit back and let you do this without us helping you in one way or another?"

They didn't *get it*.

"You know what would *really* help me? You two, *uncontracted* staying safe *at home*."

Tommy stressed, magic churning and bubbling hotly underneath his skin as frustration and anger continued to build- normally he wouldn't be *this* quick to anger. Or even this angry. Despite how he acted, getting him *really* angry was actually somewhat hard to do. When you're a Mag, you had to learn to control your emotions rather quickly and efficiently and Tommy was one hell of a Mag.

And getting *him* angry as a Mag was always a bad idea.

There was a reason why one of his monikers was 'The Human Santorini', as dumb of a name as it was. It was accurate at least considering his elemental type and his Creative state.

"That's what we should be telling you." Techno muttered but it was clear he and Wilbur weren't going to budge on the matter.

Why couldn't they get it?

This was *stupid*- all they were doing were putting their lives in danger!

"You're just putting you lives in danger! You're wasting your life!"

"And what about *you*? Isn't that exactly what you're doing?"

"I was fucking *tricked* into this bullshit- I- I had to do it to fucking *survive*!" Tommy screams, his eyes flaring and the red seeping back into his blue pupils, steam came from the corner of his eyes. "*You're* doing it for an entirely pointless reason!"

"Trying to help you isn't pointless!" Wilbur snapped back at him, while he was perturbed by the way his younger brother's eyes were suddenly sporting red flecks and that there was smoke coming off of him, he and Techno stood firm before him, unmoving on their decision. "*You're our little brother!* You are *never* pointless!"

"As soon as Exde comes we're making that contract." Techno told Tommy who let out a strangled, furious noise.

Is that so?

Heads snapped towards the nearby window where a certain orb floated outside of.

Are you sure about that?

Exde asked as the window opened by itself, letting the orb slip inside the house. Both of Dream and Drista's parents as well as Punz made surprised noises at the sight of the unnatural being that now floated in the air of their living room.

"They *won't* be contracting Exde." Tommy snarled, pulling his sword out of his inventory and aiming it at Exde.

"*Tommy!*" Tubbo exclaimed as the sword glowed red, transforming from its usual state into Tommy's preferred form; a sharp rapier with a black and gold handle and a bright red blade. Heat and magic came off the newly transformed sword, causing Techno and Wilbur to stumble back in surprise as the temperature suddenly rose dangerously high.

They seem to be interested Tommy and you know they have potential.
As understanding as I am to your anger, I cannot refuse a contract that is willingly initiated.

Tommy growled at him, the blue of his eyes almost completely overtaken by red as his magic fluctuated violently. "*I said they won't be contracting Exde!*" He shifts to move forward- to *slash* Exde in half like he usually did with Ohne. Consumed by protective anger, he was willing to do *anything* to prevent his brothers from contracting.

They would not end up like Clementine.

Unfortunately...

Something stopped him.

Gaeafgysgu

Familiar blue clouds wrapped around his body, magic emanating from them and forcing Tommy's magic to still and calm. Tommy staggered in place, gasping as the red quickly faded from his eyes and his magic was lulled into a peaceful state. His mind fogged just as Tommy felt a sense of betrayal, "G-George you *b-ahstard...*" He yawned unwillingly, eyes drooping as he'd been hit too suddenly to actually fight against George's sleep-inducing magic.

He slumped to the side, only saved from falling completely because of George's clouds. His sword slips from his grip, glowing briefly before transforming back into its original form. Unable to fight the sudden wave of sleep magic that wrapped around him, Tommy's eyes fluttered shut and his breath calmed into another soft yawn.

Fuck George the traitor, Tommy thought sluggishly before he dipped into unconsciousness.

George sighed as his lips disconnected from his pipe, the last of his clouds escaping his lips as Tommy fell asleep, utterly covered in light blue clouds. The teen's outfit glowed brightly

before breaking apart into particles and reverted to what Tommy had been wearing hours prior since Tommy was no longer conscious and his magic had been subdued into dormancy.

He waved his pipe like a conductor's baton, guiding his magic clouds to set Tommy to lay alongside Ranboo on the couch, George also let Ranboo feel the effects of his magic- the more healing side of it anyway. The poor teenager was obviously depleted thanks to the trip, he needed a peaceful rest right now.

Your magic is effective as always George.

Thank you, I admit I was a bit worried I would have to try and defend myself from Tommy and then shortly lose this body afterwards.

"Tommy was being too volatile, too emotional- he should've known better than to be like that *inside* a house." George replied dryly, eyeing the scorch mark from where Tommy had stood as well as the pale, sweaty forms of the others. Especially the non-mags. The temperature began dropping back to normal, and it no longer felt like they were in a sauna. After Tommy had transformed his sword, George had immediately shifted into his mag outfit and got his pipe out, startling Dream and Sapnap as he used his magic to reign Tommy in and unfortunately force him to sleep.

"George." The man looked back to see everyone else who didn't know about his magic absolutely gobsmacked. It's actually amusing, George thought as Dream continued, "What the *hell* what that?!"

"Magic."

Sapnap gave him an exasperated glare, "Uh, no shit? Clouds? Your magic is sleep clouds? Actually oh my god that's so *totally* you." He said with a look of dawning realization making George roll his eyes, "But what's with the pipe?" He asked, motioning to his intricate and fancy blue blow pipe.

George gave it a small twirl, "It's a blow pipe, my weapon. My main summoned one at least- every Mag can magically summon a weapon. It comes with their magic type, mine is a specialty type. I can put enemies to sleep and summon clouds and mists. And you can't really decide what main weapon you can summon, it just comes to you- you can choose to use another weapon though like Tommy. The sword isn't actually his main weapon, as you can see from it turning into a normal fencing sword." He motioned to the sword on the ground.

Techno crouched to hesitantly pick it up, "Of course he was lying about not taking my sword." The pink-haired man muttered, giving the now slumbering Tommy a tired and slightly fond look.

"What *is* Tommy's main weapon then? And I'd guess his magic type is fire?" Wilbur asked, wiping the sweat from his forehead- it had gone *really hot* the moment Tommy's eyes had gone red.

Tubbo was the one to answer him, "Close but not really- also he uses a long bow! He's quite good at it!"

"A *long bow*? Tommy can do archery?" Philza asked, stunned to find out that Tommy's main weapon. "How? We never signed him up for archery."

"It's instinctive." Eret sighed, "Every mag can instinctively wield their main weapon the moment they summon it. However it doesn't exactly mean mastery. You'd still need training, practice and experience to master the weapon but basically whatever weapon you summon, you instantly have basic understanding about the weapon and you can use it however you like."

"Goddamn."

Moving on.

I believe Technoblade and Wilbur wanted to contract with me?

Exde said, gaining everyone's attention once more and reminding them of why Tommy was unconscious in the first place.

Somber but determined, Wilbur nodded at the floating being, "Yeah. Yeah we do."

A hand grabbed his wrist, it was Tubbo who gave him a knowing look. "Tommy's going to be very angry when he wakes up and you and Techno contracted y'know." He mentions, frowning at the brown-haired man.

"By the sounds of things yeah, but you pointing it out to us and implying we shouldn't do it is rather hypocritical Tubbo." Techno replied smoothly, Tubbo didn't wince, he looked calm.

Tubbo actually nodded as he let go of Wilbur's wrist, "Yeah. So speaking from experience, Tommy is going to be very angry at you. Utterly furious. I just wanted to warn you is all and make sure that you actually want to do this right here, right now. You could always save the wish for something else, for another time when you actually need it. Exde might not grant every wish but he can still do a lot." He said, glancing to the ringed orb.

There are limits to what I can grant indeed.

Interfering with the natural balance of the universe is one of them and I cannot grant the wishes who would like to revive the dead after a certain amount of time nor can I undo any contracts that I or Ohne have already made.

Changing an event that has already past is also a wish that I cannot grant.

There are others but do bestow me with your wish, and I shall say whether or not if I am capable of granting it.

"Ohne didn't say that to us. When we tried to wish for George not to be a Mag, he laughed at us then told us he couldn't do it." Sapnap murmured causing George to grimace and sigh.

Drista piped in, arms crossed as she deadpanned at her brother and Sapnap, "Yeahhh, Ohne's kind of a bitch."

"*Drista*." Her mother scolded.

"What? It's true!"

"Exde is more polite and forthcoming, he doesn't lie and doesn't try to hide things." Purpled added in, staring hard at his brother.

Technoblade looked thoughtful before shrugging, "Sounds good to me. Pretty sure Wil and I are doing this, as advantageous it seems to save a wish for later, I know Tommy is going to make things more difficult if we tried that. It's better if we do this now."

"You- You're really going for this?" Schlatt asked, jaw clenched as he glanced between the two eldest sons of his friend. His friend who seems so tired and resigned, "You're just *letting* them do this?"

Philza closed his eyes and sighed, "What can I even do to stop them?"

"Preferably anything to prevent your sons from selling their souls?! And what about you guys- why aren't you trying to stop them too? I thought you were against contracting!" Schlatt exclaimed, looking to the rest of the Mags- well, the experienced mags.

"Phil is sort of right dad, we can't exactly stop them. They're determined to contract also... I have a feeling we'll need them." Tubbo admitted with a grimace, "With the revelation of magic and mags, there's going to be a surge of not only hordes and mobs but new Mags will be added into the roster." He got his phone out, typing into it and he showed the screen to the others.

It was a video of a random youtuber and the title was '*I GOT MAGIC NOW GUYS!!!*'

In the thumbnail was apparently the youtuber and Ohne.

He swiped his phone up and showed other videos, short clips that showed people getting contracts- hell there was even a *live stream* going on.

"Ohne's got his work cut out for him, Exde too. They're already getting contracts left and right, isn't that right Exde?"

Correct.

My other bodies are collecting contracts as we speak.

George cursed as Tubbo tucked away his phone, "With more Mags that means there'll be territorial disputes soon. Some Mag teams will get cocky and cause trouble."

"As much as I hate to admit it, we need more people on our side, on our team. Our territory is open for freelance right now, but we'll have to close it before we're utterly overrun and a new team claims it. We're already strong yes, but you cannot deny that we'll need more help in the future." Tubbo points out to him, "Having Dream and Sapnap on our team will be beneficial in the long run. Technoblade and Wilbur as well if we're calling statistics. And no Lani, you're still not contracting- you're *thirteen*."

Lani looked at him angrily before pointing at Drista, "But she's only just a year older than me! And didn't Tommy contract when he was my age!? I want to help too!"

Drista grabbed her shoulders, looking at her friend in the eyes with a serious look. "*Please Lani*, trust us on this okay?"

"*Lani*." Lani flinched back at the harsh tone Schlatt used when saying her name. She bit her lip, tears gathering in her eyes. Tubbo frowned at her, sympathetic and apologetic but ultimately he stayed silent.

Eret sighed, "Guess we're taking in four new Mags into the team?"

"Looks like it yeah." Dream answered before glancing over to Punz, "Unless..."

Purpled look at Punz pleadingly, "I... need to think it over and talk to Purpled more." Punz finally answered, surprising everyone.

"If only they thought of that." George muttered bitterly, glancing to Dream and Sapnap who both stuck their tongues at him.

"Suck it up Gogy."

Are you ready for the contract?

George watched as Technoblade and Wilbur nodded.

Speak your wish, make sure it's a wish that can be granted.

They did and George watched as the rings around Exde stopped twirling, and the two rings glowed bright before snapping in half.

Your wish can be granted and shall be done.

The four parts of the green rings turned into ribbons, flowing in the air before they suddenly darted into Technoblade and Wilbur's chests. Every conscious mag in the room winced, remembering their own contracts quite vividly as the ribbons stabbed deep into the two men- but not spilling any blood whatsoever.

"*Boys!*" Philza cried out, briefly panicked but held back by Eret as the twins gasped in slight pain. Their chests glowed simultaneously, Techno's glow was a pinkish red color while Wilbur's was a deep blue.

A square shape appeared on their chests, the green ribbons emerged, wrapped around two colorful transparent cubes.

Contract complete.

God, Tubbo was right. Tommy was going to be *so* angry when he woke up.

ehehehe

[by diddlydarndoodles](#)

adorable tubbo designs that unfortunately aren't canon BUT they're AMAZING. robo legs sounds SO COOL and i'm disappointed i didn't think of that XD

[by vivienne](#)

TIS TOMMY!

[by vivienne](#)

AND TUBBO!!

THE TWO BOYS LOOK AMAZING.

[by Eeveecat1248](#)

WHO GAVE TUBBO A GUN? no wait that was me carry on child cause havoc :)

[by JaySpace](#)

hmmm, the design is definitely giving me ideas jayspace :D

and thanks for the long comment note! i'll admit, whenever people send art or say they have an idea for the design i do listen and i appreciate the help :)

I WENT TO SLEEP AND NOW TOMMY IS CANONICALLY DEAD HOLY FUCK
WHAT THE HELL OH MY FUCKING GOD

now back to this story-

seriously though holy fucking shit that was unexpected. out of EVERYTHING that was suggested to what was going to happen i didn't expect that canonical death. jfc. i wonder where things are going to be now.

at any rate though! we've got five glorious chapters of Wishes and Family to look forward to! buckle in guys, gals and nonbinary pals!

Welsh

Gaeafgyssgu - Hibernation

also the reason why i never really verbalize their wishes is because honestly? i'd rather not. i mean, maybe later on i'll reveal their wishes but it's obvious what techno and wilbur's wish here is.

i'm actually not that satisfied with this chapter but it'll do.

New To The Business

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

What do you imagine feeling when your soul is being taken out of our body?

That's a question that Wilbur never thought he'd be thinking to himself briefly before he was stabbed by a glowing green soul taking ribbon.

Faintly, he can hear Phil, his dear father exclaim something and sounding so concerned but all Wilbur can focus on is the literal *magical moment* he's having.

And he's not talking about how optimistic the whole situation was, quite frankly it seemed quite the opposite but when he said 'literal' he meant *literal*.

It started from his chest, where the ribbon had disappeared into, glowing green before shifting blue as the sensation spread throughout his body- each heartbeat felt like a drum ringing in his head, each beat sent a wave of *power* and *magic* through his body, the ribbon seemingly split into tiny threads that were carving invisible pathways through out his limbs, his organs, his very *being*.

His body was being forced open to accept the magic- no, it felt like the magic had already been there but only now it was getting a chance to pump into his body like his own blood. Despite the fact he used the words 'carve' and 'force' there was no pain, there was no pleasure, it was just *there*. An uncomfortable sensation that ran through his entire body, uncomfortable but *powerful*.

The threads coalesced back into ribbons, returning to his chest where his *soul* was *molded* into a cube- a square shape appearing and shining through his shirt.

The green ribbons emerged, wrapped around a transparent blue cube that Wilbur instinctively reached out for.

Contract complete.

The ribbons unwrapped themselves from his now cube-shaped soul, dropping it gently into Wilbur's hands and quickly flying back to the orb.

Wilbur could only stare at the cube in his palms wide-eyed, his breathing having gotten a bit heavier after *that*.

"Tommy is going to murder every single one of us."

His breath hitched as he tightly gripped the cube, only to yelp when the cube seemed to *break*- no, it didn't break. It disappeared into glittery blue particles that formed around his

right wrist, turning into a silver bracelet. A blue square painting itself on his middle finger nail.

Oh that was weird.

Wilbur patted his chest- there wasn't a hole left behind and he didn't really feel anything else aside from that. No, that wasn't true. He felt a strange sort of sensation, living underneath his skin. Something that felt like adrenaline but not. His senses felt enhanced, better than before and though Wilbur was never the athletic type like his brother, he felt as if he could run for *hours* without stopping.

Was this how Tommy felt?

Speaking of Tommy, the one who had commented about Tommy probably killing everyone was Purpled who was looking down to the slumbering blond who was snoring against and cuddling up to Ranboo in his sleep.

Tubbo replied dryly, "Oh you have no idea."

"Well Tommy can deal with it, it's too late to do anything else about it." Technoblade grunted, his own pinkish red cube disappearing into sparkles and then turning into the now *very* familiar silver bracelet, a pinkish red square over his middle fingernail. "What's done is done."

"But now what?" Drista spoke up, disappointment and disapproval heavy in her tone and on her face. "You're Mags now *congratulations!* You're still a bunch... of... newbies..." She trailed off, realizing something that made her look absolutely delighted. "*Holy shit.* Purpled! We're not the rookies of the group anymore!" She exclaimed, turning to the older teen who perked.

Purpled looked stunned before he burst out laughing, "Oh shit you're right! HAH! You four are in for a *treat!*" He exclaimed, grinning at the four older men- despite them being older, the fact of the matter was that they were *rookies*. Meaning *they* would have to go through training as well!

Dream gave his sister a deadpanned look, "I'm still older than you."

"But in terms of experience *I* am above you bro!" Drista retorted with a wide grin.

George couldn't help the snort that escaped him, "She's right, she's been at it a couple of months. Purpled was our main new teammate but you four just *had* to be involved." He sighed, though he didn't look disappointed. If anything he looked somewhat vindictive and anticipatory.

Wilbur repressed the shiver that tried to run down his spine at the expectant looks from the three.

"Bring it on! We're ready for whatever the hell is coming for us!" Sapnap exclaimed determinedly, giving George a defiant look. He wasn't going to regret selling his soul for the

sake of his friend- if one of them was going to do this, might as well go along with it because like *hell* he was going to let George end up dead somehow.

Similarly enough, Dream, Techno and Wilbur felt the same.

"Well you better be because we're going to be very busy tonight." Tubbo warned, "George, there are mobs in reality." He said with a grim, somber look on his face, skin pale and eyes hard.

And like that, George, Eret, Drista and Purpled straightened. "*What?*"

Mobs.

He remembered what Exde explained about them.

They were singular monsters that were created by latent repressed magic merged with charged, negative emotions. Merging together, they create a creature that usually hides within a dimensional space called a spawner chunk. A distortion of reality where the Mob can safely lure prey into its chunk and consume energy and life to sustain itself.

"I assume that's a bad thing?" Techno questioned dryly, eyeing their reaction.

Tubbo nodded grimly, "Mobs start out in chunks, hidden from the reality we live in in one they created for themselves. Mobs that are *in* reality... Are *much* stronger than those in spawner chunks. They grew strong enough to escape and break their own self-made reality and end up in ours, letting them get even stronger and stay longer in our world is quite literally catastrophic." He explained to him.

"What the *fuck* happened? Our territory was open for free-lanced hunting, *why* is there a Mob-" Eret started angrily, glowering before paling as she realized something. "Someone's feeding the spawners." She whispered with such horror that Wilbur was beginning to feel worried.

"What do you *mean* 'feeding the spawner'?" Schlatt questioned warily, *really* not liking her tone of voice. "Don't tell me-"

Spawners need magic to grow.

Exde started, answering and interrupting Schlatt.

Humans have magic, even non-contracted humans have a latent magic. It's how hordes, mobs and spawners are even created.

Magic charged with emotions merging into one semi-coherent creature that requires more magic to grow.

Spawners lure in humans, a mark appears on the lured humans called a 'grid', the sign that they've been charmed and are being lured to the spawner.

Their deaths within the chunk shall free the magic from their corpse and they will feed on both the body and the magic.

Thus they grow and evolve.

A horde evolves into a mob, a mob in turns evolve out of their original spawner chunks and is 'birthed' into the real world.

The defeat of mobs and hordes may give chance to valuable magical items for Mags and it is not unheard of for Mags to feed spawners for a better chance at gaining an item.

"They're... feeding these *spawners* with *people*." Dream's voice wavered with disbelief, eyes wide and horrified.

Wilbur's fists clenched, heart pounding in his chest at the prospect.

"Griefers." Purpled whispered, "Mags who just want more items and power, they feed people to spawners, they cause chaos for other Mags- they're the worse of the worse of Mags. They live off other people's grieving *while* grieving them."

"There are *griefers* in *our territory*." Eret's horror quickly turned into anger, "*Where Tubbo?*"

"Are you sure about this George? Really letting them come along for this? It's one hell of a first outing..."

George grunted, leaping off the roof to another. Keeping aware of the four that were lagging behind.

"Hurry up you slow-pokes! I've seen *kids* jumping better than you!" Drista taunted from where she was, clearly enjoying the moment.

"They contracted Tubbo, at some point they'll end up in this very situation in the future so might as well be now. They wanted to see what a Mag's life is, they'll see it alright." George replied into the bluetooth, temporarily stopping to look back and watch the four new Mags trying to keep up with them. Unused to the extreme parkour that George could do in his sleep- which he has done before in Creative Mode as difficult as it was which wasn't really a fair comparison but still, it was indeed somewhat amusing to see Dream and Sapnap stumble sometimes and end up smacking into buildings due to bad jumps and mistiming their landings.

Dream and Sapnap could do parkour, but *Mag* parkour was far different from normal. You make impossibly big leaps, you turn at near deathly angles and you land on things that shouldn't be landed on.

Like the power lines where George was currently standing on.

But at least Dream, Sapnap and Techno were doing better than Wilbur who was the least athletic between the four of them and did *not* know how to parkour. At least Techno had a fair idea on how, but Techno and Wilbur were the ones who lagged behind the most.

If Tommy could see them now...

Well, he'd be angry as fuck but that was why George kept him asleep back in Dream's house.

It hadn't taken much to convince Tubbo to stay behind to look after Ranboo and Tommy but it *had* taken more effort to calm the worried parents and brother just so they could go, George and Eret promising them that they'd keep them all alive and as safe as possible. They'd been doing so beforehand after all, nothing was going to change much aside from the fact they had four new people to look after (much to George and Tommy's lament).

After that, they left with the four new Mags trying to keep up after figuring out on how to change into their Mag outfits.

However past that anger George just knew that the blond would have enjoyed watching his siblings get their foots shoved deep down their throats.

Because even though you had basic instinct thanks to magic bullshit, experience and skill triumphed over that.

That was made clear as Purpled saved Wilbur from crashing into the window of a building.

"Holy fucking shit oh my shitting god-" Wilbur wheezed, wide-eyed and clutching the purple-clad teenager as they ended up on the rooftop of a house. *"How do you guys even DO this?!"*

Purpled deadpanned at him, "Experience and practice. You should've worked out more and took parkour classes."

"I'm a musician! I don't usually need parkour classes!"

"Too bad, you should've taken parkour classes."

George snorted, biting down his lip to make sure nothing else slipped his throat.

The power line he was on wobbled as Dream *somehow* managed to get on it, he wasn't as graceful as George had been seeing as he was trying to regain balance with unfortunate success and that the line was still wobbling from his efforts- George barely moved, watching his best friend adjust and try to balance on what was essentially the most dangerous tightrope that Dream has never been on.

"You're *enjoying* this aren't you?" Dream accused after he *finally* regained balance, panting lightly through that white face mask of his.

Dream's outfit was interesting to see, a thick zip-up short-sleeve bright green jacket covered his torso along with a leather slightly armored harness that covered both of Dream's shoulders. Embedded on one of the plates on the harness was a square-shaped green garnet. His arms were protected by thinly armored black gloves that stopped at Dream's upper arms, his pants were black as well and tucked into dark green combat boots. The most surprising though was the white cloth mask that covered Dream's nose and everything underneath.

It reminded him of Drista's own mask only Dream didn't have his gem on it and his mask was of cloth, not porcelain.

But it was clear that Dream was somewhat built for speed and maneuverability, his clothes were lightly protective but easy to move in.

George had no idea what Dream's weapon was yet, but that could yet for later. "Maybe." He replied, leaping off the line, purposefully moving it and laughing when Dream swore at him while trying to maintain his balance.

Okay yes, he *was* enjoying this.

Just a little bit.

"Keep up! We're near the area! Keep your guards up and be careful!"

"I'll have to make four new bluetooth headphones, George make sure to tell them to give me one of theirs if they have any." Tubbo told him making him grunt in reply.

"I'll keep that in mind."

They ended up in the rougher parts of the city, where the homeless were more seen and the more shady side of the city was clearer to view than the rest.

It was the perfect place for a spawner chunk to appear and with the amount of homeless people around, the easier it was for griefers to feed and grow it.

Griefers were Mags without morals, or at least the lowest amount of morals there was. Unfortunately they were still part of their already fucked up community.

With most of Tubbo's Robeets recalled, it was hard to see just how many griefers there were, not to mention the Mob that was around.

Most other mobs were being taken care of, but this one would be theirs to take- if they got there first anyway.

Really, the griefers should have known- he and Eret made it very clear to the Mag community that griefers were not welcomed in their territory. Even with Tubbo opening it up for free-lanced hunting, *it did not justify their actions.*

"This where one of Tubbo's bees saw them last?" Drista asked as she and Purpled landed besides George on top of the roof of a nearby dilapidated building- the streets were busy underneath them. Whispers and murmurs, the sounds of cars going- normal city type noises but hardly any screams. Yet.

Drista wore a short lime green cloak that stopped around her knees, the hood was up and covering her hair as well as the white porcelain mask that covered her eyes and had her circular jade gem embedded into the white mask. Despite it, it never hindered her eyesight. Mag outfits were weird like that. Underneath her cloak, a dark brown leather corset covered the green blouse she wore. She wore black shorts that covered her thighs and light green frilly socks covered her knees and calves that slipped into one inch boots.

George didn't know why she and Dream had masks as part of their outfits but it wouldn't be the weirdest outfits he'd ever seen in his long life within the Mag world. He's seen *far worse*. Frankly he was glad for them. Like seriously, the outfits of other Mags made *him* feel better of his own outfit and pity the rest.

Purpled nodded as he stood besides her, "Yeah, it was around here."

An light silver chest plate covered his torso and shoulders, a dark purple cloak covering his shoulders but ending shortly at his waist. Underneath that and the armor was a simple long-sleeved light purple shirt, though his arms were covered with a pair of light silver arm guard gauntlets. A thick leather belt was strapped around his waist, his diamond shaped amethyst gem right on the thick buckle of the belt. His pants were dark grey underneath the leather straps and the metal boots that he wore.

Some might call his out fit knightly, but Purpled preferred the term of 'mercenary'.

If George hadn't pulled him into his team, Purpled would've probably been a one of the mercenary Mags or at least wanted to. Maybe, being a mercenary meant leaving behind your old life. Not a lot of mercenary mags lived anywhere specific or had families they could actually return to and such, plus they were nomadic and accepted jobs from Mags all over which meant traveling. Purpled had Punz, so going mercenary would be difficult for him.

Though both of them were rookies of the team, they weren't that bad compared to average Mags. A little above average at least for their experiences, though that was thanks to the training they all gave the both of them to prepare them for the life they'd been in.

George had been half-self taught and half-trained, Eret had been mostly self taught for all of her time as a Mag. Tommy and Ranboo as well. Tubbo was the only one left that had been fully trained from the beginning thanks to Tommy and Ranboo. When they all met and formed a team, they agreed that whoever joined their team and was a new mag, they'd all train.

They didn't want them to end up dying after all.

Unfortunately training out have to wait for Techno, Wilbur, Dream and Sapnap.

This would give them a glimpse of what the Mag world could *really* be like.

George waited for Dream, Eret, Techno, Wilbur and Sapnap to land- Eret having to help Wilbur land. "You're gonna have to get used to it Wilbur." Techno told the shaken Wilbur, "Tommy got used to it, so did everyone else. You don't see me complaining about it."

"He's right y'know." Purpled cut in, preventing the embarrassed Wilbur from saying anything, "If you don't get used to it, you're going to end up dying faster than the rest of us. Those who don't adapt die first." The shut Wilbur up, he was pale and frustrated but he nodded all the same. "Don't worry, usually new Mags get used to it after some practice and stuff. I got really better after my first week or so."

Mags had to adapt, if they didn't- well, Purpled said it best.

Those who don't adapt die first.

George looked around, "We'll split into two teams. Mind taking Purpled with you? Drista should be enough for me. Of course I'll be taking my idiots as well." He said, motioning to

Dream and Sapnap who spluttered.

"Hey!"

"Sure." Eret agreed readily enough, "If we find anything or anyone, we'll contact you."

"Great, same with you."

With that, they were split into two groups.

Eret taking charge of Purpled, Techno and Wilbur while George looked after Drista, Dream and Sapnap.

Things were... probably going to get out of hand.

Hopefully not but, most of the time, it was probably going to get out of hand.

Chapter End Notes

safdba

[by Hazy Slumber](#)

HOLY FUCK IT'S TOMMY AND THEO! DOING THE SPIDER MEME- i'm sorry everyone this is now MY FAVORITE FANART

[by JaySpace](#)

ehehehe wilby's possible outfit design pog

i couldn't write yesterday at all :(

and tbh this chapter seems weak to me :((

also this update is a bit laate :(((

the start seems really weak to me sighh but at least i got into dream's design- as much as i wanted to give dream his trademark smiling mask. the fact that ohne is a smiling orb and the mask would look too much like him, it wouldn't really make sense for dream to have that be part of his mag outfit. so i just gave him a white cloth mask that fitted over his lower face. what's his weapon? you all probably already know.

got drista and purpled's design as well!

i'm giving them both a bit more fantasy-esque here obviously.

and ofc, drista also has a mask. but like dream, it's not a smiling one. it's just one where her gem is on it and it covers her upper face. why? because i said so.

purpled's weapon is obviously a sword, while drista's has yet to be seen. maybe we get into that next chapter.

sapnap, wilbur and techno will have to wait till next chapter! BECAUSE I DID THREE IN THIS CHAPTER ANYWAY SO IT BALANCES OUT!

also maybe some action next chapter? maybe? idk?

hopefully i'll write easier next time.

at any rate, i hope you guys enjoyed!

Gem Protection

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Dream has felt a lot of things over the past how many hours it's been since Mags and magic were revealed to the public.

God, finding out that your sister, your best friend and a lot of other friends were secretly magical boys and girls reminiscent of the the animes that you've sometimes watched was and will forever be one of the most shocking things he's ever heard. And the most he'd been angry at almost everyone involved for a while now.

He doesn't even remember the last time he'd been *that* angry at George who was usually so laid back and lazy- the *one* joke pertaining to George was just how much he sleeps through shit. How lazy and uninvolved George was. How he slept through *everything* important. It wasn't exactly the truth but it was a running gag after George slept through some important RP parts of their game and how apathetic he was about everything.

And yet George was turning that joke sideways, stomping it to the ground as he was in fact, one of the co-leaders of a Mag group with *Eret*.

Eret and George were friends, they were good friends and Dream liked Eret. He really did.

But the fact that *they* were co-leaders with George was... a little enviable.

Dream, dare he say it but not out loud, was *jealous*. Sapnap too.

They were both jealous of Eret, of the others who knew George's most damnable secret.

Weren't *they* best friends? The Dream Team? The trio of idiots that were planning to move in together as soon as they could?

George had *no* intention of telling them. That much was clear. Even with them planning about moving in together, his best friend didn't have any intention to tell him about it all. Which *hurt*.

It was probably unfair, it was maybe unreasonable to be angry about that but-

What Sapnap and Wilbur had said had been true.

While the Mags of their friend groups had disappeared from the discord server they'd all had been in. Everyone left had been scrambling for information, searching through the internet for whatever they could find about Mags and magic.

What they found...

Missing people reports, mysterious deaths, freak accidents-

Mag identities being outed left and right, rumors of death nipping on *every* Mag who contracted, creatures that came from anyone's nightmares-

It was *horrifying*.

This was what in store for George? For Tommy, Tubbo, Purpled- *his sister*?

A life of solitude and danger, a life in the shadows where their deaths wouldn't have been explained had magic not been revealed. Mags were coming out of the woodwork confessing to witnessing the deaths of certain people, people who went missing, who died mysteriously or were in freak accidents. Stories of how these people were either in the wrong place, the wrong times as non-mags or *were* Mags but had died in their line of duty.

George would have *died*, and Dream and Sapnap would have no idea why.

One day, after they all moved in, George would simply disappear or maybe his body would come out of nowhere and they *wouldn't have known why or how he died or vanished*. His death would've been a mystery that they would've thought about for the rest of their lives.

And god, *his sister*-

She was only *fourteen*.

She was too young to be doing *any* of this.

But here she stood, by George's side, wearing an admittedly cool outfit but still.

Along the way, Dream had to watch his little sister, who was eight years younger than him pretty much *out-parkour him*. She didn't even take the parkour classes he did! It was clear she had *nothing* on George and Eret but the fact that his little sister was doing better than he was, it was a little aggravating.

But he couldn't help be awed as he watched the four Mags jump from place to place, watching Eret *somehow* landing on the thin railings on top of buildings that weren't as thick as his platform boots which he for some reason had despite being already so tall, watching George soar through the air after jumping off of a power line, Drista doing a daring *backflip* that nearly stops his heart as she laughs and lands safely on a goddamn branch with little problems and while Purpled didn't do anything as spectacular, he was still making impossible leaps flawlessly without a second thought while while Dream, Techno, Sapnap and Wilbur lagged behind them.

Mags were definitely something else, he'll give them that.

At least it was exhilarating and Dream liked to think he was getting the hand of the new type of parkour that's been opened up to him.

He was always good at adapting.

Purpled's words lingered in his head.

Those who don't adapt die first.

Dream took in a deep breath, despite the cloth mask covering his mouth- he barely even noticed it with how easily he was breathing, even while panting.

Dream wasn't going to die.

None of them were.

George and the others might think they had made the worst choice, and maybe they were right.

But like *hell* he was going to let himself be on the sidelines to whatever was involving them. And at least Sapnap, Techno and Wilbur felt the same.

"So, what are we looking out for?" Sapnap asked, glancing over to George as Eret, Techno, Purpled and Wilbur left for the other direction.

Sapnap wore a white sleeveless mandarin-styled top, orange frog buttons kept the top closed. Underneath the shirt was a long-sleeved black shirt that disappeared into the wrappings that covered Sapnap's wrists, the wrappings matched the white headband that was around his forehead and kept his hair out of his eyes. An orange cloth belt tied his shirt and pants together, a fire-shaped topaz gem stitched into the cloth belt at his hip. His pants were black like his shirt, but had a white strip going down his leg at the side, they were loose pants that tapered into more white wrappings that covered Sapnap's ankles and into his orange shoes.

Honestly, he looks kind of like a martial artist. It makes some sense since Sapnap has taken classes for it for self-defense, still it was weird seeing him in the outfit.

Seeing everyone in their outfits was weird but apparently it's just what it was. The outfits came with the contract and no one really knows how it first 'chooses' what you wear, the others had said, over time you can learn to change some aspects of the outfit but ultimately most Mags wear the same thing with no problem.

"Either a Mob or other Mags looking for trouble." George answered, the gem on his hat disappearing as he summoned his soul- core cube? It glowed in the dim moonlight, and it was hard to read George's expression with those goggles covering his eyes. "It looks like we're heading for the Mob. It's this way."

Dream looked at George's cube, squinting as he tried to see how George could possibly know. "What the heck? How can you even tell?"

His sister answers him, "You just can with the cubes. Look, summon them out dweebs." She said, the jade on her mask disappearing as her own cube appeared in her hands. "When you're trying to find Mobs or spawners or whatever, you can find them by trying to sense out the magic they have- it's not hard to miss, it feels like static or something. Your cube helps in

trying to find it, it's like a built in tracker. Some people have better senses though, either because of their powers or because of experience."

Hesitantly, Dream held his hands out and by instinct, he called out his core cube. The garnet on the collar plate of his harness disappeared, reappearing as a cube in his hand. Similarly, Sapnap did the same.

Holding your own soul in your hand...

Dream tightened his grip on the cube but focused. His magic reacted to his will and immediately he could *feel* it.

There, somewhere in the direction they were facing, there was something *off* there.

He couldn't exactly describe it, it felt like static like Drista said but it wasn't exactly accurate.

"That is fucking *weird*." Sapnap says with a grimace, no doubt feeling it as well.

"You get used to it." George says, dismissing his cube. "But now I remember- Dream, Sapnap, turn your cubes back into gems. I need to do something."

The moment their cubes disappear and their gems are back where they belong, George waved a hand at them they both straightened as light blue mist appeared over their gems, forming a cloud that covered them completely. George curled his fist and the clouds disappeared from sight. However, Dream could somehow feel that it was still there.

"Uh? George?"

Drista snorted, hands on her hips. "It's to protect your gems obviously! A Mag's gem is their one weakness. Once the gem shatters- you're dead. Gone. Kaput." She explained, tapping her own gem gently. However, just as she did, there was a light green barrier that seemed to stop her finger from touching her gem completely. "George is giving you guys protection since you have no idea how to make barriers that small or like, keep it up unconsciously. But new Mags are notorious to die quick after their gem shatters." She tries to say it casually but Dream could catch the waver in her voice, and he sees her fingers clutch at her shorts.

She was scared.

"She's right. The protection I put on your gems should last a couple of hits, but no matter what, *protect your gem*. It's the one thing that keeps you alive. Your heart and brain do not matter in the Mag world. Your gem does. It's an instant one-hit kill the moment you take out a Mag's gem. A core cube is indestructible but a mag gem isn't. Keep that in mind." George told them seriously, it's the most serious that Dream has ever heard George speak and it just adds to the nausea that's swirling in his stomach. "You'll need to learn how to make a small barrier on your gems later, ones that can take more than a single hit and won't mess up your focus."

"How the hell can you just *say* that without-" Sapnap started, looking just as nauseous and perturbed as Dream was.

The next thing that George says just sends chills down Dream's spine.

"You get used to it."

Eret chuckles slightly as they watch Wilbur managing to land on his own this time without any outside help. "There you go Wilbur, you're getting the hang of it!" They encouraged, smiling at the brown-haired man who huffed but smiled back. Feeling accomplished. "Just be confident, time your jumps and landings and remember- you have magic now!"

It's not the best of advice there was but it was what helped Eret at the start. They'd been *terrified* of heights back when they were younger and Mag parkour had been difficult for them. But they got over it as quickly as they could, and here they were. Years later, standing on the ledge of a tall building with no fear, no hesitation. Just confidence and experience.

Even the weakest Mag can do Mag parkour, those with weak bodies, thin, frail- magic was amazing.

Dangerous, but *amazing*.

It's what saved their sight after all.

"Oh my, don't you have pretty eyes?"

Eret choked, clawing at the hand around their throat. Staring helplessly and fearfully at the knife above them-

"ERET!"

"GHUAAAAA-"

They shook their head, sighing to themselves.

"You alright there Eret?"

They turned to Technoblade, smiling at the man who gave him a slightly concerned look. They couldn't help but snort at the sight of his outfit. They weren't the only royal-themed mag in the group anymore.

Techno wore a lovely red cape with a rather thick fur collar, a golden chain kept the cape connected together over his shoulders, the cape just ending at Techno's ankles, barely touching the ground. Underneath the cape was a white poet shirt with long sleeves and white cuffs, the man had golden cuff links and around his waist was a protective and formfitting leather button corset. His pants were black and simple, his boots were a pinkish red with black soles.

The most eye-catching thing about Techno's outfit were two things. The first was the crown nestled on his pink head, the crown on Techno's head was far bigger than theirs, it was solid gold but had a fur edge along the bottom. The second thing was the strange pinkish mask that

was on his face, it seemed to be made out of fur and it covered his upper face quite well- it was different from Drista's mask obviously, the mask had eyes but they were completely white.

At the very least though, the mask blended well with Techno's hair and it hid Techno's gem which hung on the man's right earlobe. Circular and hidden from sight, the spinel would be a hard target to hit if not seen.

That reminded them.

"I'm fine Technoblade, Wilbur! Come here! I need to do something!" They called out to Techno's brother, motioning them both to come close.

Eret waits until Wilbur's close enough to wave their hand and create a small barrier over each of their gems. A transparent silk-like barrier settled over both their gems before disappearing from sight, invisible to the naked eye. They eyed Techno's gem and then Wilbur's.

Wilbur's lapis, oval gem was a collar brooch that was nestled snugly atop the frills of his shirt, right between the white collar of his blouse. Wilbur wore an open navy blue coat with white rims on the cuffs, collar and edge, though his coat was open, there were silver chains that connected one side to the other, the coat just stopping around his ankles. On the sleeves of his coat were two buckles, each with golden buttons. His hands were covered by white gloves, his pants were plain and dark brown, his boots were black and stopped mid-calf. And on top of his brown curls was a small tricorn hat, blue like his coat with a white brim.

He dressed kind of similar to the old revolutionary soldiers Eret had once seen from an old documentary.

Though Wilbur looked more of a scholar than a soldier being honest, Eret knows that Wilbur knows hand-to-hand combat but at heart, Wilbur would always be a musician.

"What was that?" Wilbur asked incredulously, gently prodding his own gem. Watching as his finger barely touched it, interfered by something invisible.

"A barrier, new Mags can be quickly taken out because they either don't know they have to protect their gems or they can't." Purpled answered, looking down to his own belt where his amethyst gem softly glowed. He frowned as he placed a hand over his buckle, "Eret." He sighed, looking reluctant but resigned.

"Still can't get the hang of it?" Eret said with a crooked smile, waving a hand towards purple and another silk-like barrier appeared before disappearing. "It's alright Purpled, Drista's only just recently gotten used to her barriers. And hers can only survive a single hit."

Techno frowns, giving them a look, "Guess the gems really are our main weakpoint?" He questioned, sounding annoyed but there was an undertone of slight apprehension.

"They *are* our souls, just transformed and crystalized. As a Mag, you become incredibly hardy and resistant to pain. Your body is just a vessel for your magic now, things that were once very painful can only feel like slight twinges if you focus enough. But the moment you

lose your gem it's game over." Eret said somberly, "But that doesn't mean you should be careless with your body, magic can only do so much."

Wilbur's biting his lip as he gives them a *very* apprehensive and hesitant look, "Is that why your..." He's looking at them. Looking at their *eyes*.

"Oh my, don't you have pretty eyes?"

Eret gives him a gentle smile, "Yes." They answer, closing their eyelids. "I'm not a healing type Mag, so it's hard to heal or regrow what's not there."

They open their eyelids halfway, but their vision is still gone. They hear the hitches of breath and they know what Techno and Wilbur see.

Their sockets were empty, and though only opened half-way, it was enough to give them the idea of what happened.

They close their eyes again shortly and their vision return. The familiar white glow covering their empty eye sockets.

"Well, now you know why I always wear glasses and why I need them." Eret said semi-cheerily, a bit amused by the very disturbed and harrowing looks on both Techno and Wilbur's face. "You have to be careful, protect your gem but also protect yourselves. The others and I will make sure you'll learn that as soon as possible... But for now, my magic will have to do. Now come on, we should keep moving. Wilbur, remember what I said."

He does, and thankfully he gets better at leaping off of building- though his landings still need some work. At the very least though, his fear and apprehension for jumps and high places seemed to have lessened considerably. It helps with Eret giving encouragement while Techno and Purpled sass him. Wilbur was very annoyed by the sass and snark by his brother and the purple-eyed teenager and though he was glad for Eret's encouragement, spite was clearly fueling him as he continued on.

However, the fact Wilbur was a new Mag was very clear to anyone who new what to look for.

And Griefers always loved messing with new Mags.

"Wilbur watch out!" Purpled shouts as a yellow beam of light headed towards Wilbur just as he jumped. Wilbur's eyes widened before they instinctively closed and he curled to protect himself- only for something soft to wrap around him and *tug*. Wilbur's eyes snapped open to see some type of pink, lavender and blue cloth wrapped around him. It tugged him down just in time for the yellow beam to only graze his cheek and a take a few strands of his hair off.

Eret manipulated the cloth to bring Wilbur down, letting Technoblade catch his brother as Eret scowled, slamming the butt of their spear on the ground. The cloth flag minimizing back to normal height and length after letting go of Wilbur, it fluttered lightly in the evening wind. "You *dare* attack one of my teammates?!" They exclaimed angrily, "You'll pay for that griefer!"

They got no reply.

No verbal one at least.

A series of yellow beams came from the dark distance, but it wasn't the only type of attack. A wave of sharp throwing knives coated in pink light accompanied it.

Eret narrowed their eyes at it but gripped their spear tightly, with a flare of magic, the flag attached to their spear *grew beyond* the size of what it originally was, turning transparent and quickly covering the four of them, protecting them from the incoming slew of attacks. The beams and knives dissipated against the magical barrier the moment it came into contact with it.

Eret huffed, feeling a bead of sweat fall down their face- they were still recovering the mass amount of magic they had given to Ranboo for that teleportation trip after a couple of hours hunting for spawners. They weren't at their one hundred percent at the moment. Still, it was enough to protect them all from the onslaught of magic and weapons.

They glanced back at Wilbur and Technoblade, they weren't as combat ready as they would've liked but they had the basics ingrained in them. Hopefully it'd be enough for this fight.

"Wilbur, Techno, *summon your weapons*. Purpled, get ready."

The wave had suddenly stopped but Eret did not trust it.

They held their flag spear with both hands, Tubbo was right at least.

This was one *hell* of a first outing.

Chapter End Notes

POG!

[by Mileneandmilane](#)

yoooo these are pretty cool :00 DAMN i wish i thought about the flamey armband thing. these are good! they along with jayspace and basabi's designs helped shape wilbur and techno to the way they are now so feel proud you three!! :D

[by Basabi](#)

TECHNO WILBUR DESIGN POG! you and the others helped with me for their outfits! thank you!

[by totoni](#)

yeaah IT'S TOMMY! well theseus- it's TOMMY MAG OUTFIT TIME!

[by Basabi](#)

YEAAHH techno, tommy and dristaaa!!!!

[by A_Selkie_Abroad](#)

TIS DRISTA! SHE LOOKS AWESOME :000

sapnap's outfit; eastern, martial arts kind of design. inspired by the one time i found a fanmade pokemon about sapnap, it was a fire/fighting type and i said. you know what, that sounds good. let's do that.

techno's outfit; medieval europe obv. we all agree that techno is not really techno without the cape and the crown. his mask isn't piglike, not yet at least. i'm saving that up for later don't worry technoblade will have a pig mask at some point.

wilbur's outfit; revolutionary, european. l'manberg esque but kinda fantasy? as fantasy as i could make it i guess. but yeah, both basabi and milene won me over with the l'manberg look.

ASLO??? TOMMY WAS DEAD??? BUT NOW HE'S NOT??? POGG???? I HAVE NO IDEA BUT HOLY FUCK! that's- dsmp my dudes. i have no idea but the dream smp is just- fucking hell everyone.

ahem, that aside, you get to see a bit of dream's insight before knowing more about eret! i wanted to let eret have and keep their glowing eyes. it came at a cost. but hey now they got glowing eyes and still have eyesight.

not to mention their weapon is a SPEAR FLAG HELL YEAH! THEY WAVE AND FIGHT WITH THE BISEXUAL FLAG WITH PRIDE. GO ERET OUR KING YOU'RE AMAZING! I DID YOU DIRTY IN REWIND, YOU'RE SHINING GOLD IN WISHES AND FAMILY GO OFF KING

so yeah, *not exactly* any fights persay this chapter BUT next chapter you get to see techno and wilbur's weapons! and how large the gap is between them! at any rate though, i hope you all enjoyed! the designs for these three were fun to think of! now it's time for... weapons and powers... hoh boy...

Griefers

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"Wilbur, Techno, *summon your weapons*. Purpled, get ready."

Admittedly, Techno did not expect getting to fight so early. But then again, he hadn't expected a lot of things.

Eret's empty eye sockets had been one of them- he'd just thought that the man was blind. However if that *were* the case then the whole '*totally white and glowing eyes*' spectacle wouldn't even be a thing. It made a lot of sense though, now that *that* little tidbit was revealed.

Techno would ask on what happened but clearly, now was not the time.

Summoning a weapon was just like changing into a mag outfit, it was just *instantly there* the moment you *will* it to be after a slight flare of magic.

A sharp rapier appears in his hand in a slight show of colorful light, it settles in his hand like it was *supposed* to be there all along. Like it was a part of him- it's different from the rapier that Tommy had, the blade is silver, the handle was gold with a could of pinkish red gems embedded into the hilt, power hidden within the hard crystal.

Oh.

Oh he could work with this.

"Are you *kidding* me."

Techno glanced towards his twin and has to double take at the item he was holding.

It wasn't a weapon, it was an *instrument*.

An elegant looking blue violin, a *stringless* violin.

"If you were going for some music Wilbur I would've thought you'd have your guitar." He couldn't help but comment, finding the fact that his brother's apparent weapon was a *violin*. He and Purpled had swords, Eret had a spear and Wilbur? Violin. A stringless violin. Well hey, at least he had the bow.

Wilbur glares at him before it fell into a panicked look as he turns back to his blue stringless violin. "W-What am I supposed to do with this?! Oh god, I haven't picked up a violin in *years*-" Wilbur frets, freaked out on how it was stringless and apparently his weapon. Wilbur had only practiced the violin for a couple of years when they were younger before he dropped it to focus on his guitar instead.

"Doesn't matter! A weapon is a weapon, follow your instincts and *use it* Wilbur!" Eret exclaims, briefly stunned by Wilbur's mag weapon before shaking his head. "It's your magic! Just get ready for anything!"

"*Eret.*" Purpled interrupted, gaining their attention as suddenly, they weren't the only ones on the rooftop anymore.

There were three other Mags now.

A young brown-haired boy wearing a yellow cloak, a crooked wizard hat on his head and a jagged yellow wand in hand. A yellow gem clasping his cloak over his small body.

A blond girl wearing a hot pink suit, she seemed to be Purpled's age, in her hands were a few throwing knives. A pink gem laid over her eye like a monocle, a chain connecting the monocle to her suit.

And finally a young man with a light blue sailor uniform, his blue gem a badge on his chest. He didn't have a weapon on hand. Yet.

Seeing the three of them, Techno's heart sunk into his stomach. Realizing just *how young* they were, *especially* the young boy in yellow. Just how old was he? Ten? Eleven?

A boy, *a decade younger than him and Wilbur* had tried to attack them. Alongside a girl who was only a year older than Tommy, Purpled's age.

Were *they* the griefers?

These *children*?

The young man he was expecting, but the kid and teenager?

He and Wilbur exchanged a sickened look which made the teenage girl laughed. "*Oh wow! Look at your faces! Benny was right, you two must be new Mags! You're what, both twenty something? Hahaha! Oh that's hilarious!*" She exclaimed, the knives disappearing as she pointed at both Techno and Wilbur. "You never get those faces with vets and younger guys around!"

The young boy giggled with her, again, Techno was taken back by how *young* he was from the sound of his childish giggle. "I almost hit you, would've been funny if I did." He told Wilbur through the barrier, wand tapping against the transparent barrier of Eret's flag. "Your head would've gone *bang*. And you would've fell *aaall* the way down to the street!" The young man in the blue sailor uniform chuckled, patting the child's head.

Wilbur looks pale, tightly gripping the neck of his violin.

"So you admit to attacking my teammate." Eret said coldly to the three of them, gaining their attention. "You're trespassing *and* grieving- this territory is *against* grieving, *especially* spawner feeding."

The girl in pink shook her head, smiling sweetly at them with an innocent look, "Us? Trespassing and grieving? *Spawner feeding*? Oh no no no! You see, *we* own this territory, we opened it up for free-lanced hunting. How so *we* know that you're the ones who are actually spawner feeding?" She said slyly, making both he and Wilbur exchange looks of confusion to each other before looking over to Purpled and Eret who did not look impressed. "Y'see we *hate* new Mags in our territory, it's just easier to just-"

"You're kidding right." Purpled deadpanned, interrupting her and causing her to splutter. "*You?* Owners of *this* territory? I see what's going on now, I've heard of some griefers doing this in other people's territories. You're pretending to be the owners just so you can pick on new mags and outsiders who don't know who the territory owners are."

She gasped in outrage, "*How dare you!* Benny, Dan and I are part of the team that owns this territory!" She declares, the little boy on her side, Dan, nodded in agreement while the young man in uniform, Benny, hesitated for a moment and got out his phone.

"Did you even check on who's territory this was little girl?" Eret questioned with an icy tone, the transparent barrier unwrapping and turning back to a normal looking Bi-flag attached to his spear.

Finally, Benny seemed to pale and got the girl's attention, showing her something on his phone. Whatever it was, it probably showed the fact that somehow Eret owned the territory or something because she paled as well.

Techno couldn't help the snort of amusement that escaped him as Purpled deadpanned at them, "You're on *our* territory. You *attacked* one of our new members and *lied* about ownership. Maybe you're spawner feeding too, it's unconfirmed right now but the point is... You've fucked yourselves over griefers." He pointed his purple hilted broadsword at them. "Give up now, fighting you would be a waste of time."

It would be, but the fact they're against a kid, a teenaged girl and a guy who was probably around Eret's age- *that* really didn't sit well with Technoblade. They were *young*, and though Technoblade has made jokes of fighting children before, actually doing it was an entire thing else.

He was hoping they'd give up, surrender but-

"*MOVE!*" Eret barked as a wave of yellow lights and pink knives suddenly came at them *again*, thrown by the still nameless girl and the little boy Dan.

Some hopes were meant to be crushed it seemed.

Techno gritted his teeth and leaped away from the attack, he was briefly worried for Wilbur but saw that he had jumped as well. Techno managed to land nearby Eret, "What's the plan?" He asked, eyeing the girl who looked frustrated but serious, his eyes widened when she summoned an *entire wall* of *knives* behind her, all of them floating and aimed directly at them.

She would be their opponent.

"*Fight*." Eret replied with conviction, bounding forward to face her head on.

Of course that was the plan, what was Techno even thinking?

Wilbur originally wanted to complain to his magic because, really what kind of weapon was a *stringless* violin?

That complaint was thrown out the window when he saw the man in the sailor uniform summon a *trumpet* in a flash of watery light blue. It was a lovely trumpet, light blue and flashy, and a feeling of dread went down Wilbur's spine as soon as Benny took in a deep breath and brought the instrument to his lips.

PHHWOOOOOOOO

"*PURPLED LOOK OUT!*" Wilbur screams as not only does a wave of yellow light come from the young boy's wand, but a *geyser* of water came out of the trumpet as soon as the man *played* the trumpet.

It was a strong sound, one that Wilbur would normally find inspiring because despite it being one note only, it sounded *good* to his musician ears.

Purpled's eyes widened before he gritted his teeth and stabbing his sword into the ground- a metallic purple shield appearing before him in an attempt to protect himself. The water mixed with the yellow blasts of magic, creating a strong force that *slammed* into Purpled's shield. The young teenager grunted as he was forced back from the impact, his sword leaving behind a gash on the ground from where it had been and the shield he had created had a sizable crack on it.

It was clear that if Purpled hadn't used his sword as an anchor, he would've been blown away by the attack.

Wilbur sighed in relief, only for it to turn into terror as he *hears* the trumpet *before* he sees the geyser coming towards him. "*WILBUR!*"

It's entirely by instinct that he waves his violin bow at the geyser, his eyes widen as a circular ring of *music notes* appear before him. The wall of music notes glowed blue as the geyser met- unfortunately, because of his surprise and the fact he was inexperienced and unprepared, the musical barrier *cracked* lasting only briefly before it *shattered*.

Purpled would have tried to help him but the boy was still targeting him, a nonstop onslaught of yellow magical blasts aimed directly at him.

Wilbur gasped as the geyser of magic water collided with him *hard*, sending him flying off his feet and *smashing* him against the stone railing of the building they were still on. The railing was destroyed by his landing but luckily he hadn't been knocked completely off the roof, his head was hanging off the edge though and the broken edge of the railing is poking into his back. It's painful and he's wet. Beyond the pain he was feeling, Wilbur could faintly hear his brother shouting his name.

That had *hurt*.

His hands were empty, when he had been sent flying he had let go of his bow and violin and they disappeared.

This...

This was what Tommy faced on the regular.

Wilbur's jaw clenched at the thought.

Suck it up Wilbur, your younger brother has been doing this for far longer than you. He's probably suffered through worse.

He hissed through his teeth and forcefully pushes away the pain- it's easier than he thought, magic must definitely be involved but he ignores it in favor of *moving*. He couldn't let himself be taken down by *one goddamn attack*.

You did this for Tommy, are you regretting it now Wilbur?

No. Never.

He would never regret doing something like *this* for the sake of family.

Between the three of them, he was probably the weakest. Technoblade was better than him, *Tommy* was better than him.

And *god* did that *piss him off*.

Wilbur's lapis gem glowed brightly as he got back to his feet, managing to *just barely* dodge another geyser aimed at him. Magic, adrenaline and spite fuels him as he quickly bounds to where Purpled was, the teenager still shielding himself from the yellow wave of magic focused on him. "Wilbur are you-" He starts to ask but Wilbur interrupts him.

"I'm fine! Just get ready!" Wilbur hisses to him, summoning his violin and his bow once more, quickly he situates his violin on his shoulder and steadies the bow where the strings would be.

Purpled's eyes widened before they narrowed and he nodded. "Right!"

This was his magic, this was his weapon.

Eret had told him to follow his instincts.

He could do that.

Magic swelled from his gem, his bow's string glowed brightly as Wilbur started to *play* his violin.

Despite the fact he hasn't played in years, despite the fact there was no string.

A melody slips from his stringless violin and into the air, magic forming his attack.

The melody is contrasted by the trumpet's sound, the wind instrument attempting to overpower the song by its loud noise that summons a rushing pillar of water that once again mixes with the boy's yellow magic to form another powerful attack against Purpled's cracked shield.

Unfortunately, Wilbur's melody was ready for that.

Played by the song of his violin, a stream of dark blue musical notes appeared, swirling in the air and completely covering Purpled's glowing and broken shield. Clustering together, Purpled tensed as the geyser once again *slammed* against his shield only to stare wide-eyed as he sees the clustering notes of Wilbur's magic *deflect* the pillar of water. Aiming it upwards and making it rain artificially as a result.

"What?! That's not fair!"

"Go." Wilbur urged as he manipulated his notes to *stretch*- aiming towards their attackers. His tempo hard and quick, matching the way his notes were trying to quickly catch the two Mags who jumped away from his notes.

Both the broken shield and the anchored sword disappear as Purpled shot forward, weaving between Wilbur's notes as he headed for the older Mag of the pair. Another sword appearing in his hands as he *swung* towards him.

Metal clashed against metal as Purpled's sword collided against the trumpet, "*Benny!*" The young boy cried out behind Purpled as Wilbur's notes wrapped around him, keeping him still and preventing him from waving that wand of his.

Benny grunted, jumping back away from Purpled who tried to follow only to jump back himself when a couple of knives came between them both. "*Anna!*" Benny barked, the girl in the pink suit flipping into view. "Get Dan!"

"Don't have to tell me twice!" Anna snapped back- she looked rough, Eret and Technoblade certainly didn't give her an easy time. She threw herself at Purpled but a wave of knives appeared above them both as Purpled's sword blocked the two knives she had in her hands for him. The knives threw themselves at Wilbur, Wilbur tensed, about to change tempo when someone interfered for him.

A red cape flared into view, spreading wide as Technoblade wielding *two rapiers* appeared- his brother didn't look too bad, even though there was a cut on his cheek and his outfit had a few holes in them. Pinkish red magic flared around Techno's swords, and his brother snarled as he slashed at the air sending magic-made *waves* against the knives which were easily knocked aside from them.

PHWOOOOO

Benny's water geyser *crashed* into Wilbur's stream of notes, disrupting Wilbur's melody from the surprise and force of the water and almost freeing the young boy from his grasp.

Oh no you don't.

Wilbur gripped his bow tightly and made a harsh, nearly screeching note on his violin. Tightening his grip around Dan who wheezed- "*Mommy!*" The boy cried out, big fat tears dripping down his face. Instantly Wilbur froze, the sight of the young face crying it reminded him of-

"Wilby!" Tommy cried out with his hands reached out to him, face young and chubby and covered in tears.

His notes loosened considerably and the boy *smiled*, a bright yellow light emerging from his wand.

"Wilbur you *idiot!*" Techno exclaimed as Dan fluidly escaped the notes and started sending yellow blasts once more.

Fuck.

Vwip-Crash!

One of Eret's spears stabbed itself into the ground near Wilbur and Techno and a transparent pink, violet and blue barrier appeared covering them both from the magic yellow blasts, the flag of the spear having turned into the barrier. The eyeless Mag himself appeared by Dan, swinging the spear towards the boy who ducked to dodge the weapon.

Wilbur could only watch as Eret fought the male child with no hesitation whatsoever, heart stuck in his throat as he realized something about the world that he and Techno threw themselves in for the sake of their younger brother.

Age didn't matter to them when it came to combat.

The serious look on Eret's face, the intensity of how Purpled fought against a girl who was the same age as him.

Age wasn't something that mattered in the Mag's world of combat.

He and Techno shared a look, and even with that weird mask on his face. Wilbur could tell that Techno was thinking the same thing as he was, call it twin telepathy or the fact they were on the same subject, they made a plan without talking.

Gripping the swords in his hands, Techno slashed at Eret's barrier- it was strong on the outside but easily breakable from the inside.

As soon as the barrier and spear disappeared, Wilbur quickly set to work. Playing a fast-paced yet buoyant melody that stretched his notes all over the place, surprising the four other mags who briefly paused in their fights at the very sight of the nearly chaotic stream of notes all over the air.

It would get even *more* chaotic as Techno leaped *on to the stream* of notes. Bouncing off the line of magic his brother created, using the boost to leap at Benny who couldn't help but

gawk at him. By the time Benny tried to react, Techno's swords sliced against his hands and knocked his trumpet out of his grip. Techno landed on another stream, it stretched underneath his weight before he shot off again, this time towards Anna who tried to dodge away only for Purpled to knock her into Techno's incoming kick.

Techno's foot collided against her head, knocking her out instantly. Her body fell on the ground, pink light encompassing her as her mag outfit disappeared the moment she'd been knocked out.

"Anna! Benny!" Dan exclaimed, distracted by the take down of both his older teammates.

The distraction costed him as Eret's flag wrapped around him just like Wilbur's notes once did, the young boy protested heavily but quietened underneath the cold, harsh glare that Eret gave him.

Seeing both his teammates taken down while his arms throbbed with pain, Benny held his bleeding arms up in reluctant surrender. Accepting defeat with a scowl on his face, though the scowl changed into a terrified look as Techno's rapier pointed itself at his face.

They had won.

Chapter End Notes

ehhe

[by inexhaustible](#)

we got four tommys! one from Wishes, two from Rewind and one phantommy :D

[by vivienne-joi](#)

IT'S DRISTA!

[by Jas Thyme](#)

we got tommy, tubbo, ranboo and LOOK PURPLED! :D

weapon time!!

technoblade gets a rapier- i was deciding between claymore or rapier before settling on a rapier. he IS a fencer here after all. we shouldn't let those classes be wasted. fighting with a claymore would be different than fighting with a rapier. besides he can just get another sword if he wanted to. the rapier is his main weapon, the weapon he summons, i've yet to think on what his second weapon would be.

wilbur- god this was a difficult choice. his weapon was ALWAYS going to be an instrument, it was inevitable but i was SO CONFLICTED on which instrument. the guitar was an obvious choice at first, because- that's what wilbur plays. i toyed with the idea of giving him an electric guitar but i think i remember him saying he doesn't like those? i can't remember where or when he said it so that was a no. but a blue magical

guitar... seemed iffy to me. personally speaking. i laughed to myself when i thought about giving him a ukulele.

so i finally settled on the haunting and beautiful magic blue violin. admittedly this is a personal choice for me, because the thought of wilbur playing a violin and making shit explode with pretty notes- that's a 10/10 for me idk bout you guys. i don't know if wilbur the cc knows how to play a violin, if not. welp, okay dokey. again, this is his main weapon, the thing he summons, maybe he'll use his guitar as a secondary. we'll see.

dan, benny and anna (pink girl) are random characters that came to mind for the temporary antagonist for the time being. i'm not so sure how i did this chapter, i hope it's an alright chapter! wanted to explore both techno and wilbur for a bit as well as show off their weapons and current skills.

i'm not exactly sure how i am when it comes to magic fights. also sound effects how. i really hope i did well this chapter! it's my first time doing something like this. having mags fight against each other instead of mobs. i need to get better at it.

and yeah wilbur's ability so far has been summoning physical streams of music notes for him to manipulate with his violin. think music sheet notes and all that but physical and stuff? hhh descriptions...

we're switching back to Rewind after next chapter!

Mob

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"Wilbur, Techno, are you both okay?" Eret questioned the moment the battle was over, glancing over to the Tommy's brothers.

Wilbur was still soaked, though it looked like his magic was gradually drying him off. He either broke a bone or received a very bad bruise when he was sent flying and crashing into the stone railings of the building from how Wilbur winced when he finally stood straight, Eret can't tell if he did break a bone or just had a bruise but his magic should have started healing him subconsciously. It'll go faster though if he told Wilbur to concentrate on healing.

Techno at least had superficial wounds that could easily heal, Eret had to say. She was impressed with how quickly he managed to adapt to the situation and use his abilities to his current best. He managed to avoid getting stabbed completely, the worst injury he had was maybe a deep cut somewhere on his body that would've started healing by now. He definitely needed more experience, training and a bit more imagination when it came to handling his magic but honestly he'd done just a bit better than Eret originally expected him to do in a sudden situation like that.

If Techno had gone into a spawner chunk as he was, he would've been fine- a bit hurt but he was above the average starting skill level for Mags. Wilbur as well, though with his magic type maybe he would have a bit more trouble depending if he could or couldn't get a bit more creative for his magic.

Still, she felt bad for how it went for Wilbur. Tommy was *not* going to be happy to find both his brothers injured like this, even with Techno's cuts that only looked bad because of the blood.

"I'm fine, Wil?" Techno glanced to his brother who was taking steady breaths while pressing his hands against his chest, as if to feel for something. "Wilbur? Did- did you break something? Are you okay?" He asked his twin, stepping forward to try and check on him.

Wilbur quickly waved him off, "I'm fine! I'm fine Tech- bruised badly but, I don't think I broke any bones." He reassured him, wincing to himself a bit. "That guy knocked me into a stone railing, I definitely have a bad bruise on my back." He gave Benny a sour look, glaring at the man as he and Anna were tied together with Dan, the three of them wrapped in Eret's flag.

Benny could only return the sour look with one of his own, scowling to himself as Anna's head slumped on his shoulder. Still out cold from Technoblade's impressive kick.

Wilbur's brand of magic music was definitely interesting so far, Eret wonders on just what Wilbur can actually do with it with some proper exploration and training? A thought saved

for later as she stared down the two conscious male griefers. "Detransform. *Now*." She orders coldly, wanting them completely subdued. A mag wasn't completely subdued or down until they've changed out of their mag outfits, their combat state.

Anna was down for the count, however Dan and Benny were still in their outfits.

"You can't tell me what to do." Dan replied childishly, pouting with wet eyes and acting his age- he even stuck his tongue out at her. "*You're not my mommy!*"

Really childish, the flag that tied them together tightened *painfully*.

Benny gasped at the sensation while Dan's eyes widened and the tears started rolling. "No nono- stop that hurts! *Mommy! Mommy heelp meee! Waaah!*" He sobbed out pitifully, looking like the child he was. Chubby-cheeked, puppy-eyed and crying his heart out.

Eret's face stayed stoic, eyes glowing ominously underneath the shaded night as the clouds drifted in front of the moon. "Detransform, or your spines will break." She told them both, letting the flag around them both grow even *tighter*.

They were both gasping for breath now.

In the corner of her eye, she could see how horrified both Techno and Wilbur looked. Though Techno's horror was more muted compared to Wilbur's- in any other time or place, she would've understood their horror. But at the moment, she felt tired and *irritated*. "Eret- Eret lighten up, I think they're both gonna pop at this rate." Techno said carefully, eyeing the way both Dan and Benny's faces were contorted in pain and the unhealthy way their faces paled, gradually turning a purplish blue.

"Eret- he's, he's just a *kid*-" Wilbur stressed, no doubt worried over Dan with how pained he looked and how pitiful his tears were.

Purpled gives him a deadpanned reply, "That *kid* was trying to hurt you earlier Wilbur. He used the same crybaby act he's trying now. Don't fall for it, it's acts like that that get adult Mags like you either dead or extremely hurt." He pointed out, and though he was casual, Eret knew how uncomfortable he really was with the situation. He didn't approve but he *understood* and was keeping out of it.

Eret would normally be kinder, sympathetic.

But griefers, especially young ones who put up a 'crybaby act' as Purpled exactly called it, *always hit a nerve inside her*. Using the innocent act to fool others into despair- it reminded her so much of her darker years as a Mag, and of Ohne who acted so innocently in the beginning but always laughed in the end when the Mag faced misery.

Eret has lived far too long to be affected by that act anymore. And she has yet to live long enough to not be negatively affected by it.

She was a veteran, she had lived through her own type of hell and Dan's baby-faced acting wasn't going to move her. Hell, it wasn't even *good* acting for her. She's seen better, which

makes this act so much more pitiful in a disgusting way in her eyes.

Benny gritted his teeth before he glowed blue, his sailor uniform disappearing, "*I did it! Now loosen up damn you!*" He wheezed, gasping for needed breath while his body shook from the pain of how tight his restraint had been. He quickly turned to Dan who had yet to detransform, "Just drop the act and destransform already you idiot! You'll waste magic trying to heal yourself if you don't!" He snapped.

In a flash of yellow, Dan's wizard costume disappeared and the young boy coughed after he tried to take in a deep breath only to choke on the pain. His pitiful eyes dropping into a seething glare aimed at Eret who remained unaffected by it. "Meanie." The boy muttered with a slight snuffle, however his tone was a bit darker and his eyes weren't as innocent and watery as before.

Eret rolled her eyes but went to contact Tubbo, "Come in Tubbo- Tubbo, hello?"

"Eret where are you? Quick! I lost contact with George and the others a while ago- I think it's the mob and the spawn feeders! I can't see the area, my bees are being taken out before I can get to where I think they are!"

Eret straightened, "What?! Where?!" Were there more grievers around?!

No, of course there'd be more. Having only three around was actually small compared to the norm. *Fuck*, she should have known!

And as if the night couldn't get any more tense, sirens sounded the air as well as blue and red lights that came from the streets below.

You get used to it.

It's not the words exactly that gives him and Dream the chills and set off warning alarms in their heads, it's just the *way* George *said* it.

Resigned, tired, acceptance- He's heard that kind of tone before. His grandfather had been a soldier, one of the greatest Sapnap has ever known and he cried when the old man died. He was brave, strong, and had stories that kept Sapnap up at night thinking.

Good and bad stories.

The good stories, his grandfather told with clear pride and old-man enthusiasm and a bright-eyed look in his old, wizened eyes. It enthralled him in his youth, enough that he almost wanted to be a soldier like his grandfather. But whenever he told this to his grandpa, the old man would go quiet and gently tell him that he didn't have to. That Sapnap could be *anything* he wanted, not just a soldier, that he should keep an open mind to other things Sapnap might want to do in the future.

As an adult, Sapnap realized now that his grandfather had been subtly pleading him not to follow his path.

Because just as his grandfather had good stories to tell of his days as a soldier- he had bad ones as well.

Ones that made his father so quiet, so tense, his eyes would go distant and he'd look *older* than he actually was. Sapnap had been a bit older when he started telling those stories, his grandfather must have told him those stories as an effort to keep him away from military life which actually worked because some of those stories had really scared him as a kid.

Still haunted him now occasionally as an adult.

Both by the contents of the stories and just the *way* it affected his grandfather when he told the stories, recalled on the memories of his soldier days.

The glazed look in his eyes, the tired and haunted undertone of his voice, the way he seemed to age beyond what he actually was- and on the scarier days, the screams and sobs his grandfather would fall into as his mind delved too deep into the trauma and the worst side of his schizophrenia would peak. It got worse in the later years and Sapnap cried when his grandfather finally died with a smile on his face.

His grandfather had been a veteran soldier, and he hadn't wanted either his son or grandson to follow his footsteps.

Sapnap can't help but see that in George the moment he said those words in that tone of voice with that look on his face. Even with the goggles on, Sapnap just *knew* that there'd be a distant and haunting look in his best friend's eyes. A look that would make you think he was older than he actually was, with trauma hiding behind it.

His best friend is a veteran mag, and he didn't want either of his best friends following his footsteps.

Sapnap heeded his grandfather's wishes, if only because he hadn't exactly known at the time.

This time, he goes against George's and makes his own wish, following after George so they could walk together instead.

Though obviously George really didn't like the sentiment, that was fine. Sapnap was still pissed at him for keeping the whole thing a secret anyway.

And he was concerned.

This George wasn't the George he and Dream were used to, so much more serious and alert, so much more responsible and so unlike to the usual smiling and lazy friend they were used to for the past few *years*.

Sapnap could almost hardly believe that this George was the same George he found napping in the cabinet back at school.

Was *this* why he slept so much?

George's magic seemed to induce sleeping, which, if things were lighter and less serious and Sapnap wasn't currently pissed with George, he'd tease the heck out of the fact George's magic made people *sleep* and could make *clouds* and George's outfit seemed to be kind of like pajamas- It was the perfect magic power for George.

...

Remembering how fast Tommy had been knocked unconscious by George's magic sleep clouds, George really seemed to know what he was doing with them.

"*Sapnap*." Sapnap snapped out of his thoughts as George scowled at him, "Focus you dumbass. Stop fantasizing about whatever the hell you were thinking and focus on reality here- we're close to the Mob and I'm not going to let you *die* just because you weren't paying attention!" The brunet snapped at him with his hands on his hips.

Sapnap scowled back, "I'm *sorry*-" He started sarcastically only to be cut off by a weird shriek in the air as well as a scream.

Immediately, George hissed at not only him, but at Drista and Dream as well. "*Weapons. Now.*" His pipe appeared in his hand in a brief and small flash of light.

They didn't even hesitate, he, Drista and Dream summoned their weapons- though he and Dream couldn't help but pause to take in their individual weapons as well as take notice of Drista's.

Drista's weapon was a small and it seemed like it was mostly made of metal, iron and gold intertwined. It was the length of her arm and had two gems embedded on it, one for each end- however the top gem was much larger than the bottom one with gold curling around it like a spiral. It was all in all, a magic staff, a small one but Sapnap had seen it in action.

"GET AWAY FROM MY BROTHER!" She had shouted as soon as the door had slammed open, face covered by the mask but the way her teeth gritted made it clear she was angry. She aimed the glowing green gem at Ohne, she fired a blast- it didn't do anything to the orb as the rings easily dispelled the magic. Ohne laughed in the face of her anger.

Sapnap and Dream could only watch stunned as Purpled suddenly blurred into view, broadsword raised to strike only to make a loud CLANG as it met with Ohne's rings. Purpled let out a startled yelp as he was suddenly blasted away from the still laughing orb.

Cute, but unfortunately you're not strong enough to destroy me just yet. Don't worry, I'm not sticking around now that I've done what I wanted. I'll see you next time, say hi to Tommy for me :)

Still laughing, the contractor left, flying into the sky, not bothering to dodge the green blasts that came from Drista.

Only when he was out of view did she turn to Dream and Sapnap, her voice hard and shaky. "What the fuck did you just do?"

He didn't exactly know how much damage it could do, it didn't do anything to Ohne but he had a feeling that was a different case entirely.

Dream's weapon was a strong looking axe that had two heads, both silver with green symbols carved into the metal. It looked like Dream would need both hands to wield it with how big it was. Though he was surprised, he would've thought Dream's weapon would be a sword- he and Technoblade were one of the best fencers they knew. But then again, George was fairly good himself but his main weapon was a blowpipe.

Now *Sapnap's* weapon was- well, it was a metal stick.

No, it was a *staff* actually. Two and a half meters in length and made out of what looked to be bronze, it had a gem connected to each end- kind of like Drista's but not. The orange gems glowed on each end.

Sapnap didn't expect this to be his weapon.

But as he held the staff with both hands, it felt *right*, like he'd been *meant* to hold this staff. Not a staff but *this* staff. It was weird, but Sapnap certainly wasn't complaining.

"Not bad." George muttered, eyeing both his and Dream's weapon and Sapnap smirked at him. He just knew George rolled his eyes right there, but his friend continued on, "Be alert, and be careful. Now come on."

They leave the roof, going towards the direction where they had heard the weird shriek and the accompanying scream.

It doesn't take long to find the source, especially as the shriek continues on and just gets louder- George even checked with his cube, they were heading for the Mob.

Now, Sapnap had no idea what to expect about the apparent enemies George and everyone else, *including him and Dream now*, were going to face. All he knew was that they were unnatural monsters that didn't follow reality or something. Drista's explanations about what they were didn't really help.

"The mobs are random and really goddamn shit for all insane- no I will not mind my language, it accurately describes the 'wrongness' of mobs and hordes! I've seen some crazy shit from hordes and the rare mob that George and Eret let me see! I once fought against a stretched out panorama black and white style wolf that had no eyes and could spit out poison! No seriously- yeah it was danger-MOM!"

All he could try and expect from these 'mobs' and 'hordes' was apparently something batshit insane.

And batshit insane it was.

Stuck to the side of the building, was a half-skeleton, half-spider creature.

It was twice the size of a human and looked *nothing* like one- the skeleton half had black bones that were too long in some places and seemed to be a cardboard cutout of a badly

drawn bone. Somehow the waist of the skeleton seamlessly transformed into the bottom half of a hyper-realistic spider, only the legs of the spider were *blackened skeleton hands* instead of actual spider legs.

It defied reality itself, it's very existence made Sapnap's head hurt along with *terrified* him because-

Holy shit that is a SKELETON SPIDER MONSTER that looked like it belonged in ONE OF HIS NIGHTMARES!

"Holy *fuck*, is that a wither skeleton spider jockey?" Drista questioned- at least she sounded just as grossed out, creeped out and terrified as Sapnap was feeling.

George grunts in confirmation, eyeing the mob that shrieked out loud. It didn't seem to be moving, just unhinged its bony jaw to scream its head off. "Looks like it. Nasty combination to have in reality."

"Excuse me but *what the hell is that thing?!*" Dream questions, eyes widened and disbelieving at the *abomination* stuck to the wall.

"Jockey. Well, fused jockey. A wither skeleton is bad enough, but having it jockied with a spider is doubly bad. Jockies are typically two usually separate mobs fused into one horrific bastard that shouldn't exist. Wither skeletons can drain magic and life force with their touch, paired with the mobility and silk makings of a spider- that's not a good pair I'd like to face with you all..." George trailed off seemingly noticing something, he stared at the creature stuck to the wall. "Dont. Move." He suddenly said, his voice hard and tense, making the three Mags freeze in place.

Sapnap didn't dare move, but he looked over to George. "George? What- what's going-"

"*Don't move. No matter what, do NOT move.*" George snapped, taking in a deep breath, "I should've known, that thing hasn't moved at all ever since we got here. Just been screaming like it's been aggro'd by something and yet it hasn't moved a fucking inch. Ugh I am so tired, and so goddamn angry... We've been ambushed."

"*WHA-*" "*DO NOT MOVE. LOOK, LOOK AT YOUR BODY, FEEL IT!*" George roared, making them flinch- and with that flinch, Sapnap finally noticed as he felt a twinge of pain as well as resistance to his movement.

Strings.

Transparent, white strings were surroundings them, *wrapped around them*. Tightly bound in place by the string, unable to move- not unless they wanted the string to dig into skin. And with that, they finally noticed the fact that the skeleton jockey thing- it was covered in strings too. Keeping it bound to the side of the building within the alleyway.

"About time you noticed!"

A voice chirped happily and Sapnap struggled to look at where the voice came from. He couldn't. But he saw George's lips curl into a sneer.

"Stella." He spat out, teeth bare and sounding *pissed*.

He had no idea who that was, but whoever 'Stella' was, Sapnap already did not like her.

"Hello George. Long time no see."

Chapter End Notes

asjfdbe

[by vivienne-joi](#)

shrafde vivienne really be making everyone here!! BUT HEY I'M NOT COMPLAINING XD

eret was rather harsh at the start wasn't she? welp, she did the somewhat right thing? the morality of this story is very very ambiguous. i'm trying to relay that age REALLY doesn't matter in the mag's world. kids can be kind and understanding, but they can equally be cruel and malicious. humans are just like that, it's 50/50 chance. and the mag world is harsh and made of young child soldiers who grew up way too fast in very different and dangerous environments, they've seen death and much worse things.

they all need therapy. but just because they do, doesn't mean they're not dangerous. maybe there's some truth in dan's baby act, but it doesn't change the fact he's trying to take advantage of his age. he tried it once for wilbur, he tried it again and failed with eret. wilbur and techno are struggling with the culture shock. purpled's not used to it but he understands it.

how. how did i do the sapnap part- don't look at me, i may have written it but i am honestly shocked with myself for writing it

weapon time!!

sapnap's weapon; 2 and a half meter staff with gems on the end :) will get more into it in the next chapter

dream's weapon; axe of course. it's practically part of his character at this point. need i say more? ability and secondary weapon still pending.

i forgot to put in last chapter but, purpled's weapon; broadsword. keeping to that knight/mercenary feel. with a small glimpse we know that tommy's been training and somewhat teaching him- not to fence but to fight. still thinking for his ability and secondary weapon.

drista's weapon; magic staff. a smaller staff but definitely different from sapnap's flaming sectioned staff, it's kinda more like a rod or a baton in terms of size and length. she's more magic-based and doesn't have an element. she can buff people and make good defense- she's more of a supporting role with her staff. her secondary weapon? baseball bat.

george, drista, sapnap and dream seem to be in a pickle. how ever shall things go?

WELP! time to head back to Rewind! i'll see you all next time! thanks for reading, it's been great but i have to head back to my main story!

Wake Up

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Drista breathed quietly, steadily, staying as still as she possibly could so the strings wouldn't tighten around her limbs.

She really hated the string and what came with it.

Or rather, *who* came with it.

"About time you noticed!" Her familiar voice chirped annoyingly, though Drista couldn't help the needles of helpless fear and lingering anger that pierced her heart. Remembering her sickly sweet voice paired with pain that had lasted for too long.

"You're new aren't you? I can tell. You look absolutely stunning darling! What's your name? Oh, look at that mask of yours, it's lovely!"

George bared his teeth at the young woman, spitting out her name. "*Stella*." God, he sounded pissed.

Good, lord knows Drista wanted to be as well.

"Hello George. Long time no see." Stella greets with a smug, smiling face.

Didn't look like she's changed much since Drista last saw her, it's only been a couple of months since their last encounter.

Stella was tall for her age though she was just a year younger than George but she was taller than him by an inch or so, even without her tall heels. She had a pretty face, Drista would give her that. Thin and sharp with distant and cruelly amused blue eyes that paired with her unnaturally silver hair which stopped right above her shoulders, it was part of her transformation just like how Ranboo's and some other mags hair changed color, Drista had no idea what her natural hair color was.

She wore a light grey long and slim cocktail dress that shimmered slightly whenever she moved and hanging loosely between her arms and body was a silky, silvery white shawl that Drista had bad memories of.

*She couldn't **breathe** she couldn't **br e athe**-*

Not only decorating her arms but protecting them were metal-made chain sleeves that started at the neckline of her dress before ending at her fingers, each one adorning a silver chain ring where multiple white strings connected to the twisting metal. Though her right hand middle finger had a gleaming and circular moonstone on it, her gem.

Stella sat on a swing made of her own threads and strings of white-ish magic, her pale stocking-covered legs crossed as the string carried her up from where she'd been hiding in the alleyway below them. She looked so casual, perched and sitting there with her dominant right hand held out almost daintily where most of the strings were connected. Her blue eyes glowed with white flecks as she glanced from George, to Drista, to Dream and Sapnap.

"My oh my, hello Drista *darling*- it's certainly been a while since I've seen you dear!" She exclaimed with a cheery sweetness that practically clogged Drista's throat up with bile. "And oh *hi there you handsome two- I don't believe we've met~*" Stella purred, eyeing her brother and his best friend. An interested gleam in her eyes that reminded her all too much of how *she* had been interested in *her*.

*Slim fingers pressing around her mask and gem, Drista felt uncomfortable as she felt the phantom sensations on herself. "I- Can I- Can I have my mask back please? I don-" Suddenly **pain** shot down her spine, it stabbed her heart, her brain, her very core- but just as it appeared, it disappeared soon afterwards. "OW! What the fuck was that?!"*

Stella gives her a smile, gentle and damning, "Just a little boost for you dear. It'll help you grow strong!" She lied with a soothing, gentle tone.

George finds her days later, horrified then furious.

Stella had lied to her. Her cube cracking isn't a good thing at all.

She wasn't trying to help Drista.

*She was trying to turn her into a **monster**.*

Drista couldn't help jerking in the threads despite her earlier want of staying still, she snarled at the woman, "*Fuck off you witch! Stay away from them!*"

*Of all mags to meet tonight of all nights- it had to be fucking **Stella**.*

Stella tittered at her shouting, looking all too amused. "You're just as feisty as I remember you- no, even *more* feisty. You seem to have grown more powerful as well, that's nice." The female mag hummed, though there was blatant disappointment in her voice.

The cause of disappointment was the fact Drista had grown stronger as a mag underneath George's care she's sure. And the fact she wasn't a fucking *mob*, like the jockey trapped on the wall there.

Dread and horror mixed together in her stomach as she realized that the jockey had probably been a mag.

A mag just like her, new to the world they'd been pulled into and ignorant to its state.

Had they been bright-eyed like her? Excited for the possibilities of magic even at the promise of danger?

She'd been so cocky, so naive. *Tricked by a woman who fed her lies upon lies.*

Young, Drista wanted to say even though it had only been a few months since she had started.

Drista had contracted outside of the city on a field trip with her classmates.

She had been rescued, then contracted with Ohne shortly afterwards and had been quickly enamored with the idea of having magic- she was fourteen, and though she claimed to be mature, the prospect of actual magic had been too tempting to a young girl like her. Especially with someone supporting her stupid naive actions.

So she made her wish, and became a mag.

It had been amazing at first, she had *actual magic* but-

The world she had gotten herself into was much darker and harsher than she had realized, and she had quickly found not long after Stella started to *teach* her.

There was a reason she went against Lani becoming a mag, she was just like her. Young and naive, thinking herself mature- and she was, she was one of the smartest and most mature girls she's ever met and they were *great friends*, but...

She didn't want Lani ending up like her.

She didn't want Lani ending up like the poor spider jockey on the side of the building there.

"George- who the *fuck* is she? What the hell do we do?" Dream asks from where he was forced stay still and standing. He seemed calm, but Drista knew her brother was panicking on the inside.

George gritted his teeth and glared at the amused woman before him, "Sh-" He started only for Stella to interrupt, hopping off of her thread-made swing and unto the rail of the roof. The swing glimmered before disappearing, though Drista couldn't tell if it disappeared for good or it it just wasn't visible.

"You may call me Stella. I'm a... *business opportunist*."

George snorted derisively, "She's a *mercenary griefer* and *serial killer*." He corrected with disgust.

"*What!?*" Both Sapnap and Dream chorused as Stella clicked her tongue in annoyance.

"Oh *please*, I take offence to the serial killer tidbit. I've never personally killed anyone with my own two hands. The deaths I've witnessed were all circumstantial and coincidence and were done by others, not by me." She said, waving her free hand then curling the other. Drista was alarmed to see the strings on George tighten, to the point that the thin but strong and sharp strings were drawing some blood from him. "Mercenary griefer is technically correct though I suppose."

Sapnap made a noise as George hissed in slight pain, "George! George are you okay?!"

"I'm *fine*." George replied stiffly then scoffed, "You're one of the worst griefers known in the mag community. You trick mags, new young mags especially, into turning into *mobs*- there is a goddamn *wither jockey* being *held down* over there."

Drista sneered at her, fists clenching tightly, "Even if that bullshit 'never personally killed' thing is true, *you're still an accomplice to murder!* And a whole damn lot of it!" She had planned to turn Drista into a damn mob! A monster! She was tempted to say that but knew Dream would go nuts and do something reckless if he found that out *now*. Maybe afterwards when they *weren't* trapped in Stella's damn strings.

"Hmph, you two just don't understand. As long as there's money, a sensible amount of it, anything is worth it. The mag market is going nuts now, did you know?" Stella questioned casually, phone appearing in her hand from her inventory. "With the revelation of magic and mags, the mag market has new clients who are *very interested* in what we deal. There are new jobs being posted by the hour, and the highly paid ones call for high-tier item drops. And even more interesting- *a capture of a mob itself*. Times are changing and the money is growing. This wonderful little dear I have here is going to give me a *lot* of money, someone's paying a very pretty penny for that sweet little thing." She motioned to the tied down monstrous wither jockey.

Dream almost couldn't believe it, "Someone's *paying you* to get *that thing?!'*" For the life of him, during that moment, he couldn't think of a single person who would *want* to have that nightmarish creature captured. *Sweet little thing his ass! That monster looked horrific and could likely bite more than a few people in half!* Which at this point if what everything implied was true- *it probably already has*.

Stella giggled happily, phone disappearing as she clapped her hands together, "Someone indeed is! *It's a lot of good money*." Her happiness abated slightly, to let a sly and cold expression fill her eyes, "Which is exactly why you will not be getting in my way."

Ranboo woke up gradually, feeling somewhat refreshed but still a bit drained. Confusion clouded his head briefly as he felt for where he was.

He was laying down somewhere, there was little room to move, and he was hugging something soft.

No wait.

He was hugging *two* things. Something soft *and* someone.

Ranboo blinked blearily as he sees tufts of familiar blond hair partially obscuring his vision along with small fluffy clouds of light blue floating about and cushioning the person he was hugging in his sleep.

He recognizes both, the fluffy clouds being George's wondrous sleep-inducing magic that had a nice side-effect of boosting magic recovery healing *and* Tommy.

It takes only a few seconds for the cogs in his brain to start turning and he realizes that something was definitely off because *something* must have happened to have Tommy underneath George's sleeping magic so heavily. Shaking his head, Ranboo shifted, trying to extract his arms from around Tommy, feeling only slightly embarrassed for using his best friend as a teddy bear.

"Ranboo? You're awake!"

Ranboo yawned as he sat up after making sure Tommy was still lying comfortably on the... couch? They had both been sleeping on. "Phil?" He mumbled a bit groggily, trying to become as aware as possible- they weren't in any danger. He'd definitely be more awake if they were, reflexes and mag senses after all but without that danger, it was taking longer than he'd like to fully clear his head and try to figure out what the hell happened.

Last thing he remembered was...

"*Oh.*" He breathed, looking around the living room he was in.

He was in Dream and Drista's living room.

He had been sleeping on the couch with Tommy, in both their living room.

Phil was in the living room as well.

"Ranboo, mate, you alright?" Phil asked with concern, glancing between him and his still sleeping son. "You passed out as soon as we got here. Got us kinda worried there for a moment."

Ranboo smiled awkwardly, trying to wave off and calm his concern. "It's alright! I'm good, I'm good- I just- It's hard to teleport more than two people at the same time. I uh, I've never teleported so many people at the same time before. I was just, really, really, *really* tired Phil. Magic depletion and everything." He replied, scratching his neck before he perked, "Having Eret helped lots though, speaking of Eret, where are-" He looked around.

It seemed like they were the only ones in the living room.

"Where-" Ranboo cut himself off as he sees the grimacing look on Philza's face, an uneasy feeling settling in his stomach. "... Phil, what happened while I was asleep? And why is Tommy asleep underneath George's magic?" He had a feeling he wasn't going to like what Phil had to say.

Which he was *absolutely right*, he did *not* like what happened while he'd been unconscious.

Dream and Sapnap really did contract. Then Techno and Wilbur wanted to do it too, which set off Tommy- sounded like he was on the verge of entering creative mode, so it was a good thing that George put him to sleep but the fact of the matter is that Tommy wouldn't have been angry is Techno and Wilbur hadn't wanted to form a contract with Exde and turn into mags. Tommy was going to be *so angry* when he woke up.

Ranboo could just see it now.

In the end, Ranboo could only ask one question to Tommy, Wilbur and Techno's father. "Why? Why did you- You *let* them contract without much protest Phil I- *why?*" Ranboo didn't get why, especially when he was sure Phil had been against it in his apartment.

The older man was silent, but he looked older than he was at the moment and tired. "I'll admit, I probably shouldn't have let them do that but... I know my boys Ranboo. They were going to contract one way or another. With or without my permission. The moment we'd turn our backs, they'd go off on their own which isn't exactly something I'd like for them." He took in a deep breath, sighing heavily as he gave Ranboo a defeated smile. "If they were going to do this, then I'd rather make sure they do it with experts around and help them with it rather than doing it in secret and ending up..." He trails off, unable to finish.

Ranboo grimaced as he thought about it.

Maybe it *was* for the best they contracted right in front of everyone. It really would seem worse if they went and turned into mags right behind their backs.

"At the very least, I want to make sure all three of them are supporting each other. Tommy... I mean no offense to everyone, including you Ranboo but- Tommy's been alone in this for long enough. He should've had his family by his side at the beginning." Ranboo would've actually been offended regardless of Philza's words if it weren't for the despair, grief, relief and other conflicting and genuine emotions that were on the older blond's face.

Still, he couldn't help but feel a bit indignant even with the deep familial concern Philza had for Tommy. They hadn't seen Tommy in action, earlier on they had the *potential* to see what Tommy could really do, which wouldn't have been the right time but maybe then they would've thought twice if they saw how powerful Tommy was. "Tommy's gotten really powerful Phil. By technicality, he's the third most powerful mag in our team, first by raw elemental power alone. Neither of any of you have seen him really let loose."

Tommy was the Human Santorini.

Risk his wrath and you'll fall like old Thera.

"... I guess." Phil murmured, though Ranboo knows that he's having a hard time trying to think about that when he sees Tommy sleeping so peacefully on the couch.

Tommy doesn't look like a hardened veteran of magic with his face slack and his magic hidden and calm.

And Philza was a non-mag, and Tommy's father.

For all Philza might want to believe what Ranboo was saying, right now, the man was just seeing the son he'd raised. The son who smiled at him in the morning and made loud jokes, just yesterday the man had watched Tommy bump into the wall and scream at Wilbur when the older had teased him about sucking up to Phil for more allowance.

"Stop sucking up to dad!"

"I'M NOT SUCKING UP- I think that the coral would be a lovely color-"

"I like the coral, I like the coral-"

"OH MY GOD WILBUR-"

Phil laughed as his two sons nagged and mocked each other, his third one letting out a helpless sigh on the couch before mouthing the color he liked most to Phil.

Ranboo understood Phil, but at the same time didn't since he'd been a mag for as long as he knew Tommy and Tubbo. And even though Tommy was a goofy person, he was still someone that Ranboo had endless respect for. They were best friends, but Ranboo would never underestimate Tommy when it came to their mag business.

"Ranboo!" Tommy roared, a feral look burning on his serious face as the distorted world around them burned and boiled. His eyes were completely red, the scent and temperature of ash and heat that clashed heavily with their false winter surroundings.

Ranboo could feel a bead of sweat fall down the side of his face, but he tightened his grip on his whip and pulled- "Tommy!" He screamed back just as the hissing and cracking ice witch mob was sent flying towards the readied teenager. Ranboo quickly teleported as far away as possible, getting to high covered ground, covering his face and curling up as Tommy let loose the final blow-

CRK-THOOOM

The chunk shook from the eruption of magic and heat, Ranboo panting heavily from both exertion and the quickly rising temperature and only sighed in relief when the chunk finally shattered and the cool night air started to soothe his body. "Whoops. Sorry 'bout that Ranboo." Tommy apologized, still dripping with magic and heat even as his eyes turned back to blue. "Didn't mean to do that much." Ranboo could only laugh a breathless laugh and collapse on the spot, letting himself rest while Tommy dealt with the dropped item and the report.

It was hard to compare and see that both the Tommy that Phil knew and loved and the Tommy that Ranboo knew and respected were one person.

It was hard, but they would learn.

They all would, and not only would they learn not to underestimate Tommy. But Ranboo and the others as well.

They had worked too hard to get to where they were.

However in turn, the veteran mags would learn that maybe, just maybe, having the new mags alongside them wouldn't be so bad. After all, it was better to stay close together than split apart.

Especially with the incoming backlash of magic being revealed.

A global shift had just happened, and another was on the horizon, a new dawn that would reshape their entire world.

Chapter End Notes

:D

[by vivienne-joi](#)

vivienne back at it again WITH PURPLED THIS TIME :D

[by spicymarsha](#)

RANBOO AND ERET MY BELOVEDS! aaa ranboo looks so good!!

[by Basabi](#)

ehehehe dream and george! damn, i do like george's design here XD also sorry basabi but unfortunately i have no twitter :(

[by vivienne-joi](#)

RANBOO!! vivienne you're amazing :D

[by vivienne-joi](#)

TIS SAPNAP <3

[by galacticguppy](#)

it's the new mag quartet :D aka dream, sapnap, techno and wilbur!

[by tabra](#)

YOOO they made a small comic of tommy from the first chapter! on paper with some color :DDD

[by tabcra](#)

it's the digital version of the comic of tommy from the first chapter :DD

sorry for the lack of updates for Wishes! i WAS planning on updating yesterday, however i couldn't due to a migraine and not feeling too good. however, today, i managed to finish this chapter :)

if you haven't heard then you must not be reading Rewind, which is the main story i'll be focusing on until it's completion which should be either at the end of this month or at the start of may. Wishes will essentially be on the back burner until i finish that story, after that, i'll be taking a long-ish break THEN giving Wishes my complete attention. though that won't mean i won't update it totally! sometimes, if i can, i'll update this while focusing on Rewind!

man, i'm really making the setting for the mag world to be super dark aren't i? and i feel like i made it somewhat harder on myself for foreshadowing the end there... welp, i'll try my best! at the very least, it'll be interesting on how everything goes! honestly, i don't know what'll happen either, i once again and kinda like Rewind, am half-assing and bullshitting a lot of things and pulling random things into place.

you guys seem to like that so i hope you enjoy and see you next time!

edit: edited a bit of drista's part :)

Biomes and Inventory

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Of *all* people to meet, of *all* griefers out there-

It just *had* to be Stella, George thought to himself with an annoyed scowl as he eyed the damned woman who currently had them caught in her string.

And he'd put Tommy to sleep just hours earlier, if he had known Stella was around he'd definitely would have dragged Tommy with them on a floating fucking cloud then. Which was why Stella seemed so confident right now, without Tommy around, there wasn't anyone who could destroy her strings right away.

Sapnap might be able to, if George guessed his powers directly but even if that was the case, he wasn't sure if Sapnap's fire might be able to destroy the strings like Tommy could. Not to mention Sapnap was still a new mag in the face of all this- he hasn't even faced his first chunk much less face a veteran mag like *Stella*.

Which meant George would have to be a little bit more careful and thoughtful on how to deal with her.

It was going to be annoying since this was his last biome chunk but if it would get them all out of this mess and give them an advantage over Stella then fine, he'd use it. It was going to be a pain to get another but fuck it, Dream, Sapnap and Drista's safety came first.

The damned silver-haired woman giggled happily, putting away her phone as George carefully reached into his inventory, "Someone indeed is! *It's a lot of good money.*" Her smug happiness shifted into a familiar sly and cold expression, "Which is exactly why you will not be getting in my way." She said, smiling ever so sweetly at them.

"Oh go fuck yourself you shrewed hag." George snapped, fingers gripping the transparent little cube tightly. It was much smaller than a mag's soul cube and colorless, but the very sight of it causes Stella's eyes to widen.

His fingers tightened and the fragile exterior of the cube cracked easily underneath his grip, "*Shi-*" Stella's words and attempt to stop George were swiftly interrupted when the cube *shattered*.

Immediately the world around them began to shift, causing dismay to all but George at the sudden environment change. The stone buildings that they were on and had surrounded them quickly morphed into gigantic trees and mushrooms, the semi-cloudy sky cleared itself and seemed to become slightly brighter as the city smog disappeared and leaving only a beautiful night behind.

Gone was the city that they had previously been in, replaced by a gigantic forest of trees and mushrooms.

"GO!" George shouted as the strings around them loosened from the sudden shift of reality, the pompous string swing seat that Stella had been using had disappeared without the support that it previously had which led to her nearly falling from surprise. Her priorities switched from keeping them in place to catching herself before she fell on her ass and off the giant red mushroom she was suddenly on.

George's efforts weren't in vain as soon as the strings loosened enough, the four of mags were escaping her grip. They weren't the only ones though, the Wither Jockey which had been on the side of a building was suddenly atop a tree and roared as it tried to free itself from Stella's strings. Between them and the mob, George knew which one Stella would focus on securing first.

The Jockey of course, it was too valuable to her for it to suddenly escape her grasp after all.

They escaped into the mushroom forest, leaving behind an annoyed griefer woman and her captured mob prey.

"Where are they? I don't see them!" Wilbur exclaimed, looking around the area that Tubbo had directed them towards.

The rooftop they were on was empty, no one else but them were on it.

Eret grimaces as he looked around as well, he sees a few droplets of blood on the ground and his grimace deepens. He closed his eyes, sensing out the area with his magic. He curses at what he found. "They're here, but just not in this reality." He mutters, his lips thinning into a grim line. "George used his last biome cube, it's an MvM match now and he's set it so that nothing gets in *or* out." He glanced over to Purpled who's eyes widened before sighing.

"Well shit."

Techno cleared his throat, giving both of them a deadpanned look when they glanced over to him. "Mind explaining to the class on what exactly's going on? What's a biome chunk?" He was getting a bit annoyed at how little he and Wilbur knew about the situation, but that was partly the point on why they were there. To learn everything that their little brother had learned, experience what he experienced and grow strong enough to actually be of help instead of being a possible burden.

They weren't going to just let Tommy do all the fighting after all, they were brothers. They stuck together whether he liked it or not.

Still, it was only the first time they were out and Techno was already seeing how dangerous this all was. It only strengthened his want to grow stronger. His brother was definitely involved with some dangerous shit.

"A biome cube is kind of like a spawner, which you guys haven't even seen yet but you've heard about them right? Pockets of reality connected to ours but detached. Honestly, all spawner chunks have biomes, various environments that fit the mob or horde that lives inside the chunks. Plains, tundras, deserts- etc. A *biome cube* is like that, but without the mobs inside it, and a mag can use it to create biomes and chunks. It's usually not permanent though so the best way you can use biome cubes are for fights between mags, big ones that can destroy property and stuff. It's how most mags fight and avoid being caught if there isn't a spawner around to fight in." Purpled explained to him and Wilbur, he glanced to the still tied of griefers that they had brought with them. "They're not really common though, only dropped by either low-level mobs or high-leveled hordes, either that or you buy them from any Mags willing to sell them if they have any. And you can only use them either once or twice depending on the quality and how you use it."

Both Wilbur and Techno shared a look, it *had* been rather strange to them on how the mags had mostly managed to stay hidden if their fights was anywhere as chaotic as before. Wilbur had crashed into and destroyed part of a stone railing! Not to mention there were a few gouges, slash marks, burn marks and puddles left on the roof where they had fought.

The destruction wasn't as much as you'd expect but it was still there and the combination was certainly strange if you observed more into it.

Eret let out a tired breath, wiping the sweat from his brow and picking up where Purpled finished. "They're used typically for MvMs, or Mag versus Mag fights. Big ones at least. Even before when normal people couldn't see magic, it would be hard to explain how a building is suddenly destroyed- not to mention innocents being pulled into the crossfire... George's closed the biome to anyone outside of it, nothing's going in or out. Not until he says otherwise." Or until he dies, Eret thinks grimly to himself. It's something he doesn't say, but he has a feeling he doesn't have to.

"So that means George, Drista, Sapnap and Dream are essentially trapped in a pocket reality with who knows how many griefers *and* a possible mob and we can't help them?" Techno concluded with a tense frown.

Wilbur's brows furrowed as he looked between the two more experienced mags, "There has to be a way to help them. Is there any other way inside?"

"We could force the biome open, but that'd take a *lot* of magic energy. I'm still trying to recover from helping Ranboo with the mass teleportation *and* the fight. It's already taking a bit of my magic to keep these three tied down." Eret motioned to the three still tied up mags- he'd gagged them along the way when the girl had finally woken up and started a commotion. "The three of you could try to force it open on your own but you'd immediately be drained by the use of magic, and possibly we could just make the situation worse by providing a way of escape for the spawn feeders inside, or god forbid, *the mob*. I'm sorry Wilbur, Techno, but the best bet for now, is to wait."

Eret understood his two friend's frustration, he really did.

But he's been in this situation before, and he's made the mistake they were thinking themselves.

Experience told him to wait so he would.

And if anything bad was really happening, George would know what to do.

With Drista, Sapnap and Dream, George would definitely keep them all alive. Himself included.

"Ughh, I'm regretting my decision on leaving Tommy behind." He complained to them as soon as it seemed like they were safe, he takes a careful look around- checking for any strings that may have tried to latch on discretely while they ran away.

Nothing, thankfully. But that still leaves him on edge because Stella was a crafty bitch and her strings were fucking annoying.

Testified by his bleeding neck. It hadn't dug in deep but the blood felt disgusting as it started to dry and crust on his skin, doubly disgusting after he wipes and rubs against it in a futile event to get rid of it. "He could've burned the strings easily and she tries to stay away from Tommy, he's a natural repellent for her." George grumbled, "But *noo*, Tommy just had to be too emotional. I just *had* to leave him behind thinking we could've been *fine* despite it *literally* being the worse night of all of our mag lives."

"Are you going to keep bitching or do you have a plan for the psychotic bitch on our tails?" Drista questioned dryly.

George waved her off and gave her an equally dry look, *of course* he had a plan. It was in progress right now, they were out of her strings now weren't they? Let him complain, it's been a tiring night and all George wanted to do was *sleep*.

"*Serial killers?* Serial killers- *George the fuck is wrong with your 'mag life'?!*" Sapnap asked frantically with wide eyes, apparently still on the 'serial killer' bit that George had spat out in spite.

It wasn't entirely accurate but at the same time, it wasn't that *inaccurate* either.

"A lot of things are wrong Sapnap, I'd complain about all of them right now but we'd be here all night." George replied coolly, adjusting the goggles on his face and leaning against the giant mushroom stem of the mushroom they were hiding underneath for the moment.

Dream finally looked around, green eyes squinting at their surroundings. "Where the *fuck* are we? How the hell did we get here?"

Drista and George gave them the short-term explanation as best as they could, luckily, Sapnap and Dream were quick to just understand or at least get the gist of it. "So we can *get* stuff if we kill stuff like that monster she had? The, the- fuck what's it called again? Jock thing?" Dream asked quietly, looking up at probably one of the most beautiful night skies he's ever seen in his life *in person* rather than pretty pictures on the internet. Literal galaxies were swirling right above him, they weren't real but damn if they weren't fucking beautiful.

"Jockey." His sister corrected, somewhat amused but just as awed by the biome that George had created in such short timing. "Mobs and hordes can drop stuff yeah, and that stuff can be shit like this- the whole biome cube thing. The drops can range from stupid and useless to actually amazing and fucking *useful*. There's a whole market of mags selling stuff for this, you pay either in cash full or by other items."

Both Sapnap and Dream stared at the two of them, "Hold up, is *that* why you stopped asking Mom and Dad for cash?" Dream asked her, a few odd things clicking in his head. George was enough to make believable explanations to his money, he had a good inheritance from his family, he wasn't the type to buy big things unless he had to, he liked saving money more than spending it or was just too lazy to spend it, and his streams got him some stable money but *Drista*? It explained how she suddenly was able to buy that laptop she always wanted despite Dream having been sure she didn't have enough money to buy it herself.

Their parents had chalked it up to a spare job that Drista was taking, they weren't exactly right but weren't exactly wrong either. Apparently being a mag did pay well.

Drista gave him a smug grin and nodded. "Yep!" She popped cheerily, though soon afterwards she dropped the smile. "It's not all good though, Mag Market is really shady, you've seen what the requests and jobs can be but holy shit I've never heard of anyone paying to capture live mobs before!"

"It's not a normal request to ask, yeah." George agreed, though he had a feeling on just who was asking for live mobs in the first place. It definitely wasn't a mag, not a sane one at least. "Enough talking, we've wasted enough time- we need to deal with Stella before she deals with us. We also need to deal with that Wither Jockey, it's too dangerous to be left alone. Regardless of whoever wants it for whatever reason, mobs need to be put down as soon as possible before they turn into a world class disaster." He shuddered at the very thought.

Quite frankly, he was surprised that a world class disaster mob hadn't been spawned from the fact that magic had been revealed alone.

He wasn't going to jinx it though and just thank the universe for being at *least somewhat* merciful to them.

"Can't you put her to sleep like you did with Tommy?"

George gave Sapnap a blank look, "Tommy wasn't expecting me to put him to sleep, frankly I was lucky that he didn't notice until it was too late. Stella, on the other hand, is on her guard. She knows my magic, *she knows me*, she's prepared against me. And to Drista to an extent, she knows Drista's magic... but she doesn't know how much she's improved since the last time they met." Dream gives Drista a questioning look, frowning underneath his cloth mask when his sister seemed to flinch and hunch over before forcefully straightening her back.

"Not only that but she has no idea who you two are or what you do. She'll be on her guard, so I need you three to listen very carefully..."

It's satisfying. Hearing the hiss of a soda when it's cracked open, hearing the carbonated air escape the can and taking a fine swig from said can and enjoying the bubbly concoction.

Yeah, it's satisfying drinking soda, especially on a busy night like tonight.

Despite the contents of the soda and how it was suppose to help him stay awake, which it was, he found comfort and a strange type of relaxation from drinking it. It helped calm his nerves after the report from Eret's group. George's group had seemingly came in contact with the spawn feeders and engaged in battle, using what Tubbo believes to be his last biome cube for their confrontation.

Understandable, though Tubbo hopes that at least the mob they'd be facing would drop a biome cube in return or something good because the prices for the damn cubes had shot up along with pretty much every other item on the Mag Market. Not to mention the jobs that were being posted on the sites were...

"Where the hell did you get that can of soda?"

Tubbo blinked at the sudden question, abruptly reminded that he wasn't alone within the kitchen at the moment.

His father was at the doorway, leaning against it and squinting his eyes at the can and Tubbo. "You just fucking- you reached out into *nowhere* and suddenly *poof*- soda. What the fuck?" Schlatt questioned as he entered the kitchen and went to sit across Tubbo, eyeing the soda can. "Let me guess, more mag magic bullshit?"

The veteran mag cracked a wry smile, "Pretty much." He agreed, finger tapping along the rim of the can. "Every mag has like their own personal little inventory- you know like in games? That's what we also call'em, inventory slots. We can store almost anything in there."

Schlatt rose a brow at him, "Almost anything?"

"Can't store living people in them, or anything bigger than myself. Items of the same thing are stacked together like soda cans, I've got like, sixteen cans in my inventory." Tubbo told him humorously, wanting him to know one of the highlights of a mag. The inventory system was cracked in some ways but very useful. "We've only got like twelve slots though, some lucky mags get twice the amount." Lucky bastards, the items he'd put in those extra slots... But he made do with the twelve he had.

His father's face scrunched in confusion, "Why?"

"Why twelve slots or why some mags get twice that or just why generally? Like, why do we have inventory in the first place?"

"Ehh, all of the above."

Tubbo snorted at the reply but shrugged, "Dunno dad, it's just like that sometimes. I've been a mag for like a year or two now and I still don't know why myself. But a lot of people think it's got something to do with your wish or personality or *something*, like your outfit and

powers. Exde won't answer clearly, though he did say that mags have inventory as one of the perks of just being a mag so there's that." The older man frowns and Tubbo cringes slightly, tensing and getting himself ready for whatever his dad has to say.

"Kid... For as much as I want to say shit about what happened, how you shouldn't have sold your soul and shit like that- you really shouldn't have but- it's not exactly like I can change the past now can I?" Tubbo was slightly taken back by that, and the way his dad stood up, reaching over to grab his shoulder firmly but in a more comforting way rather than angry. "Trust me, I'm angry, but most of that anger is towards the fuckheads that thought it was a good idea to get you into this shit. But all I can say Tubbo right now is that... Be careful, alright? Don't get yourself killed."

Tubbo knows Schlatt isn't a good man, nor was he a perfect father.

Still, he was the best dad Tubbo could ever ask for.

"Oh, and you're grounded by the way. When this shit's dying down, you are *so* grounded. You may have magic now but I am going to find a way to make this grounding stick, so help me."

Fuck, is it too late to take back the best dad comment?

Chapter End Notes

[by vivienne-joi](#)

VIVIENNE BACK AT IT AGAIN WITH DREAM!

[by vivienne-joi](#)

AND WILBUR

[by vivienne-joi](#)

AND ERET :DD AND SO FAR WE JUST NEED TECHNO TO COMPLETE THE SET!

[by anja-coffe](#)

RANBOO MY BELOVED! crack those whips >:D

[by fallenxsnow](#)

wilbur playing his violin! pogchamp!!

[by lilytheraven](#)

tis TOMMYINNIT! man i love seeing how you guys draw everyone, it's so cool to see them all drawn in different styles and stuff :)))

[by art-error-jp](#)

it's a doodle of the bench trio :3

[by TheEclipticArts](#)

ranboo :DD

[by TheEclipticArts](#)

WILBY <3

HELLO! it's been a while i know!

sorry, i've been focusing on Rewind and the Shelves so this was on the backburner for a while!

currently had to write this out because i was on a writer's block for Rewind, so here's a chapter for Wishes including some more worldbuilding bullshit that i've pulled out of my ass! wasn't too sure on how biome cubes would fare but i did need an explanation on how there wasn't as much property damage as there should be with the mags around. you've all seen what they can do with the last fight between eret's group and the three grievers.

especially with the firepower some of them have.

so yeah, there's that.

and the inventory thing finally gets addressed! along with schlatt and tubbo talking to each other, it's kind of awkward and stuff but they're talking! and schlatt doesn't seem that angry! outwardly though. and certainly not at tubbo. much.

i hope you enjoyed! see you next chapter!

Stringing Along

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"Not only that but she has no idea who you two are or what you do. She'll be on her guard, so I need you three to listen very carefully..."

Stella adjusted her grip, the Jockey trembling underneath her strings but silent as she *finally* thought to gag the damn thing. Her strings held it down and wrapped itself around both sets of mouths, thick and indestructible. She was careful not to kill it though, her client was very adamant that it stays alive.

This was certainly different from her usual businesses but who was she to complain about that? Money was money after all.

No, what she *would* complain about was the amount of effort she would have to do now that she was trapped in George's biome cube. Quite honestly she hadn't really expected the trick to come from George but the man always did find ways to surprise her.

Though, Stella would reluctantly admit that her current situation was mostly her fault since she provoked them- but she couldn't help it. George and little Drista were right there, with no sign of their other teammates in sight aside from the two new mags that were with them.

And they would've interfered with her business anyway, they wouldn't let her whisk the Wither Jockey mob away peacefully.

The goons she hired, the other griefers, she briefly wondered what became of them before concluding that maybe Eret or Tommy had dealt with them. The three were good enough for the brief distraction they provided, and at least they would keep the others away.

But for now, she would have to deal with George, Drista and the two new mags in her way.

Concentrating, she manipulated her strings and magic, wrapping it around her face. The strings stitched themselves together and formed a rather pretty-looking veil that settled over her mouth and nose. The veil would cover half her face and keep her protected from George's sleeping magic. Most of it anyway.

It would be effective against George's usual mist and clouds, the very same mist that was gradually filling the forest around her she noted bemusedly. Seeing the ethereal blue mist spreading through the air around her and underneath the mushroom she was currently on. It was steadily rising, much faster than any normal mist and fog. She kept an eye out on the admittedly beautiful night sky for any of George's clouds.

Stella approved of the sky at least, everything else though? Not so much.

So far, she found nothing in the sky as the mist rose higher and higher as the minutes passed by.

Stella watched as it reached the Jockey, humming as the unnatural creature's trembling lessened. She tilted her head before smirking, the string gag that she used on its mouths shifted on its face as she lets it breathe in the slumber-inducing mist.

The Wither Spider Jockey was strong, it wouldn't easily fall asleep from just George's mist but it would certainly become groggy. Which would work in Stella's favor should she manage to escape with it, though if things get much too rough for her liking, then she'll clear the mist and have the Jockey go wild. It was fairly powerful when it wasn't underneath her restraint.

It really was a shame that George wasn't a griever, his sleep magic would have made a lot of things so much easier.

But unfortunately the man had kept to most of his morals and beliefs even though he could've done better, *be* better.

It was a bigger shame that George wasn't a mob though.

The items that Stella could get from him...

"There's still time, there's still a way..." Stella murmured to herself as she waved her hands, strings appearing all around her and spreading out.

She'll find a way to turn George into a mob, it was only natural- as a Mag, there are only two ways to die permanently.

Either your soul gets shattered, or you transform into a mob.

She was doing most mags a favor, soul annihilation seemed so terrifying, wouldn't it better to live on forever as a mob and then eventually an item?

It was certainly how *she* wanted to go.

One day, she would turn into a mob and then become an item.

But that day would be far into the future if she had any say in it.

Her fingers curled into her palm and the strings around her turned invisible as she smiled.

"Alright Georgie, let's see what you have in mind."

MvM.

Mag versus Mag.

Any instance of a mag fighting another mag or more is a form of MvM. Like the inventory, hordes, mobs and spawners- how they ended up being named as such was long forgotten.

Supposedly some mag who was a fan of games coined the terminology in the early years of modern society, back when video games were on the steady rise in popularity among children, teenagers, young adults- though it was the kids and young teens who mostly made up the mag community then and now. Barely anyone remembers what they were all called before except Ohne and Exde. The terminology just stuck after a while, it was easy to have it stick since most mags had short life spans and those that lived longer than average just went along with it.

Kids liked their games after all.

Not that the mag life was anything like a game.

There were similarities, but in the end, if the mag life *was* indeed a game...

It'd be a death game for sure.

Anyway, within MvMs, there were a few rules in place. Unspoken but mostly widely accepted.

When it came to big battles, battles that involved terrain-shifting or destroying abilities and such, all mags must be either in a spawner or a biome cube.

Secrecy came hand in hand with a mag's life, even though the magical precautions of how magic couldn't be recorded online so easily and technology usually didn't do so well with magic (excluding the tech-savvy and oriented mags) it was widely agreed upon that the mag life shouldn't become public. Of course there were those that didn't agree with that, but ultimately in the end, magic was supposed to be hidden away.

Fighting a fight that could destroy buildings, cause unnatural disasters and decimate their surroundings jeopardized that secrecy, not to mention the potential deaths and injuries that would come with it to the civilian populace would've ranged from problematic to catastrophic depending on the attack, how bad it affected the surroundings and such. There were many incidents that could be used as an example. Some natural disasters weren't all that 'natural' after all.

And no sane mag wanted their territory to be permanently scarred and destroyed from battle, so big fights were left in dimensional pockets where the damage didn't matter in the long run so long as you were alive to escape from it and possibly your opponent.

George hadn't really intended this to be a big fight or use the biome cube he had but seeing as he, Dream, Drista and Sapnap had been captured by Stella he didn't exactly have any other viable option.

"Are you sure about this?" Drista questioned him, tense and quiet as she and George hid within the branches of a tree. "We could this, end *her*." She spat, saying '*her*' with vitriolic disgust and anger.

George gave her a look that she could clearly see even with the goggles in the way. "You're not ready." He replied tersely, shifting his gaze up at the sky. "Our main goal is to get rid of

that mob jockey and survive. You're not the only one ready, *Dream and Sapnap* aren't ready either. You three are new mags, granted you're more experienced than them in more ways than I'd like but what matters most right now, is to *survive*. Stella is dangerous-"

"Which is exactly why we have to kill her!" Drista hissed, gripping her staff tightly, the glow of her gems brightening a bit. "If we let her go, she's just going to come back! She's just going to find some other poor mag to- to-" Her jaw clenched and her rage sputtered, her mind going back to when Stella had tried to groom her into a mob.

The pain she felt, the betrayal that lingered stupidly even though she *knew* Stella was a bad mag but-

She'd been the first mag Drista had ever met, she had been her *mentor*, someone she had once looked up to...

Drista jumped when she felt a hand land on her shoulder, George gives her a look of sympathetic understanding. Drista bites back her comments on how George wouldn't understand because that'd be a lie. George did understand. George saved her, took her under his wing *properly* and was there for her after Stella revealed herself to be a bitch and a monster.

"I know Drista, trust me *I know*. But... Survival comes before revenge. If Eret was here, or even Tommy- maybe I'd consider it but right now it's the four of us against her and that jockey. You know I can't open the biome cube without risking either of them escaping, so first thing's first. We kill the jockey and survive." George told her, his hand gripping her shoulder briefly before letting go.

Reluctantly, Drista nodded, she understood it all. Dream and Sapnap were new mags and while she had improved, she knows that it's still be a hard press fight to go against, not to mention this was Dream and Sapnap's first fight for both MvM and mob fight- they seriously had shit luck but that was probably the consequence for contracting with fucking Ohne on the night things went to hell.

Drista would say 'serves them right' but *no one* should have to face against Stella on their first night out.

Not even her annoying big brother and friend.

"Get ready. She's setting up her web right now, we need to act fast and knock her off her feet." George told her, motioning her to join Dream and Sapnap below. His two idiot friends were figuring themselves out, trying to find out their magics, their moves, trying out their new weapons- George was already thinking of ways to train them later on but that would have to come later.

Right now, they were about to pull off something reckless.

Drista's lips pursed but she nodded again and jumped down from the branch to join her brother and his friend. George stood up, looking over the treetops to where he *knew* where Stella was. His mist wouldn't do a thing against her if she had her magic protecting her and

preventing her to sleep, and it would only probably soothe and tire the jockey, not put it to sleep directly- it was too strong for his basic sleep mist.

But that was fine, he was using it for cover and to find her.

He could feel the slightest movement in his mist, feel the strings that were being set up within his forest. And it *was* **his** forest. This was *his* biome, the environment was something he nearly always created whenever he used a biome cube.

The mushroom forest underneath the night sky was his creation, he knew it like the back of his hand.

Stella might be powerful and one crafty bitch, but she was in *his* territory. In nearly all senses.

George was going to get out of here after killing that damned Wither Jockey *with* his best friends and teammates *alive*.

And if there was an opportunity to kill her...

Well, he wasn't going to oppose to it.

Elsewhere, a blond wakes up and nearly froths at the mouth with rage when he realizes what happened.

It's fortunate that his two best friends were there to calm him down before he did something he'd regret. Not to mention accidentally set the couch on fire or something.

Aside from the grumbles and muffled hisses that came from a certain monster, it was certainly quiet within the mist-covered world of the mushroom forest.

A certain woman in white didn't trust the silence.

She kept herself vigilant, the strings strung around and hidden would be her eyes and ears. Anything that would come within her web radius she would instantly see and she would instantly capture. Her fingers deathly still, just one twitch and the magic twine she created would move at her will. She was the mistress of her web, the spider that would act the moment its prey was its sights and in its net.

And her net was currently invisible, something George would know about but without Tommy around to burn everything to the ground, dealing with her strings would be difficult to achieve.

Or at least, it should be.

Stella feels it, a foot stepping on her string- her lips begin to curl and and she-

snipsnapsNIPSN

Wait-

SNAP

Her strings-

SNIP

They were-

SNIP

Stella gritted her teeth as she felt *her* threads snap and *move*- the traps she had created were being set off but she wasn't *catching anyone*.

'*Fast*', she thought to herself, pulling on her strings quickly, trying to catch the fast-moving target that was setting off her strings and traps randomly.

Whoever was going through her net was fast, faster than most mags she's met bar a few. A speed type mag? Who-

One of George's new mags. One of them had to be it, but who? The green one? The one with the face mask? It seemed very likely.

With that in mind, she gripped her hands and *pulled*, setting of the traps *before* the speedster could activate them. In the distance, she could hear shouting, the startled yelps and screams of a young man she doesn't really recognize.

She smirked but frowned as she realizes that he was *all* she could hear. Was he alone? Where were the others?

A distraction?

Stella tensed and quickly fortified herself, dropping her strings' invisibility in favor of creating more around her. Making sure they were thick and indestructible. She has to drop a few traps to do it, but it would be worth it to protect herself, but she doesn't drop all of them. She still tries to keep an eye on the fast moving mag who was doing an unfortunately commendable job in dodging her traps.

He was fast, incredibly so.

Usually mags' abilities would transform slightly once they turn into a mob. Stella could already imagine that the mob this mag would turn into would be one troublesome little thing.

Unfortunately she couldn't linger on that thought, too focused on trying to both keep aware of her surroundings as well as to catch the troublesome speed-mag that kept *dodging her traps*.

Dream was a fast guy. He ran track, did parkour, jogged when he could and when he could get away with it, he goaded his friends into chasing after him, dubbing them as 'manhunts'

because of it.

Those were fun activities that he enjoyed that involved running and such.

This?

Purposefully setting off string traps and dodging them to the best of his abilities?

He honestly couldn't say whether or not it was a fun activity, because on one hand, he's in danger of being caught and potentially dying (it's not hitting him that hard yet but he knows it's a possibility) but on the other hand...

He's never felt so alive and fast holy shit.

The adrenaline and magic pumping through his veins. The speed at which he was bouncing off of strings, branches, trunks- *anything* he can bounce and bound off of, relying on his reflexes and pure instinct in dodging the incoming attacks that were just a *bit* slower than him and danger nipping at his heels.

It felt like the first time he did a free-run parkour course all over again. The first time he ended up jumping off the side of a building to another. The first time he's done *mag parkour*.

It was like that.

But *better*.

And far more dangerous.

Despite the danger, the way his heart was beating out of his chest and his own screaming. Underneath his mask, he sported a large grin as he tumbled away from another net of strings trying to catch him. Dream was legitimately having some fun here! There was something just so *thrilling*, jumping from one place to another and setting off trap after trap behind him while also dodging a few traps before him.

If Drista or George knew about his smile and the way he felt, they'd definitely accuse him of being an adrenaline junkie. And probably a lot of other stuff.

Still, Dream let out a loud cackling laugh as he swung away from another trap, the strings writhing in the air behind him as he left, following the tiny blue cloud that was his guide. George had made it so it could guide him towards Stella, and even help warn him of the traps with how the strings would cut through the cloud as it passed through them.

But all fun things must come to an end.

Though Dream was doing an admirable job of dodging the traps and strings, setting off quite a few of them in the process, he was still a new mag that was inexperienced and hadn't faced an opponent like Stella before. Or ever.

It was only a matter of time before he-

"*FUCK!*" The masked man swore when a trap triggered *just* as he landed on what he thought was a trap-free branch.

-got caught.

The strings, which were much thicker than before, instantly wrapped around him and his limbs. Stopping him in place and tying him together. Dream struggled briefly but stopped and hung limp as he was forcibly pulled towards Stella.

He was pulled through a thick white wall of threads where Stella and the jockey were inside of.

Dream flinched when he heard the unnatural cry of that horrific jockey thing- it was still tied up in strings on a nearby treetop. Though it didn't seem to be struggling as much as it had been before. George's mist must have calmed it down a bit. It still sounded horrible. Still looking just as terrifying as well.

"Finally caught you you annoying little speed bug." Stella huffed, glaring at him, looking very annoyed as she curled her fingers, bringing Dream close to her. Practically face to face. "I'll commend you for setting off my traps and escaping from me for such a time, now... Where's George?" She questioned, scowling at him.

Dream smirked at her, acting as relaxed as he could be even though he was internally sweating, trying his best not to look up.

"No idea."

He doesn't even wince when his restraints tightened painfully, but he still looked a bit uncomfortable.

The woman scoffed, "Of course." She agreed sarcastically then smiled cruelly as she reached over to caress his face- okay, *very creepy*- "Shame I can't see your face. I only know one other person with a white mask, your eyes are very similar... Is Drista your sister hm? I can see the resemblance." Her fingers crept to Dream's gem and Dream couldn't help but swallow his fears as he strains his neck to see her fingers try to poke at it.

Only they were stopped by a transparent blue cloud that covered his gem. George's protection magic. Stella clicked her tongue, "Georgie, Georgie, Georgie... You'd think... You'd come up with... *A better plan!*" She shouts as she suddenly jumps back and a giant *fire ball* comes from the sky.

From the fire, Sapnap emerged with a determined look on his face, the gems on the ends of his staff glowing brightly.

Up in the air, George and Drista looked down below atop of George's cloud. "It's a work in progress plan." George deadpans in reply as the cloud disappears. He and Drista land safely on the ground, Drista hurriedly helping Dream take off the singed threads- Dream didn't have a scratch or burn on him. Mostly thanks to Drista's own magic protection that she casted on him beforehand.

Together, the four of them stand in the middle of her web.

Chapter End Notes

[by vivienne-joi](#)

AND THEY'VE FINISHED WITH TECHNO!! they've done it! vivienne-joi has finished creating the main Wishes and Family cast! so pog :DD

[by eu-nyx](#)

it's george's weapon!! i love the designs on his pipe!!!

[by eu-nyx](#)

the firey sword that tommy transformed when he got very emotional :DDD i love this guy's designs, they're so cool!!

[by sasupark](#)

EYYY IT'S THE MAG BENCH TRIO!! MY BELOVED BOIS, LOOK AT THEM :DD

[by TypicRHuman_AO3](#)

YOooo someone made a youtube animation meme thing about Tommy :00

[by Akystaracer22](#)

MAG PHILZA!

sorry for the long wait!

i wanted to focus a bit on stream labs live and rewind, both because i wanted stream labs live to get a few more chapters while rewind is almost finished! i am so excited to get to that :D

also i had a bit of writer's block for this chapter ngl but i managed!

i've decided to make dream a fast and heavy hitter! which means this man go *NYOOM* in a blink of an eye!

he's got great reflexes, is fast enough to dodge near instantaneous traps and is one fast motherfucker!

not my best chapter but i've wanted to update wishes for a while now.

welp. see you next time :D

Creative Mode

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"For this plan to work, I need you Dream, to keep her busy for a moment. Distract her. Set off her traps, run fucking wild."

George's plan wasn't the best, he knows but it was all he could think of where both his friends and Drista could come out relatively alright. Probably unscathed, but *alive* and really, that was all George could hope for and want. Pathetic but the ultimate truth.

Maybe Tubbo could have thought of a better plan, but they couldn't reach him. Not when they were in a dimensional pocket of his own creation.

The disadvantages of little dimensional pockets was that it was pretty much impossible to contact people once they entered a spawn chunk or biome. There was just something disruptive about the pockets that prevented any form of communication outside of its dimension, so no radiowaves, no wireless connection- nothing. So at the cost of being able to be destructive as possible within spawns and biomes, there was pretty much no way someone on the outside could just call or even *text* whoever was inside.

"Don't worry if she catches you, just run as fast as you can for as long as you can. Keep her attention on you."

There were attempts to try and bypass it, to try and create a form of communication that could work despite being in separate dimensions but so far. Nothing. Tubbo had been eager to try and create something, but with little results spanning over his entire career as a mag- it was frustrating. Not that he'd given up just yet.

"Come now George, four against one? Isn't that a bit *unfair*?" Stella called out in a mockingly coquettish manner, as if she wasn't the biggest threat with the giant fucking *wither-spider jockey* leashed and at her command. The thing was drowsy, Stella had let it breathe some of his mist to calm it down.

Calm and tied down as it was, George didn't trust it to stay that way for long.

Not with how things were about to go.

"Drista, Sapnap and I will be there on my cloud, we'll meet you in the middle when we get there. Sapnap, Dream. I need you to trust me on this, and I need to trust you on this."

George scoffed, "You're right, it's *totally* unfair." He bit back, the sarcasm heavy on his tongue. "Let's make it a bit more fair, hm?" Tugging down his goggles to his neck, Sapnap's magic flared brightly as a ring of fire appeared to surround them. It revealed the multiple threads that were splayed all around, the magic shining off them from Sapnap's flame. It also

protected them for a brief moment as Stella pulled back on her strings, a scowl on her lips as the fire crackled and threatened her magic threads.

Stella was always cautious to the hot, burning magic of certain mags. Even new mags like Sapnap. However, *because* he was a new mag, his fire was not as intimidating or damaging as a certain blond mag's magic. It was *nothing* compared to Tommy's magic actually.

But it would be enough to buy some time and a good form of defense.

George was going to have Sapnap improve his magic after this, he fucking swears.

"Dream, Drista, Sapnap- I'm putting my faith in you three to keep me protected. Only for a short time. Keep yourselves alive obviously, but make sure, I won't get hit by ANYTHING."

Grabbing his beanie night cap, he forcibly tugged it down, letting the brim cover his eyes as he fell backwards unto one of his clouds. He can't see anything at the moment, but he *hears* Drista and Sapnap's magic, hears Stella's threads zip about, trying to find an opening to pierce through Sapnap's fire. He doesn't doubt it would find an opening soon, but that's alright.

Sapnap's magic wasn't suited for defense against a mag like Stella's right now.

Still, he filtered out the sounds.

Filtered out the magic.

Focusing entirely inward, George closed his eyes.

And he slept.

"We only have a few minutes to do this, under ten minutes tops. Don't waste the time that I'll give you after three. "

What makes a mag's magic powerful?

Was it the way they wielded it?

The way they molded it into their weapons?

The way they used it in combat?

Outside of combat?

What made a mag, *powerful*?

Their skills?

Their experience?

Their weapons?

What was the apex, the *pinnacle* of a mag's power?

Creativity.

Creative Mode.

Few mags have ever achieved the level, the *power* that was Creative Mode.

One could be a mag for *years* and *never* achieve its unfathomable powers, the state of being that was the mag's apex.

Creative Mode was different for every mag that managed to achieve it, stylized and tailored to each mag's own magic. It might even change the magic on a different level, still related but different from how they used to use it.

Mags *became* their magic, for a brief moment of time.

Creative Mode was a difficult power to unlock, to achieve for a well good reason.

For all the power it offered, for all the pros to it- the cons were just as damning.

A sweet, pungent and *strong* aroma filled the air.

Something heavy laid on his tongue, threatened to rattle his teeth as he watched with wide, disbelieving eyes as the cloud that cradled George darkened and *twisted*. Steadily covering up the man completely while the gem on his beanie glowed bright.

"I never wanted to show this card but fuck it, if it's Stella, I'll use it. I'm not risking shit when it comes to her."

The once, light-blue fluffy clouds *thundered*. Turning a dark shade of grey-blue and flickered with yellow and white lightning. Even after George disappeared into the mass of writhing, thundering stormclouds, the light of his gem continued to shine, like a single blue star shining through a night sky covered in heavy clouds.

A shiver ran through his spine, raising the fine hair on his neck as the mist around them seemed to take on a darker shade of color and started to swirl, carrying a fine edge of tension and an abrupt flavor of danger.

Ozone seeped from the bundle that once was his best friend, lightning *crackled* through the clouds, flashing a silhouette of George's body within the tumultuous cradle of stormclouds.

Dream could barely hold himself back from screaming, at George, his sister, at Sapnap- *anyone*, just to try and get away from whatever George was becoming. *Had* become. It set off every alarm in his head, and he was surprised he was standing still in place. That *everyone* was just standing still.

Stella included.

Every alarm in his head blared, a panic in the making and yet, just as fast as it triggered, Dream felt a sense of *calm*.

The alarms were off, and there was an overwhelming feeling of *safety*. *Protection*. *Determination*. *Love*. **Protect**.

Dream was not George's enemy, he was his *best friend*. Naturally, he shouldn't feel so scared of George.

Stella on the other hand, was feeling *danger*. *Contempt*. **Disgust**. **Anger**. **ANGER**. **RESENTMENT**. "Georgie~!" Stella sang, eyes wide, cautious but *sparkling*. "You're in *Creative Mode*! How *WONDERFUL*!" The threads around them glowed brighter, just as the cradle grew and *shifted*.

A silhouette of a person stood in place, made entirely out of cumulonimbus clouds. It was tall, taller than either Dream and Sapnap. Whenever its chest crackled with lightning, the silhouette of the sleeping, curled form of their friend could be seen. On its 'face', was a bright blue glowing orb, surrounded by thunder and lightning. The dark, roiling skin of clouds shifted constantly.

George had turned into a storm personified.

Which absolutely stunned both Sapnap and Dream, *this* was Creative Mode?

And it was.

George's at least.

It was different for every mag that managed to achieve it. The pinnacle of their magic, the most *difficult* and *powerful* magic level a mag could attain.

Unfortunately, such powerful magic would come at a price, just as everything did.

Creative Mode unleashed a mag's power at full capacity, its only limit would be the mag's magic type, imagination, ingenuity, and magic reserves.

The Mode ate through a mag's magic reserves like crazy, it cannot be maintained for long. Not safely at least. But usually the short few minutes, or maybe even *seconds*, would be enough.

It also left the mag soul *completely vulnerable*.

As a soul cube, a mag's soul was indestructible, it could let the mag use magic but not much compared to when they were transformed. As a soul gem, it was no longer indestructible but at least it could be protected quite easily with one's own magic and a mag could use all of its magic.

In Creative Mode however, the soul gem turned into a pure, magic-fueled soul. Unleashing its full potential and ultimate might and power to the world.

Out in the open, exuding magic like a light from a flame.

And flames can easily be snuffed out.

Or corrupted.

Which was what Stella was going to do, *would try* to do. Her strings *lashed out*, a delighted crazed smile on Stella's face as she gazed upon the wondrous beauty of George's soul.

However instead of wrapping around the ethereal light of life, an orange staff collided with the threads, forcing them to wrap around the weapon instead. Stella was quick to tug against the staff but was snap her own strings when the staff was lit aflame.

"I'm putting my faith in you three to keep me protected."

Sapnap glared at Stella.

Magical fire burning bright and powerful enough against her threads- the orange mag certainly had potential and if it were any other time, she would have tried to *persuade* the man and find out just what type of mob he'd be. Right now though, her entire focus was on *George*. "You should have told me you achieved such greatness Georgie!" She exclaimed, jumping back to avoid the lightning strike that came from the towering, stormy figure. Stella's eyes were gleaming as she retreated to the Wither Spider Jockey, the threads around its limbs disappeared as she climbed to stand behind the wither skeleton that was fused to the spider mob, strings curled tightly around one hand that turned into reigns. "The item you'd turn into *would be even more glorious!*"

Dream, Drista and Sapnap stumbled back at the disorienting howl that jockey released as it got to its feet. George's sleepy mist had worn off, the effect disappearing quickly after George entered Creative Mode, and now the jockey was fully awake and underneath Stella's control.

As if to match the monster's howl, a loud rumble and clatter came from the storm giant that was George. His soul glowing brighter and brighter with every clap of thunder and crackle of lightning.

"Three minutes. That's all I can give you for self control. After that, make sure I focus on either the Jockey or Stella. Preferably the Jockey, we can't let her take it. Drista, you know what to do."

"So... what's going to happen to these three?" Techno asked them, glancing over to the three griefers that were still tied together. He ignored the glares he got, giving most of his attention to Eret. Purpled and Wilbur had been lead towards another spawner that Tubbo had said was nearby them. Purpled was going to show Wilbur what a spawner chunk was and how to deal with them- well, he and Eret had explained a lot of things over the past few minutes but to truly learn, one had to experience it themselves.

Originally, Techno *had* wanted to go, but someone had to stay with Eret to not only look after the three captured griefers but also keep an eye to the sealed biome chunk that George had

created.

"Is there like, a mag prison system here or..."

Eret's lips thinned, a displeased but complicated look painting her face. She shook her head, "No. There's no 'mag prison' here- Techno, there aren't enough mags to-" Eret paused, rethinking her words. "I guess the populace is going to shift and skyrocket at this point now that magic's been somehow revealed. Fuck, that's really going to be a pain; but no Technoblade. There isn't a prison we can throw them in, when things are done, we're going to take their pictures, kick them out of our territory and inform the mag boards about them. Some vigilante or maybe a bounty hunter will go after them. They're griefers, they've made their own enemies who can take care of them."

"That sounds..." The pink haired mag trailed off, unable to put to words on how he felt on that explanation.

The mag system he'd been dragged into sounded more and more shitty and sketchy the more he learns about it.

At least they have a built in hammer space and magic huh? That was cool to learn about at least, and explained how the hell Tommy hid so much stuff on him- including his fencing sword.

"I know." Eret sighed though her lips quirked into a crooked smile. "But who knows, maybe there *will* be prisons for mags now that we've been exposed. Fuck knows the government isn't going to like the fact there were people with magic running about underneath their noses. *Children and teenagers at that.* Not to mention the territories set up." She was kind of terrified to check her phone to see how things were going, there's already been an emergency broadcast, message, that was sent and showed all over the damn country now. Hell, all over the world she'd bet.

"Oh joy. I can't wait to see what the government does now that magic is a thing." Techno deadpans, he never did have a shining great opinion over the government. His own or others, some were better but still.

...

Just what *were* the government going to do about them anyway? About Exde and Ohne?

The two damned things couldn't be destroyed by normal means, regular bullets and bombs didn't affect them and even when they were destroyed there were countless of copies.

Eret straightened when he heard Tubbo's voice through her bluetooth, which caused Techno to tense as Tubbo's voice came in. "*So uh, fair warning-*"

There was a flash of white and black and immediately, the cold night air disappeared from the roof, replaced by an intense heat and aura that made all the mags present sweat for mostly the same reason other than temperature. "*Tommy's awake and he's not happy.*"

"Uh, warning's a little late there Tubs." Eret said weakly, gaze meeting the intense, narrow eyes of the greek-themed mag. Ranboo was shuffling away from Tommy, wisely keeping to the side. "Hey Tommy, it's nice to see you awake." A half-truth. It was *terrifying* to see him awake. And pissed.

Well, at least he wasn't steaming anymore? Not on the verge of going into Creative Mode, which was great for everyone.

Technoblade was about to comment, about to greet his little brother and suggest he turn down the heat when he noticed the way the three griefers had paled at the very sight of his brother. Gagged and bound, they had always been glaring at them both but now? They were downright *terrified*.

"So did Tubbo-" "Yes." Tommy snapped, scowling and rigid. "He filled me in to the bullshit's that happened after George *knocked me out*." He hissed, the air around them taking a sharp spike of heat before settling. It wasn't as hot anymore, but the frigid night air was certainly gone from that roof. "Any idea who's in the biome with him and the others?"

Eret chewed her on her lip, "A few. None of them good."

"Whoever it is, I call dibs."

Techno couldn't stay silent anymore, a bit fed up on the way that Tommy was blatantly ignoring him- the blond hadn't even turned to look at him once ever since he arrived. "*Dibs?*" He repeated, brows furrowing. "Tommy-"

"*Don't start with me Technoblade*." Tommy interrupted, finally turning to look at his big brother. His eyes flashed a bright red-orange, and the golden laurel in his hair seemed to shrivel just a bit, darkening slightly. Tied in Eret's magic, the three griefers made noises of distress, the little kid seemed to genuinely be crying underneath his gag. Techno gulped, Tommy took in a deep breath, his eyes fading back to their usual blue and the golden leaves flourished once more. "Don't think I'm still not mad at you and Wilbur. *And* Dad. I already chewed Dad up back at Dream and Drista's house, you and Wilbur will get your turn when we get back."

Before Techno could even get any say, Tommy continued, stepping towards his brother and jabbing his finger at him. "But in the meantime, *you* listen to *me*. Right now, *we are mags*. Doesn't fucking matter if you're my older brother, doesn't fucking matter that I'm younger than you, what *matters* is that you *listen* to those more experienced than you. Aka, *me* so get this straight and clear Techno; you don't get *any* say on what I do as a mag. Not you. Not Wilbur. *Not Dad*. You got that you fucking prick?" He doesn't even wait for Techno's response, he stomps over to Eret to talk about the griefers.

Techno almost goes to follow, but Ranboo stops him. "You uh, you might want to give him some space and time Tech." The teen warned him, holding on to the man's shoulder. "Anything you say will just piss him off more."

"*And trust us, a pissed of Tommy is one thing you don't really want to deal with.*" Tubbo's voice came from Ranboo's bluetooth, loud and clear for Techno to hear.

He hesitates, "I'd say I've dealt with a pissed off Tommy before but I feel like we're talking about two radically different types of pissed off." He admits. Tommy was rarely *actually* pissed off, but when he was, he really made it show. But then again, they were before the whole 'magic' thing- actually thinking back, it always did seem unbelievably hot when Tommy was angry.

God, it seems so obvious now however Technoblade still had no idea how the whole 'magic secret' thing worked. They hadn't been able to see the mark on Tommy's fingernail before today, and the bracelet was entirely inconspicuous. Strange and a bit out of place sometimes, but Tommy had easily lied and said Tubbo had given him the thing and vice versa.

"It's an understatement. One big hint and important thing to know; Tommy has a reputation in the mag community. A lot of people know him as the Human Santorini."

Human Santo-

Techno paled and wince, taking in his brother's tall and powerful figure from where he was standing and carefully rearranging a few mental things in his head.

No wonder the grievers looked scared.

Chapter End Notes

[by tabcra](#)

WE LIIIIIVE!!! tabcra's awesome comic on the first chapter pog :DDD

[by tabcra](#)

more on the comic! honestly it's one of my favorite things for wishes aside from viviene-joi's mag drawings :D

WE'RE BACK IN BUSINESS EVERYONE! did you miss it? i bet you did!
with Rewind finished i can finally focus on my other stories! WISHES INCLUDED!
you have NO idea how much i missed this, and have NO idea how much i've been frustrated over this fic and this particular chapter.

i think i've paced this story horribly personally, but i'm not going to fix it because we are 17 CHAPTERS IN and i need to continue this monstrosity. if i try to fix it i would need to rewrite it and while tempting, i'm not very sure on how everyone would react.
for now i guess i should just continue the story.

but IT'S HERE! CREATIVE MODE!!

you have NO IDEA how long it's been since i've thought about this.

we're really pulling away from puella magi madoka here folks! i've created my own power system!! here's to hoping it's a good one!!

at any rate, hopefully next chapter i can finally end this starting arc, it's been 17 chapters but we're still stuck on one night magic and mags were revealed. i've really dragged it

out huh? but hey! it's been fun! till next chapter :)

Victory and Retreat

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

*"Oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck **what the fuck**-"*

Purpled smirked in amusement as he watched Wilbur flail in place, a grossed out slightly fearful look on his face as his hand breaks free from the slime hold. "Come on Wilbur, this isn't even that hard of a spawner chunk! Look at how cute this horde is!" He called out from the safety of his purple-metal platform.

"Cute? *Cute?* You call **this** cute?!" Wilbur shrieked, swinging his stringless bow against the writhing, flying mass of slime-made bats that dripped with light-blue sludge. The bat was easily defeated but the slime dropped and accumulated by the musician's feet, trying to hold the man down.

It definitely was not cute, the bats looked fucking horrendous and how the hell could slime fly anyway?! *Fucking magic bullshit.*

The mercenary laughed, "Well compared to the other fucks we deal with, yeah! This is damn right adorable! They're not even toxic or acidic so be glad for that!" This was one of the easiest chunks that Purpled had ever seen in his short time as a mag, so he thought Wilbur should have a shot in taking it down.

It was certainly easier than the first chunk that Purpled had to take.

*"Oh well when you put it like that, I'm fucking **ecstatic**!"* It was intended to be sarcastic clearly, and it was, but there definitely was an undertone of relief to it.

Purpled laughed again, slashing the air at the incoming swarm of slime-bats that came for him and sending a deadly wave of magic that defeated the slimes instantly.

Really, if only every chunk was this easy...

But then again, with how easy this chunk was, there'd be no good loot that would come out of it. If any at all.

"Come on Wilbur, I know you can do better! I *watched* you do better against the grievers! Use your magic for fuck's sakes!" Purpled called out to Wilbur, "You're Tommy's brother aren't you? *That's* gotta count for something! Tommy would've been done with this chunk by now!" He prodded, watching the slight confusion and shock settle on the new mag's face. "Hell, he would've cleared this chunk in less than a minute."

Must be a new thing, to be suddenly compared to your own younger brother.

As far as Purpled knew, their family was a loving and supporting one, but there were moments that Tommy would be compared to his brothers. He knew that, he's *heard* about it. How Techno had done so much better at Tommy's age at fencing, how Wilbur was making a career of his talents and yet Tommy was struggling with his grades and had no idea what he wanted to be in life.

Quite honestly, it kind of pissed him off seeing as Tommy was *his* mentor.

Guy was younger than him but was one of the most powerful mags in the community.

Seeing Tommy being compared to his brothers in their normal life, mostly by outsiders but *sometimes* by their own friends and family, it ticked Purpled off.

Sure Techno was a fencing prodigy but has he ever put that into actual use? Wilbur was making a career but Tommy had a bigger reputation than he did. Tommy was too busy, too focused on being a mag for grades sometimes and knew exactly what he was going to do in his life.

They all did.

The moment they made their wishes, they knew what they were doing for most of their lives. ~~It wasn't like you could ever truly retire as a mag, you're a mag till you die.~~

For all the aloofness that Purpled emulated, to hide his own emotions and thoughts, he was frustrated with how people saw Tommy in their normal lives. They never saw how hard Tommy worked, how much effort he put into being a mag and how much power he had at his fingertips.

He kind of hated people who genuinely ragged on Tommy, who didn't see the blond as anything else than the troublemaking annoying little gremlin that he *definitely* was but there was *more* to that. Tommy was hardworking, he was strong, he was someone who Purpled actually admired and respected (not that he'd ever admit it aloud, aside from the respect part because that was fucking deserved) so yeah, he definitely didn't like people who didn't take Tommy seriously.

Also, he was still a bit pissed at Wilbur (and the others) for making the wish just like that.

Not as pissed as Tommy and George, but egging Wilbur on was fun.

And it was clear that Wilbur had no idea what world he'd just thrown himself in if he was freaking out from semi-harmless *slime-bats*.

...

Okay he might be a little harsh there since Wilbur was new and everything however he was going to stand by his decision.

Besides, Wilbur definitely looked like he needed some 'motivation'. Just look at him now.

With an indignant, determined and slightly frustrated look, Wilbur finally used his magic like he was *supposed to*. He had a magic violin, he should've been playing music from the get go instead of swinging that bow of his around like a furious conductor trying to swat a mosquito midair.

Purpled watched with interest as Wilbur played a sharp, angry note, his magic flaring and familiar blue notes started appearing in the air.

The magic violinist played hard and fast, the music guiding the notes into colliding and destroying the slime that kept him stationary and the incoming bats that came from the melting walls of the crystalline slime cave they were in. It was a pain to the eyes to look at but some chunks were just like that, magic thankfully reinforced, protected and healed a mag's senses.

He tried not to think of Eret's missing eyes and focus more on Wilbur's capability as a mag.

Music-inclined mags were actually not that uncommon, plenty of mags fought and used music as their magic. He thought of one such group that was one of the most powerful mags on the continent, the one who recruited music mags or made allies with them. If Wilbur had contracted earlier, away from them, he probably would've been sought out by the group. Though thinking more into it, he doesn't know how Wilbur would've fared in that group- especially with their leaders who were still, mags who had one of the weirdest (yet strangely powerful) abilities he's ever seen.

Purpled has learned a lot in his time with the others about mags, and one of the things he's learned is that literally *anything* could be used as a weapon. Magic or otherwise.

"There we go, that's it." The young teen hummed, actually feeling impressed as he heard not only pretty good music but watched as Wilbur's magical stream of notes not only deal with the slime but also lift Wilbur into the air. The man's eyes were half-lidded but focused. Good. He would've actually hit Wilbur if the man closed his eyes while playing his violin. He was a new mag, he wouldn't know how to sense things with his eyes closed just yet.

And if he did, Purpled was going to be pissed because he did *not* spend two fucking weeks blindfolded with Tommy randomly hitting him trying to learn that.

The memory has him flinching but he also smiles deviously.

God, once this night was over, he was *so* going to look forward to whatever regime Tommy, George and Eret were going to make for the new mags.

He could not wait.

Out of all of them, only Drista knew just how destructive and powerful Creative Mode could be. She's seen Tommy's Creative Mode, she hasn't seen Eret's yet but she's heard little snippets about it from the others aside from Purpled. And now she was seeing George's Creative Mode for the first time.

Stella knew as well, but unlike Drista the woman was insanely fond over it the fucking weird bitch that she was.

Creative Mode was *the* most powerful peak you could get as a mag, few have ever achieved. You could be a mag for *years* and never get it before you die. George had only *just* achieved that peak and he'd been the second oldest mag in their group! With *three* mags capable of the Mode, their rank and power would definitely shift within the mag community.

Personally however...

Drista hoped she would never achieve that peak.

Oh, the power was tempting, so very tempting.

But the risk of corruption would always make her fear.

It was horrible, how easy a soul could be corrupted.

And she wasn't talking about the dishonest, fraudulent fucking corruption, like a crooked malicious cop or something. No, she was talking about **corruption**.

The decay and entropy of a person's soul, twisted, *transmuted* into something so **unnatural** from it's original state. Turning that mag's soul into a *mob*.

Creative Mode made it so easy for a mag's soul to be **corrupted** by outside forces because the natural defenses a mag had were simply just gone. Instinct and pure strength and power were the only things left to protect it, but if that failed then...

Heavy. So heavy. Her head hurts, her chest and body throbbed and her magic...

Felt so wrong and aching.

"George," she sobbed against him, scales lining her arms and dark greenish glowing blood seeping from her gums. "Help me-"

She's felt the taste of corruption before, when Stella had tricked her, tried to *use* her, *turn* her, into a fucking *monster*.

Had George not found out, *had she been forced to keep contact with Stella...*

Admittedly, getting distracted by the *glory* that was George's soul was *definitely* a bad move on Stella's part. An embarrassing moment indeed.

But could you blame her? George's soul was *beautiful* and *right there*- just ripe for the *twisting*.

For *years*, she's wondered just what kind of mob and item her dearest Georgie would turn into. George was exceptional before, but now that he's reached Creative Mode? *He would definitely turn into something truly worthwhile.*

Her greed and excitement got the better of her, causing her to charge with the wither jockey in tow straight forward to the storm-personified mag. Her strings accumulated in her hands, twining and weaving together into a thick, mercury-colored morning star. Her magic twisting on itself within the weaved weapon, thick, heavy and ready to **corrupt**.

Corrupting a mag was almost insultingly easy; just inject pure unfiltered malice-infused magic into a mag's core/soul and viola. The corruption starts, acting almost exactly like an infection which unfortunately, it took *time* to completely corrupt a mag through normal means.

A soul cube was the hardest to *infect* and **corrupt**, a gem so much easier, but with a Creative Mode mag?

It would only take one giant injection and in minutes, George's soul would corrupt.

So excited with the opportunity to *finally* take George down, she nearly forgot about the other unfortunate mags that were trapped with her.

Almost.

With a sharp hiss, Stella pulled quickly on the reigns of her steed. The jockey screeching but mostly dodging the wave of attacks- a firey slash, a battle-axe's hard edge, George's magical lightning, as well as glowing green tridents that came from the floor.

The last one makes her *look* at the source, the brightly glowing green gem that was tantalizingly there on that tiny face of hers.

Drista.

Her little student.

She did once care for her, no matter what anyone said. One of the few people she took under her wing after the girl contracted, *and the only one to get away unfortunately.*

Stella clicked her tongue in annoyance, gripping the reigns tightly before quickly yanking it once more to avoid another wave of glowing green tridents that burst forth from the ground. Very soon, she had to jump to an entirely different mushroom with the jockey since she was forced to the edge.

"**GET HER!**" Drista bellowed, a burning taste of anger laced in her magic as she aimed her admittedly fabulous magic staff in her direction. Little darling really did hold a grudge, didn't she?

She truly was focusing on the wrong things at the wrong time, she barely was able to dodge George's lightning bolt. "*Shit-*" She gritted her teeth and *jumped* to avoid the onslaught of green arrows covered in orange fire- the newbie fire mag had summoned a wall of flames that Drista was using to cover her magic-made arrows with, clever, clever.

Her precious mount took the damage, wailing horribly and thrashed in place. Her strings glowed, she was prepared to pull the jockey away with her but instead gasped in shock as a

rush of stormclouds suddenly rammed into her, keeping her suspended in the air and then-

ZzzZZZ!!

Stella has been struck by lightning before. It wasn't a pleasant experience, it was embarrassing actually but luckily she'd been a mag by then; reinforced and strengthened by magic, her body withstood the natural force and the lightning was more of an annoyance than a damaging.

George's lightning was far. *More. Worse.*

The scream that tore through her throat was the loudest she's ever been in a *long while*, she hasn't felt this kind of pain *since she went against Tommy that one time*. When the magnificent brat had once caught her and showed her *his* Creative Mode and the strength he wielded.

However Tommy's attacks were far different and far more painful than George's, it haunted her dreams sometimes, that pain.

Pain was still pain though, and the feeling of lightning *continuously* striking her was **agonizing**. And if she wasn't careful, if the barrier around her gem faltered for even a *moment*, she would definitely die.

However, Stella has survived this far as a griever and she wasn't too keen of dying just yet.

An orange-copper rod appeared in her free hand, the top was round-ish, in the form of an egg. She was glad she managed to bring *this* with her.

Immediately the magic lightning was drawn to the top of the rod instead of her. Pain still lingered in her body, but she forced it aside, gripping her morning star so tight her fingers audibly *cracked* as she looked around as quickly as possible. Searching for George's, wonderful, glorious *soul*.

There!

Her arm protested in movement, painful pins and needles were forcefully numbed as she readied to throw the spiky **corrupted** ball at the *true* star in front of her. Glee overtaking the agony of her electrified body-

"*PULL!*" She had forgotten she still had strings attached to her fingers.

The ball of her morning star *barely scratched* the brightly glowing ethereal light that was George's soul. She screamed in outrage as she was torn *away* from the *beautiful soul*, missing her precious fucking chance at *finally* turning George into a mob! An item!

The force of the pull at her hands forced her to drop the magic rod, George's lightning continued to strike the rod even as it fell while Stella *crashed* into her wounded jockey. The damned thing was even missing two legs and the wither skeleton's head was cracked!

Her merchandise has been tampered with!

She snarled at the two mags before her, the masked man's green eyes glowed and glinted with smug amusement as he quickly let go of her strings before she could even *strangle* him for what he's done.

Sweet little Drista even had a smirk on her lips, wiping at the blood that dripped down her nose. Both she and her similarly masked teammate (siblings? she could see it) were ragged, miraculously unwithered, or maybe Drista just had the cure in her inventory. Clever, but so, very, *annoying*.

Stella herself had to roll away from the wither skeleton part of her flailing jockey, its shrill wails and shrieks so loud in the air, paired with the continuous volts of lightning and thunder that came from the writhing storm above them- George's consciousness must be gone as the stormclouds circled around them, George's soul and body being the eye of the roiling storm and throwing random bolts that struck the trees and mushrooms around them, setting fire to the forest.

Speaking of fire, wasn't there a third mag who dealt in fire?

"*Sapnap, NOW!*" Drista screamed, and Stella tensed only to scream herself in outrage once more as the missing fire mag *jumped* from where he was hiding- *holding her fucking rod* and *jamming* it into the head of the wither skeleton spider's head, top-first.

The unnatural creature *screeched*, loud, *agonizing* and *angry*. It broke free from her remaining strings, the reigns keeping it controlled *disappearing* but it didn't matter.

KRRKKATHOOOM

The jockey's screams were *nothing* compared to the deafening sound magically created lightning. *Creative Mode* lightning.

The force of the strike *vaporized* the jockey.

"*NO!*" That had been *hers*- she'd been *paid* to get that damn thing and had been spending the *whole night* feeding the spawner and carefully cultivating the mob into what it was! Freeing it from its chunk!

With the jockey gone, she wouldn't get the rest of her payment!

On the other hand though, it seemed that with the death of the jockey, the storm that was George subsided. She watched as George's soul crystalized, merging back with George and the stormclouds fading away. "George!" The damned fire mag exclaimed, catching the obviously exhausted and weakened mag that fell from the sky.

Fire burned all around them but it didn't matter as the sky began to crack. George had dismissed his control over the biome chunk.

"*Damn you George!*" Stella hissed, feeling exhausted and weakened herself- not to mention *in pain*. George's lightning was certainly not to be trifled with. She could barely see properly, her vision blurring at the edges and swaying slightly in place.

No, she couldn't leave emptyhanded! The item, the jockey had dropped an item she could still get-

A wall of green magic appeared, keeping her from the drop itself and making her sneer.

"You're not getting the drop Stella." Drista snarled, both she and the other masked mag standing tall and ready for another fight if they wanted. Compared to her, they were definitely faring better. The biome chunk around them shattered, and she smiled sweetly at her. "If you value your life, I suggest you *run*."

Before she could even retort, a searing hot pain, *entirely different from lightning but oh so fucking familiar*, settled on her shoulder. It clamped on her shoulder and forced her to her knees as she screamed in pain, the scent of burning flesh filled the air as the temperature *rose*.

"***Cheers Stella.***" Theseus 'Tommy' fucking *Santorini* purred, a cruel, bloodythirsty grin on his face. "***Fancy seeing you here...***"

No hesitation.

She grabbed the shard in her inventory and *crushed* it in her hand.

Immediately the hot air was replaced with precious cold water.

She lives to see another day.

"***FUCK! She had an Ender shard with her! She's gone to where her stasis pearl is!***"

"Eret! Purpled!"

"George! Holy shit what the hell-"

"George! What happ-"

George groaned, feeling utterly *exhausted* as he hung limp in Sapnap's hold. His magic was completely depleted to the point he couldn't even hold his transformation anymore, he was back into his normal comfy clothes. "*Shut up*," He hissed to the chorus of voices that hung over him, barely able to keep his eyes open. "'M so fuck'n tired, got the *wors'* he'dache in my life." He muttered, finally closing his eyes and trying to suppress the throbbing in his head.

"Oh *no you don't!*" He wheezed as he was tugged out of Sapnap's hold much to the protests of the others. He squinted through tired eyes, meeting burning blue eyes that threatened to turn red as the heated air made him sweat. Gross and fuck, Tommy was there because of course he was. "You have a lotta nerve you fuck, knocking me out like that." Tommy said in an unnervingly calm but simultaneously pissed off voice. George would legitimately be nervous if he wasn't so exhausted right now.

George huffed, "Didn' want you t'burn the house down." He replied, closing his eyes once more. "Lemme rest, crea'ive mode sucks." He could feel Tommy freeze and the heat gradually cooling down as Eret spoke up.

"Come on Tommy, set him down. He needs rest." George sighed in relief as he was handed over to more gentle hands and laid down on the ground on a soft surface. Probably a layer of Eret's magic flags, those were nice. Almost as soft as his clouds.

Almost.

"*What the fuck was that?! Tommy-*" That sounded like Wilbur, he sounded shocked, appalled even.

George hummed, letting the sounds and voices drift away just as two hands laid on his shoulder and head. Comforting. Familiar.

God, Creative Mode was such an exhausting thing to use. Even if he'd been 'asleep' during it, it really didn't feel like it. His body ached and his magic reserves were empty.

He almost has to wonder sometimes on how Tommy could deal with it.

Almost.

George lets himself fall asleep, *truly* fall asleep.

Everything else could happen after he woke up, he'll probably be pissed, annoyed, and whatever then but for now?

He sleeps.

Chapter End Notes

i am *absolutely blown away* by the reception of the last chapter. i hadn't realized how much of you guys liked this story :0
makes me feel even more guilty for updating so late!
but here we are again!

AND LOOK

WE GOT FANART

[by ui-nyx](#)

WE GOT CREATIVE MODE GEORGE, STELLA AND TOMMY. stella looks devious, my beloved

[by ui-nyx](#)

PISSED OFF TOMMY MY BELOVED <3

[by tabcra](#)

magic boi wilbur :D

[by Zey_team](#)

WE GOT TOMMY AND DRISTA

the first bit with purpled was kinda surprising to be honest, but i'd like to think he'd have a silent respect for tommy and his life. also i needed to write more purpled and here we are.

also also given a few things about corruption AND some drista stuff, who i also needed to write more. so here we are.

STELLA HAS BEEN DEFEATED! THE BITCH AIN'T DEAD YET BUT BOY HAS SHE SUFFERED SOME DAMAGE THERE.

george is a tired, tired man. let the guy sleep.

next chapter's gonna cover item drops AND some mag stuff, cannot wait for it >:D

but yeah, by now you can see where things pretty much derail from madoka magica stuff- i've only watched the main anime and the movies (so excited for the next movie OH MY GOD) so that's where i drew my inspiration from. NOW, we have stuff like mag corruption and yes, not much of a spoiler since i DID elude it with drista; the corruption can be reversible. BUT only at a point, at some point the corruption will be IRREVERSIBLE. which i also cannot wait to show you how they corrupt and stuff, this is gonna be FUN

As The Night Continues

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The moment Stella appears, Tommy's raring to fucking *go*.

Anger bubbled underneath his skin, fury shook within his bones and he was *aching* to let it. *All. Out.*

Stella would be the *perfect* person for him to place his aggression and pent up emotions on- she certainly deserved it after what she tried to do to Drista. Even moreso after tonight, *daring* to cross and feed *in their territory* tonight of all nights. Also, it looked like she really roughed up Drista, Dream and Sapnap. George was powering down from Creative Mode, wisps of his powerful electrical magic and the lingering ozone made that clear, he'd been pushed or decided it was dangerous enough to warrant Creative Mode.

Something he was still trying to master and deal, he was nowhere *near* Tommy or even Eret's expertise.

Stella really had to go.

"If you value your life, I suggest you *run*." Drista's little taunt was perfect timing for him, he'd commend her for it if he could.

On the verge of Creative Mode, his eyes burning a fiery, molten red, he placed a *heated* hand on Stella's shoulder, smirking and baring teeth at Stella. Taking the rare moment to enjoy the sheer *terror* that fills her eyes. "*Cheers Stella.*" He greeted *cheerily*, gripping her shoulder tightly without the motive of letting go, even as she screamed a painful scream and the scent of burnt flesh permeated the air alongside the heat. "*Fancy seeing you here...*"

Unfortunately, maybe it was the heated emotions or the already busy night, but Tommy hadn't expected her to have an *ender shard*. He really should have after last time and with Stella's *stellar* reputation, he *really* should have expected it. That was his mistake and her escape.

He swore and snarled as the woman disappeared from his grasp, the shard only big enough to take *her*- fucking sneaky bitch-

"**FUCK! She had an Ender shard with her! She's gone to where her stasis pearl is!**"

Knowing her, it was probably somewhere near the edge of their territory- stasis pearls could only be set up from so far away. Using one from half-way around the world was confirmed to be impossible. Seething, he turned when he heard George's voice hiss from where Sapnap was helping him stand. He looked like shit but Tommy didn't care. "Oh *no you don't!*" Tommy tugged him away from Sapnap, fists balled in George's shirt as he held the man up.

"You have a lotta nerve you fuck, knocking me out like that." He told him, *calmly*. Pissed off but fucking *calm as hell*.

"Tommy-" He ignored Sapnap as George huffed, "Didn' want you t'burn the house down." He replied, sounding *and* looking utterly *exhausted*. "Lemme rest, crea'ive mode sucks."

Fuck him.

Reluctantly, he reigned in his magic, forcing himself to a much more legitimately calmer state. "Come on Tommy, set him down. He needs rest." Eret said gently, she created a flag for George to lay on, nothing compared to the other mag's clouds but enough to feel comfortable at least. Tommy glared at the sleeping mag but left him be, feeling the phantom exhaustion and remembering himself how tiring Creative Mode was for him at the start.

George was new to it, unable to stand even five minutes in the state and even then, he'd fall incoherent and mindless shortly after like two minutes or three.

"*What the fuck was that?! Tommy, you just- that was-*" Wilbur was sputtering, having arrived shortly before the biome broke apart. He looked- not fine, but not as worse as he could be. The sight of him and Techno in their *mag clothes* still made him angry.

"That was brutal Tommy." Techno finished for their brother.

Brutal? W- Oh, the hand thing?

Tommy scoffed, sneering at his brothers. "Trust me, she deserved *more* than that." His hand clenched, "*So. Much. More.*"

"Seconded! I was looking forward to seeing Tommy fucking deck Stella again!" Drista chirped, grinning a grin that was a *bit* too sharp. Tommy smirked, sharing a fist bump with the younger mag. Her wounds were already magically healing so that was good.

"*Agai-what do you mean again?!"* Dream gawked from where he and Sapnap were, by George's side unsurprisingly. "You've gone against her before?! Wait- it sounded like she *knew* you and George- okay, *somebody's* gotta explain what the hell just happened! We were against a fucking *serial killer psycho woman* and a *psychedelic monster*, George fucking turned into a *storm thing* and *apparently the monster dropped, turned? Into something!*" He flailed, gesturing madly towards the item that had been left on the ground.

Ah right, the drop item from whatever mob they had to face in there.

He had to say, the fact that Dream, Sapnap and Drista were mostly in shape, weren't as injured as they could've been really meant they did good in there. Especially if George had gone Creative Mode, which was an ambiguous play. As begrudging as it is, Dream and Sapnap seemed like potentially powerful mags already- maybe, he'd need to hear more from Drista and George about them.

Still didn't mean he'd forgive them and his brothers for being absolute *dumbasses*.

Actually, scratch that-

“That’s a wither skull.” Ranboo says the *obvious*. “That’s- that is a *wither skull*. You’re telling me you were up against Stella *and* a wither mob?!” He flusters at the smug-faced Drista as she brandished the newly dropped skull.

It *looked* like a human skull, but it was far bigger than any human head, it looked like it was made of charred stone and obsidian instead of actual bone. There was a sense of *wrongness* around it, anyone could see it, sense it. Even non mags could.

“You were up against Stella and a *wither mob* and it *dropped a skull*.” Purpled whistled, impressed by the luck the group had. “I’ve never seen one in person up close. This shit costs a *fortune* to the right buyer, didn’t you guys have one before?”

“*Yeah we did! It was fucking great! But we had to sell it- please tell me we’re keeping this one instead of selling it! Tommy sold the last one we had before I could do any experiments with it!*” Tubbo chimed, sounding giddy at the prospect of another wither skull in their grasp.

Tommy scoffed, “I *had* to sell it Toby, did you *want* to be in tippity-toes’ fucking debt?” The silence he got was enough for him to imagine his best friend’s pout. “I thought so.”

“*Don’t ignore my questions dammit!*”

“And don’t ignore us too!” Wilbur exclaimed after Dream, looking more flustered than Tommy’s seen him in a while. He sneered, as if *he* had *any* right to be flustered after the stunt he and Techno both pulled! Just looking at them reminded him of how *pissed off* he was. “*Serial killer psycho woman, griefers*, what the *fuck* is with this mag business?! Just what did you get yourself pulled into?!”

For the love of- “**You** are just as a part of this now as **I** am Wilbur! You, Techno, Dream and Sapnap- we *didn’t ask* for you to be part of this bullshit! *We* can actually handle this stuff while here you are throwing a fucking *tantrum* after *one night* out! You think this is bad? *Oh bitch, you haven’t seen shit!*”

He couldn’t stay here. Not with his brothers. Not with his ignorant, fucking *naïve shitty assed motherfucking-*

“*Eret!*” He barked, stomping his way towards the tied trio of griefers who looked at him with nothing short of *terror*. “*I’ll* be the one throwing these dipshits out of our territory!” Eret looked hesitant but nodded, the silk of her magic was replaced with his own magic. Hot, furious and *steaming*. There was no smell of cooking though, griefers these fuckers were, they weren’t *Stella*. Didn’t mean he was *nice* about how he handled them.

He ignored the pained squeaks the griefers made, or the pleas the youngest tried to say or even his brother’s protests-

“I’ll be back later.”

He’ll probably hunt for a few more spawners, chunks or maybe even a mob or two. Anything to let off *some* steam and magic.

Fuck.

And it's only been a *handful of fucking hours since the whole big reveal.*

Double fuck.

Ranboo sighed as he watched Tommy leap away, dragging the three griefers with him. “Tommy?! TOMMY GET BACK HERE!” He sucked in a breath and quickly summoned one of his whips to grab Wilbur before he could follow after Tommy. “Wh- RANBOO?!” Just to be safe, he summoned his other whip to grab Techno- he didn't really think Techno would just go off like that but, it was better safe than sorry right?

“Woah-kay Wilbur, easy there. We uh, let's just, let's just let Tommy go okay? It's for the best, really.” He told him, smiling crookedly. “Look Wil, I know you're like- being a brother and very concerned and stuff but- Tommy *really* needs to let off some steam and it's just for the best that you guys don't follow after him? He's- he's stressed. More stressed than you'd ever believe.”

He's only seen Tommy this stressed after legitimately going against Hattie, and even then, that was a *different* kind of stressed.

“Yeah, he'll be fine though! I've got a bee following after him should anything happen. And even then, Tommy can usually take care of himself! He'll be fine!” Tubbo reassured them, not that it really helped.

When Wilbur looked reluctant, Ranboo gave him a serious look. “No seriously Wilbur, just- just don't go after him. He'll come back; he always does. It'll just make him angrier if you try to follow him. And, I know you think you've seen Tommy angry and that you can handle it but *please believe me when I say*, the Tommy you know and the Tommy *we* know are *very* different.” He glanced over to Technoblade.

The man was grim-faced but he fortunately remembered their little talk earlier on, when Ranboo gave just the slightest hint to the true potential of Tommy's anger.

Human Santorini.

The Walking Volcano.

One of the strongest mags they had around.

An unfortunate prized mag contracted and ‘favored’ by Exde.

*The ground rumbled underneath their feet, trembling violently as Tommy's magic flared and **changed** the environment around them. Cracks and fissures formed, steam and quickly rising magma filling and spilling from the open wounds of the earth. Standing above them, unfettered and unphased, was Tommy. No, it was the **Walking Volcano, Santorini**, that stood above them. Not smiling, but baring teeth with eyes aglow and teeming with boiling, Creative magic.*

Ranboo took in a shuddering breath at the memory. He could already taste the ash and soot on his tongue, the phantom feeling of the temperature around him spiking ridiculously high and the burns of just the *air* being too hot to handle.

Now, Tommy would never be *as* angry at Wilbur and Techno to the point of living up to his feared moniker- they were *family* and he loved them for fuck's sake but it'd be a *near* thing and it'd still be much.

If anything, he would *hate* it if Wilbur and Techno saw him that angry and know it was aimed at *them*. He didn't want *them*, of all people to be afraid of *him*. He wanted their respect, not genuine fear of him.

~~Like Hattie-~~

Ranboo was quickly brought out of his thoughts when he heard Technoblade speak, "Whips huh? Never thought those would be your weapon." He said, disgruntled at being tied up but looking at Ranboo's whips with interest.

He snorted, "Yeah well, they are. I'm *pretty good* at them too." He replied with pride, he glanced over to Wilbur and huffed as he saw the scowl on his face. Some people questioned whether or not Wilbur, Techno and Tommy were actually Phil's kids which was stupid as fuck regardless. Just look at how similar Wilbur and Tommy looked when scowling. "Now I'm going to free you both, but, still, no going after Tommy alright. Or else I'm just gonna do this again- don't even try to run. I've got teleporting magic remember? And I am *very* proficient with it, especially with just one or two people."

Teleporting around two people was a breeze compared to how he first started. Techno and Wilbur were mags with great potential, but they were still new to the trade and wouldn't be able to escape him.

It was very strange to see himself above Techno and Wilbur like this, and technically Dream and Sapnap. The four of them were great and respected friends in Ranboo's eyes outside of the mag world, but right now? They were just newbies thrown into the system. Not even thrown, they fucking willingly walked into it like idiots. Well meaning idiots but still.

"Speaking of teleporting, Ranboo, I think you should get George back to base. He's vulnerable out here and we still have work to do." Eret said, gaining all their attention. Ranboo hadn't been paying much attention to Dream and Sapnap, but it looked like Drista was talking to them. Was it about Stella? Yikes. Dream didn't seem too angry or murder-y though, so maybe not yet. "Drista, Purpled and I can handle these four on our own if they try anything. Also, take this with you." She tossed over the wither skull, Ranboo caught the thing, grimacing but shoved it into his inventory nonetheless.

"Hey!" Sapnap complained, but paused, "Wait, you have a *base*?!"

"*We do have a base- where do you think we'd usually spend our mag business when not going around dealing with spawners and mobs? Also, even with our inventories, we still need to have somewhere to store everything we own that's mag-related!*"

Ranboo shook his head at the looks that were on their faces, honestly, they couldn't have really thought they were going to operate as a team on random rooftops or even in their own homes? They tried to keep their lives separate but controlled, so having a base of operations for their mag business was just made sense. All mag teams did it, even a few solo mags had bases or places of safety.

"You'll be seeing the base at a later time." He told them as he walked over to the sleeping mag, the man barely even twitched at being lifted into his lanky arms. He was *really* out of it, all the more reason to get him back to base. "I'll be back in a few." Dream and Sapnap turned to Ranboo but was too late.

The world shifted around him, blurring from the rooftop to the main area of their base. Ranboo huffed slightly, feeling his magic reserves- he still felt the exhaustion of teleporting *multiple* people, far more than he usually did, at once but thanks to Eret's assistance and the little rest that he had, he was pretty sure he could still go on patrol. He'd have to cut back on the big attacks though if he wanted to keep his teleporting range.

He looked around, trying to figure out where to put George. There were several options, the bed that was near the Tubbo's little lab on the second floor. The couch in the 'living room' area by the tv, cabinets and tables, or perhaps one of the hammocks or mattresses that were strewn about the place?

In the end, he just chose the couch, carefully laying the older mag and shuffling to one of the cabinets for a spare blanket.

After covering and tucking him in, Ranboo headed towards their base's basement. Or cellar. Whichever worked fine, the lower ground underneath their main base. It was where they kept their really important mag items and... the cage.

He avoided looking at the giant, semi-rusty cage that sat to his left and instead went to his right where a large, metal wall stood with several square indents. One of Tubbo's pride and joys, The Vault.

Their main storage and the place where they kept their more important items, mag and sometimes otherwise, in.

Ranboo took his lapel off, his gem turning swiftly into a cube and pressed it against one of the indents of the wall, watching as the metal glowed then shifted, making a grinding noise as it peeled away to reveal the storage room inside. It wasn't the biggest of rooms, just the size of a small bedroom, but it was secure and safe with plenty of shelves and space for things.

Plucking the wither skull from his inventory, he quickly, but gently, placed the thing on one of the empty shelves. Glad to be rid of the thing. He secretly hoped they would sell it like the last one, not for the cash but just to get rid of it permanently. Debt of otherwise, he personally thought Tommy did the right thing.

Nothing good ever came onto holding on to a Wither drop.

Ranboo stepped out of The Vault, watching as the metal shift and groan before sealing once more.

That was that, now he could head back to the others and join the patrol again.

“How the shit is this so organized? I thought you said most of the mag populace were teens and kids.” Schlatt muttered to his son as he processed and ingested the information that was given to him. “A secret black-market website, hidden servers, locations, base of operations, territories, *an online fucking bounty hunter hit list*- you *sure* you didn’t join the fuckin’ mafia kid?” Phil is just sitting by his side, silent and horrified, yet thoughtful. Same buddy, same. Dream’s parents had retreated for now, reeling on the fact their kids had been in danger but unable to do anything. Lani and Punz were currently asleep, even though they hadn’t wanted to at first.

His son scoffs, “You’re severely underestimating what certain ‘kids’ and ‘teens’ can do in a situation like this, they’re mags, they’re mostly more mature than others their age, that ones that survived anyway. Besides, it may be recent and modernized but the structure of the mag community has existed for *years*. Also, few as they are, there *are* also adult vets around so don’t wonder on why it’s so organized dad.” Tubbo squinted at his screen, “Most of the sites are currently frozen from the whole, magic reveal fiasco, so are the servers- it’s a fucking shitstorm paired with a cold day in hell but luckily the sites and programs that I’ve made are still working mostly intact. Good, those weeks I spent on them were really worth it.” He sniffed; a bit haughty but nonetheless proud.

In any other moment, Schlatt would be fucking proud over how independent and resourceful Tubbo could be. His kid was a fucking genius, he wouldn’t say otherwise but in the light of recent events? ... Okay he was still proud *but still*. *‘The ones that survived’*.

He hates that Tubbo counts as that because his son shouldn’t have to *survive* anything.

“Of course, going back, it’s not so organized any more *because* of the magic reveal- the amount of contracts being made is fucking *bullshit*. And it *still* makes no sense! Our community was *thriving* in secrecy, the revelation does *no one* good!”

Schlatt irked, “*Hey*, I may not agree with that Phil’s idiot sons did (*OII*) but they had a point! You weren’t going to say *jack shit* were you?” He doesn’t like the accusing tone he’s using, no teasing whatsoever, and it’s making Tubbo flinch but as idiotic as they as well as Dream and Sapnap were; they had a *point*.

His son wouldn’t have said a *single word*. He could’ve lost him at *any point* and he wouldn’t have a fucking clue as to why.

It’d be the Gourd family tragedy all over again.

The silence Tubbo gives is damning, and Schlatt fucking hates everything that’s happening. But he can’t find it in himself to wish this whole thing hadn’t happened, and *fuck*, the word ‘wish’ was now fucking ruined for him. He couldn’t even use it without thinking about- *everything*.

“Ranboo’s back on patrol,” Tubbo muttered, changing the subject with the finesse of a fucking hammer. “I’ve sent Eret and Purpled with Wilbur and Sapnap to a cluster of spawners, Techno and Dream are with Drista, join them boss man.” He said into the headset, temporarily ignoring both fathers in favor of the others. Schlatt and Phil knew better than to interrupt, at least, not for now anyway.

Tubbo leads Ranboo to Drista, Dream and Techno before he pauses, listening to whoever was talking. “Tommy?” Phil perks, he’d been worried ever since his son ran off on his own but Tubbo *insisted* that Tommy was *fine* and that he had a robeet following him. “He’s doing *fine*. He’s thrown out the grievers out of our territory, he’s currently prowling the border, dealing with chunks around there. Really going ham on them.”

Well, at least he was doing fine? “Can I-“ Phil started as soon as Tubbo stopped talking and it seemed like he wasn’t listening to anyone else, “Can I talk to him? He’s not answering his phone. At least Wilbur and Techno are leaving texts, but Tommy’s just...”

Tubbo’s face twists, which isn’t a good sign. “I... Look Phil, I think it’s best you wait until they come back. Tommy’s currently in like, ‘mag work mode’ or something. He’s also being very emotional, so combine those two facts- it’s not a good thing. Trust me. Just- wait until the patrols over, when they all come back and the night’s fucking done, alright? Tommy’ll cool down enough by then I think.”

Phil didn’t like it, but what else could he do? None of his texts or calls were getting through, so all he could do, was heed Tubbo’s words and stew in worry and thoughts.

At the very least, he and Schlatt could question Tubbo more on what the hell was going on. Learning more and more about the world their sons were in. It was fascinating almost, pushing aside the horror and morality of the situation, seeing how such a community was run behind the scenes of life.

Well now though, they weren’t exactly behind the scenes anymore were they?

Chapter End Notes

[by randompassbyer](#)

WHOOO WE GOT THE BOYS! tommy looking angry and techno covered in blood!

THIS IS SO FUCKING LATE, I AM SO SORRY EVERYONE.

a storm hit my place like a week ago and everything's been shit since then!!!

BUT WE'RE BACK ON TRACK

the mag world is complicated, bit worried it's a bit unrealistic but then again; this is fanfiction about angst magical people. might as well right?

The Night Finally Ends

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It's by chance that he arrives just in time to hear the splash of water and the deep gasp for air, curious as to who it was, he opens the door and blinks in slight surprise at the soaked woman that climbs out of the giant vat of water. The very sight of her makes him sigh deeply with disappointment, gaining her attention.

"I see that you've failed your mission then." He says, eyeing her burnt shoulder and knowing exactly who she came across to have her use her Ender shard. "Did you at least get the drop item?"

Stella gives him a sour snarl only to flinch back and hiss in pain, clutching her shoulder. "No." She reluctantly admitted, clearly hating the answer she gave. He watches as she makes a makeshift bandage over her shoulder out of her strings, biting back a noise of pain from the action. Although every mag could self-heal, there's always an extent to that. "Is the damned nurse here?"

He hums, "Oh she is. She's at the alter, celebrating Exde and Ohne's official debut to the world. Mostly Ohne of course." He nearly laughs at the face she makes, instead, he offers good news instead. "She's alone."

Stella takes in a deep breath, her body spasms for a painful moment, "*Good*." She grits out afterwards, her mood worsening as she takes a shaky step forward and stumbles over her own wet mag clothing. Annoyed, she detransforms, her wet clothes replaced by dry ones that were quickly becoming dirtied by the blood that came from her wounds. "I can't stand it when she's with that fucking lunatic. She's already crazy on her own, but with *him* she becomes *so much more worse*."

"Mm, yes." He agrees, unfortunately despite her quirks, he needed her by his side. Her magic was simply too useful and powerful to get rid of her. Same with the '*he*' they both knew of. "Go on Stella, go get healed. We'll discuss your failure *and* re-pearl your stasis chamber after you're more... presentable." Less bloodied and disheveled, and not reeking of burnt flesh and lingering ozone. Curious, he'd ask now but he supposes it can wait.

She scowls at him but gives no argument, limping out of the stasis room to find their resident healer.

He, in the meanwhile, takes this moment to check on the other stasis chambers out of habit. Afterwards, he returns to his office to sit down and think over what next to do. Grabbing his tablet out of his inventory, he rereads the parameters of Stella's mission and sighs. Hopefully one of the others were having a better time wrangling a mob *alive*- and he had such high hopes for Stella.

Honestly that was on him considering exactly *where* she decided to hunt.

Out of *all* the territories she could've gone to, she could've gone at least two more territories *away* from the Sleepy territory. Aptly named because of George's magic and tendencies, also because of dearest Tangerine. Who, no doubt, was planning on calling all territory leaders for a meeting now that magic was no longer hidden. He'd have to get ready for that.

Also, whatever happened to the lowly griefers that Stella had hired?

Hm, probably not important, it's not like Stella used *his* money to hire them and who knows, they'll probably come back. He doubts George and Theseus would have them shattered since they were lowlifes and nothing compared to Stella who'd be their main target.

Very disappointing that she hadn't managed to get that mob, their clients certainly wouldn't be happy. That meant their payment would probably be cut appropriately unless he had someone capture another mob to make sure that won't happen, but Stella was currently injured and everyone else was busy with their own tasks.

With a frustrated sigh, he pinched the bridge of his nose before pressing a button on his watch. He waited for a few minutes, prepping an unimpressed look aimed at the door to his office as he heard the frantic footsteps coming closer.

The door quickly swung open and at the doorway stood a nervous young man in a simple, but expensive, suit and tie. "At least this time you're not late, I suppose that accounts to something- but don't think I've forgotten your last blunder, butler." The young man trembled at his words but bowed his head silently. "Prepare a meal for two, serve me the good wine, my guest will have the mediocre champagne." He wasn't going to waste any good wine or champagne when Stella had ultimately failed. "Do this right and I might just let you eat tonight."

His butler visibly perked and nodded his head frantically, bowing lowly. "Go." He dismissed him, watching with half-lidded eyes as he left.

With that taken care of, he leaned back in his plush, luxurious office chair. Once it belonged to his father, but now, it, as well as everything else was now *his*.

It's good to be rich, he thought to himself, taking a brief moment of relaxation before straightening and leaning forward to look at his tablet and the stacked papers on his desk. Time to get back to work. "But it's better to be *richer*."

"What language even is this?" Technoblade asked as he and Ranboo stood before the portal, entrance thing to the chunk. "The script looks familiar- it's changing, but stays the same? That literally makes no sense and is not possible." The ring of words that was ever changing on the rim, and yet it still looked the same to his head despite his eyes *clearly seeing* the constant shift of letters and colors and just- ugh, he was getting a headache just looking at the thing.

Currently it was just him and Ranboo dealing with this one chunk, Dream and Drista had split from them when Tubbo said there was another one a few blocks away that no one had gotten to yet.

Ranboo shrugged, "I uh, don't really know. Well, we don't know it's *actual* language but someone named it 'Galactic' or something. So uh, Galactic?" He had to give Techno a certain *look* that had Techno cringing slightly. "Techno, we're on top of an apartment building that we got to by *jumping off a powerline*. You're wearing a crown and a cape, I'm wearing a suit and my hair is currently black and white and magic is real. So uh, I'm not disagreeing you on the 'making no sense' part, but the 'not possible' part is kinda invalid right now."

The silence he got was amusing, and then Technoblade finally replied. "Yeah okay valid, but really, Galactic? *Why?*"

Ranboo threw his hands up in exasperation, "I don't know! I may be a mag of like, two years, but I don't know everything there is about magic and stuff! There's still things about magic that mags are *still* discovering and trying to do!" Though he was a veteran and expert, he wasn't *that* knowledgeable about mag things. Like Galactic and how it came to be, he was more focused on trying to survive and doing other things than think about that! "If you really want to know then like, ask Tubbo later when we're done with this chunk."

[illegible]

"It says peace, calm, lies, hu-yeah that's hunger." He says, already wary at the last part. Hunger never bode well. "Make sure to keep your eyes out and be careful Techno, Tommy will *kill me* if you died on my watch." Humorous, but Ranboo *really* doesn't want Techno to die on his watch. He's already so traumatized by the death of others and he doesn't want to be the one to tell Tommy his brother died, neither of them could survive that.

Technoblade grunted, nudging the teen, "Like hell I'm gonna die, Technoblade never dies."

Ranboo smiles wryly at the joke, hopefully that phrase didn't just apply to being in-game.

"By the way, are we required to learn Galactic and uh, what's the significance of the words exactly?"

"Ah- you just sorta- it takes a while but you'll be able to understand basic Galactic I think? You'll be able to read it, understand it, but you don't have to be fluent in it. I don't think a lot of mags are fluent in it anyway. And for the significance, it can be like, a warning as to what to come? Basic words that apply to the chunk, again no one knows *why* but it's handy if you can decipher and figure things out or like um, expect it in the there. Peace, calm, lies and hunger is pretty simple I think. I believe we're going to go in a deceptive chunk, it'll *fake* being peaceful, fake being weak maybe, or maybe it's just straight of lying before those two words I don't know. But the last one..." Ranboo grimaced, eyeing the chunk entrance with a critical look.

"It'll probably be hungrier than the usual chunks..."

"Okay, now *this* is *entirely different* from that- biome thing that George did." Sapnap says, looking around with wide-eyes at the blistering *purple* sun that shone over the lumpy savannah. The trees were made of some sort of stone, the leaves made of glass and dripping with water. The ground and grass were an ugly, brown-green color and the tall grass swayed in a gentle breeze that didn't exist. Sapnap certainly couldn't feel any, so seeing the grass move on their own was very fucking creepy.

The fact there were disfigured rabb-*hares* Purpled corrected, noting their unnatural eyes, the size of *cars* hopping about made it downright disturbing. "What even the fuck." Sapnap muttered as he peered over the edge of the shield that Purpled had made for him and Sapnap to stand on so they wouldn't get mobbed by the horde of hares. "I- Okay, I *just* faced a weird, fucking horrifying spider-skeleton thing. *Why* does this still seem so fucking terrifying? *I mean-* just look at them!"

The hares had wooden doll heads, their ears were branches with furry brown leaves that fell off occasionally with a disturbing thick *thud*, their teeth were sharp toothpicks that grew right out of their mouths and their eyes were entirely too realistic that bulged out of their wooden sockets. Their bodies, as mentioned; were disfigured, fore-paws too big for their bodies and twisted in unnatural ways. Their hindlegs seemed broken, flopped and soft behind them as they used their unnatural front paws to hop instead of their backs like real hares. The berry bush that they had for a tail would've seemed fine, if the berries weren't dripping a suspiciously red ooze that stained the leaves and their backside.

Purpled snorted, seeming nonchalant but even he had to admit that some hordes and mobs were outright *nightmare fuel*.

Another monster to add to his nightmares.

Now to Sapnap's as well!

"It's just how hordes look unfortunately. At least it *looks* as horrifying as it is. If it was cute, then there's something definitely wrong." Purpled told him. Sapnap wanted that to seem like a joke, but with how Purpled was grimacing, he was actually being serious. "Unless the spawner's just newly formed, or just weak as hell somehow, anything cute usually equates to something dangerous. Never underestimate a spawner. *Never*. Always keep your guard up."

Even back in that slime-bat spawner with Wilbur, Purpled had kept his guard up despite heckling the man about how 'cute' the slimes were. Thankfully the spawner was definitely a weak one, no hidden traps, no bullshit. It was still hilarious to see Wilbur deal with *slimes* and the slime spawner, but the relief Purpled had felt when they had found the spawner's pit and core with no problems would've only really been understood by other experienced mags.

He's heard and *seen* the atrocities that *cute* spawners and mobs could do.

The Head-Eating Plush mob came to mind. Thank god someone had dealt with that thing.

"Uh, *Purp*? They're- they're getting *really* close to us." Sapnap gulps, watching the way the hares gathered together, practically stomping over each other to try and gain ground and distance in their hops in an effort to get to them. Not only did they *look* as horrifying as they

truly were, they sounded *horrible* too. Their chitters sounded like wood being broken, over and over and over *and over and over* again.

Branches being snapped, wood crashing against wood, their toothpick teeth collided noisily against their jaws. Fuck, Sapnap could already imagine the nightmares he'd be having.

~~How do the others deal with this shit?~~

The purple-colored mag frowned but lifted their shield platform and continued to look for the spawner. Since the chunk was basically an open space, the best thing to do was to find the pit and destroy the core as soon as possible. Avoiding conflict for as much as they could to save on time and magic. Purpled may be more experienced than Sapnap but the amount of hares in the spawner weren't something they could both go against just yet. Even if Sapnap was a fire mag and the hares were made of wood, Sapnap was still recovering from his encounter with Stella *and* the Wither Jockey mob.

But while it *was* impressive for newbies like Dream and Sapnap to survive a mob (*a wither mob*) and a griefer like Stella with their lives and gems intact and uncorrupted, keep in mind that they had Drista, someone who was *Purpled's* senior by a margin of time and was trained longer (*and harder*) by George and the others, as well as George himself, who had went into Creative Mode *just* to give them the upper hand against both enemies and guarantee all their safeties and survival.

Purpled was sure that without them, there was a low chance that both Dream and Sapnap would've survived on their own. Talented as they may be.

"*Duck!*" Purpled shouted, dropping to his knees as a flurry of sharp toothpicks flew right at them. Sapnap yelped and huddled close to Purpled as the teen summoned a sturdy shield to protect them from the stray sticks that would've hit them. The toothpicks weren't for show with how sharp they looked, they embedded themselves into the magical metal of Purpled's shield!

Sapnap looked for the source of the attack and squawked. "Oh this is bullshit! Oh *god that is bullshit!*" Below them, a few choice hares had their mouths *wiiide* open, to the point their noses touched their backs, the wooden jaws stretched and *rows* of toothpicks appeared from the darkness of their mouths, each row circling- *more fucking nightmare fuel!*

"You're telling me!" They both ducked behind Purpled's shield once more as another volley of toothpicks was launched in their direction. They cried out as Purpled's shield platform jerked and tilted when the strong, *clawed* paws of a hare that *somehow* managed to jump high enough to catch them- "*Sapnap!*"

Purpled had to close his eyes at the heat and brightness of Sapnap's flame, the man's staff lit aflame to prevent the hare from either boarding their platform or taking them down with it. Fuck, Sapnap's magic was certainly hot but Purpled's faced hotter. "Sapnap, quick- make a fire shield! I need to move us- I think I can see the pit!"

"But how do-" "*SAPNAP!*" "*WORKING ON IT!*" Sapnap snapped, the gems on his sash and staffs glowing brightly as a sphere of orange covered them- it wasn't perfect, but it would do

while Purpled focused on getting them *away* from the gigantic horde of monstrous wooden hares and towards their target; the pit where the spawner's core was.

Purpled used as much magic he could to get them closer to the pit, "Get ready!"

"Ready for what?!"

"For the Horde!"

GRUUAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

The hares fell right into the pit with them, the chunk violently trembling as the Horde tried to protect itself from total destruction.

"Uh, you doing okay there Sapnap?" Dream asked tentatively as he sees his best friend glaring at an indifferent Purpled. Both seemed relatively okay, roughed up a bit- well, there *was* blood but that was disappearing at a steady pace and they didn't really seem very hurt...

Sapnap's arms were crossed tightly across his chest, and Dream was taken aback from the intense look he gave him. "Dream, *never* get a pet rabbit. I *hate* them now, *so much*."

"Uh..."

"Don't get a hare, you mean." Purpled suddenly spoke up, biting his lip to try and continue to seem indifferent but it was very difficult to do when Sapnap whirled to him, hissing.

"Shut the fuck up! I hate them AND you, you crazy little asshole!"

Drista laughed, slinking over to nudge Purpled, "What happened huh Purpled? Did something reckless did you?"

Before Purpled could even reply, he was interrupted by multiple people; Techno and Ranboo arriving together and Tubbo's voice.

"Okay everyone, time to pack it up. Head back to base, we need to regroup. Sun's rising in a few minutes, patrol's done." True to Tubbo's words, the dark sky was slowly lightening. The moon gradually dipping down the horizon as the sun came to take its place in the sky.

Drista frowned, "I know George's at the base but, shouldn't we like, head back home? You're there with Lani, our pare-"

"Your house is compromised, I'm honestly surprised it took this long but a ton of people showed up. Media, cops- one of your neighbors must've finally told someone so we had to bail and leave. We're in Punz' van, we're heading to the base right now."

"And you didn't think to tell us *sooner*?" Dream demanded.

"You were all busy with the chunks and it happened quickly alright?! Look, we need to regroup and you all need to rest. Head to the base and we'll meet you there. Don't worry about the other chunks and spawners, there's no other reports of another mob or more griefers and I'm keeping the territory open for mags to come in and out but I've hired some trusted mercs to keep the peace while we regroup. Trust me, we need to do this, we're a candle burning at both ends, one side needs to go out."

Well, that was that.

"Wait, where's Wilbur and Eret? Tommy?" Techno asked, looking around for them.

"... Wilbur and Eret met with Tommy, they'll meet up with you half-way to the base. Just- just go okay?"

That didn't sound good, but they couldn't really do anything else.

Drista, Purpled and Ranboo led the three new mags towards the base- taking a more hidden route as the morning came and their cover of night was no longer there. There were more people in the streets, looking up at the sky, phones out and fingers pointing, trying to find any mag in sight.

And again, Tubbo's words held through as Wilbur, Eret and Tommy met up with them half-way towards their route. All three, looking grim and as much as Techno wanted to ask, he couldn't while they were moving.

With their more careful and somewhat slower movement, they arrived at the 'base' in half an hour. Located at the edge of the woods, on what seemed to be private property from the chain-link fence and stuff, all nine mags arrived, stopping in front of a large warehouse.

"The warehouse is under George's name, George and I bought this property to use." Eret told them when they pointed out the 'Private Property: KEEP OUT' signs that were around.

"Dude *what*."

Dream rubbed his face, scratching at the cloth mask, "How much money do you two actually *have*? How profitable is it being a mag?!"

"You'd be surprised at how much a specific thing costs to the right person." Purpled answered, smirking at them.

As the others talked, Techno tugged his Wilbur back a bit to talk to him. "What happened?"

Wilbur glanced at him and at Tommy, who was walking ahead with clenched hands and slumped shoulders. All traces of anger gone, just an air of sadness and defeat instead. Ranboo had quickly noticed and was walking right beside him, talking quietly to the silent teen.

"Toms-" Wilbur started but paused, hesitating. "... We really need to talk to Tommy about what happened to Clementine, Henrietta and their mum." He told Techno quietly, "We have to know what happened. Phil has to know, what happened. And what's *still* happening..."

"Henrietta? H-Henr-Hattie is that you?!" Wilbur gasped, seeing the girl before him.

"Wilbur? Wilbur? That's- wha-" Laughter, hysterical, nearly mad laughter. "Oh. OH THIS IS PRICELESS! THESEUS! TOMMY! LOOK! IT'S YOUR DEAR BIG BROTHER! It's Wilbur! How've you been Wilbur? Finally stopped looking for my sister, hm?"

He was stunned to see Tommy's heartbroken face, partially obscured by Eret's magic shield. "Hattie please-" "Shut. Up. I hate you, ALL OF YOU! ESPECIALLY YOU, TOMMY! IT'S NOT FAIR! HE gets to keep his family! Both his brothers, his dad who still loves him- while I get a dead sister and a shitty mum who's FUCKING TERRIFIED OF ME!! IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT!!! I WISH YOU DIED INSTEAD OF CLEM!"

"Why not make it fair and square between us? Sibling for sibling-" "HATTIE WAIT!" The barrel was aimed right at him-

Techno watches as Wilbur covers his face, dazed and pained with slight fear in his eyes before he looks over to Tommy, who was at the side being hugged by Ranboo while Eret opened the door to the warehouse.

What did happen to Clementine and Hattie?

Hell, what happened between his brothers and Hattie?

I fail to see the logic to why you let this happen, our priority is not to let the world know of our existence. Magic's existence. You allowing this creates unknown consequences for us.

Oh that is indeed not our priority, so! It shouldn't matter whether or not it actually happens, hm? You're being a spoilsport Exde. Live a little!

I am already living, and I am not a spoilsport. You are being reckless, the balance-

HAH! Don't start about that again Exde, we both know that the balance was never going to last as it was. This? This is the push for that balance. Logic or not, you simply cannot fathom the decision I've made :)

Correct, I cannot. And I see I will not be able to get answers from you, not now, not like this. So farewell, Ohne.

OH RIGHT! Exde! How is my favorite? Does he miss me? I bet he does, do tell Tommy I said hello!

... I will keep that mind.

:)

[by lukadoesntknow](#)

TOMMY! he looks so fucking regal, and there is a hint of murder and power in his eyes, i love it!

[by yhana byts](#)

ANOTHER TOMMY! based on lukadoesntknow's design! we loving this!

[by lukadoesntknow](#)

ASOIDHASIDAS SETLLA!! SHE'S SUCH A BITCH. BUT FRET NOT, TOMMY IS THERE AND IT'S FUCKING AMAZING

[by lukadoesntknow](#)

lukadoesntknow is really spoiling me with the awesome fanart right now! their designs for mag benchtrio is so pog! :DDDDD

hehe more characters incoming

but then again, you won't be actually seeing them for a while

but hey! props to anyone who figures out who they are!

oh, but the nurse mentioned is an original character so don't guess about her!

also as much as i wanted to write another fight scene with ANYONE mentioned in the chapter, i think we really need the night to end and to progress the story forward. just to remind everyone, it's been 20 CHAPTERS since i started this fic; they are STILL on night ONE it.

i really gotta work on my pacing and stuff for this. don't get me wrong, each chapter was important and stuff but i feel like i could've trimmed a few things and ended up with fewer chapters but yeah, it's finally time for night one of the magic reveal to end.

time for the next day! which will DEFINITELY NO take the next 20 chapters to do. we're progressing the plot! and i have characters i want to introduce both originals and others, descriptions of mag outfits and weapons to try to do, fight scenes to plan, plot to think of and events to happen, antagonists to put to use! I STILL WANT TOMMY TO ERUPT AND SHOW HOW TERRIFYING HE CAN BE DAMMIT! CREATIVE MODE TOMMY FTW

we're moving forward!

trying to come up with monsters and different biomes is relatively hard, really gotta be creative and avoid using the same thing or at least use the same thing in the same way.

also someone pls, i want someone to draw hattie. or clementine. we already have stella! i want to see the sad girls :(

For Family

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"Oh thank god!"

Dream smiled weakly as he and Drista were quickly hugged by their mother not long after they came through the door, "Hey mom." He was definitely happy to see her safe and sound, hearing their place was surrounded by the media and *cops*, yeah he'd been worried a bit for their parents.

"Moom! We're fine, we're fine! Let go!" Drista protested after a bit, while she did enjoy the hug, being fussed about was whole other thing. "Our injuries are healing just fine- see?" She motioned to the few bruises that were left on her- they looked worse before but now they didn't seem that bad.

Mag healing was just that awesome, of course it varied for each mag and stuff but the general type of self-healing was pretty good.

Her mother scowled, "You shouldn't have been hurt in the first place!" She snapped making both siblings wince. Between their parents, their mom wasn't the type of mother to snap or be easily angered, she liked keeping her cool and being a generally nice woman- it took a lot to make her angry.

Being a mag? Yeah, definitely a lot.

"Diana," Their father intervened, exhausted but thankfully willing to calm her down, "come on dear, I know this is a lot but we're all tired right now. Let's- let's sit down and just be thankful that our kids are back okay?" He reached over to hold both Dream and Drista's shoulders, firm, heavy, solid. Comforting, really, for both them and their dad.

She looked ready to argue but paused and reluctantly backed down, she hugs them again, a bit tighter.

This time Drista doesn't protest as her parents drag her and Dream to sit down on one of the free chairs that were around. They were in the large, open 'living room' area of the warehouse and Drista could see George conked out on their one and only couch. They used to have two but it suffered a fatal accident one unfortunate day, surprisingly it wasn't Tommy who destroyed it this time, and had yet to get a new one.

Around them, the others were grouping off for a moment. Eret and Sapnap went to check on George, Tommy and Ranboo had been dragged to the side with his brothers and father, Purpled was being embraced by his brother and Tubbo was with Lani and their dad.

"So, these are your- magic, outfits?" Drista smiled at how awkward it sounded from their dad, both he and their mother couldn't help but look over their mag outfits. "I see there's some sort

of, fantasy theme going on. Superhero too, your masks look great." It's a genuine compliment if, yet again, awkward. It's acknowledging their actions but looking at the brighter side of things, she thinks, she's not sure but she hopes it.

"Thanks dad, obviously my mask looks better than Dream's stupid cloth one."

She snickered as Dream scoffed, "Rude! My mask looks great! Yours is just- you look like a fucking cyclops sis, that's lame."

"*Excuse you*, it's totally not lame at all!" Drista huffed, adjusting the porcelain on her face, she looked badass! Mysterious! She looked better than a lot of other outfits that were among the mag community. Like seriously, she's seen plenty of weird, lame and downright disturbing outfits posted here and there. Some she'd rather never had seen in the first place. "You're just jealous that my mask looks cooler." She sniffs and changes out of her mag clothing. Her parents flinched at the sudden glow of her clothing before they disappeared in particles of light, leaving her back in her casual shirt and pants that she'd been wearing before.

She sways in place, realizing how tired she felt and how much magic she'd used for tonight, offensively, defensively and for self-healing. Especially during their fight with *Stella*. "Drista-" She shakes her head, waving off the concern, "I'm fine!" She exclaimed as she steadied herself. "I'm just- tired, it's cool, I'm good. I was already tired and like, it caught up to me the moment I detransformed, I'm okay."

There was a pained, exhausted noise and Drista just sees her brother slump into his chair, now in his own normal clothes as well. "I-Is that what I'm feeling? Why am *I* more exhausted than *you*?" Dream groaned, no doubt feeling the ache of his low reserves. She looked around again and sees a few of the others in similar states. Sapnap, Eret and Ranboo especially.

"You're new mags that used up a *lot* of your magic on your first night out! What else did you expect? While transformed, you can feel less tired, less pain- all that good stuff but when you're not the exhaustion kinda just- it catches up to you. Like coming down from adrenaline, but magic and kinda worse." Drista explained to him and their parents, "He'll be fine, he just needs to rest."

Dream looked over to George but then glanced back at her, "What about you?"

"I'm resting too idiot, but since I'm not a new mag I'm not as tired as you." She probably should, but thanks to the others she'd grown significantly since her first debut of being a mag. Back when she was underneath *Stella's horrid* fucking wing.

"Drista." Her mother said, reaching over to cup her daughter's face. "How long... when did you start?"

Drista bit her lip, so, they were really talking this out now huh?

"... A few months ago, I contracted with Ohne during the school trip."

Her father swore, "I was there, *I was there* why didn't I-" It was true, her father had escorted her along with a few other parents.

"*Dad, you didn't know. You couldn't have- i-it was during the middle of the night. You and everyone else were asleep, I woke up and I went to the bathroom, but then I was- Dream, you remember those people we saved tonight? The ones that were in the chunks? The ones that were like, hypnotized and stuff? I was like that. I got lured into a chunk by a spawner, by the horde.*" She ignored the way both her dad and brother swore, she appreciated the way her mother threaded their hands together, squeezing in comfort. "I-managed to break out of the lure but I was already in the chunk by then. I couldn't get out, I didn't know where to go. I almost died on my own... Then someone saved me, a mag, she-

"STAY AWAY! GET BACK!" She shouted desperately, the janky but terrifying looking wolves growled in disharmony around her. They surrounded her, each oversized paw leaving a black print stained with ink and smelled horrible, like hot tar and decay. She had nothing to defend herself, she could do nothing as the wolves barred their glass-made teeth at her and pounced.

She was dead.

Drista screamed, covering her head in fear.

Only to scream in surprise when she was suddenly pulled into the air, a soft, silvery cloth wrapped around her, keeping her safe and away from the danger below.

"Well hello there dear."

"She saved me and I-" She doesn't notice she's started shaking. That tears gathered in her eyes as she *hates*. Hates what happened, hates *her*, hates *herself* for being so- so- "*Stupid. I was so, so fucking stupid Mom.*"

And she feels stupid again, feeling the sob in her throat, the tears falling- she's crying *again* over this stupid fucking- she's done it before, but now she's doing it again *in front of her family*. She thought she was over it, *she was she fucking swears*. She had talked to Puffy, to the others about it, and she'd only cried once and that was with *George* but now - her family -

"You told me to be careful," Drista's voice shakes, unstable and *wet*, "to not trust strangers- And I- she was just so- she *saved me and told me so many lies, she was kind but she isn't, she's a fucking monster she wanted- she lied to me how this was what I was supposed to do, my destiny and I listened I- I- I'm sorry mom, dad. I listened to her, I was s-so stup-so fucking-*"

"You know, I sense you have great potential." The woman hummed, smiling kindly at her. "You're a strong girl Drista, you're taking this very well, better than most. That's good, great really." Despite the lingering terror, despite how tired she felt from the whole ordeal, Drista couldn't help but beam at her words. "I think you'd make a wonderfully strong mag! Maybe even stronger than me in the future."

Stella extended her hand, "Do you want to learn magic my dear?"

Drista doesn't know when her mom began to hug her, all she knew was that she was crying against her shoulder. Trembling in her embrace, whispering apology after apology and feeling worse with every one that fell from her lips.

She didn't want them to know what happened, she *never* wanted them to know how she fucked up. How she'd been tricked, duped into the contract, god it was so obvious in hindsight, the clues were *all there* but Drista had been blinded by hero worship and gratitude to notice the trap that was *lovingly* being set up by Stella.

And if it weren't for George...

She'd probably never be here in the first place.

Tonight was probably the weirdest and possibly the worst night of his life. Effectively beating out the time he got robbed, mugged and sent to the hospital for a stab to the side.

Because what was worst than finding out your little brother had sold his soul and was night-owling as a magical girl-boy-*person* at night? Fighting crime and monsters like in cartoons and in anime?

Only it wasn't like cartoons and in anime, not exactly, it was *real life* and even in those shows there were *risks*. Deaths, people got *hurt* in those shows even in the lighter versions!

His brother got hurt tonight and Punz couldn't do anything about it.

Wilbur and the others though? They did. And Punz wondered, he wondered if he made his wish right then and there, would he have made a difference?

The only reason he hadn't, was because of Purpled. His little brother looked at him, stared him down, *begging* him through his gaze. He hesitated, and that was enough. He wasn't contracting tonight, but would he do it another time?

It was time to talk with his brother.

Not long after they arrived at the warehouse that Tubbo lead them too, Purpled and everyone else came as well. It felt like forever since he last saw his brother, even though it was just a hours ago, it felt like *years*.

There were bruises and marks on Purpled's face, he didn't seem too bothered by it but Punz hated the sight of them. Reminded him too much of their early childhood, of their bastard father. "Are you okay?" He asked quietly, eyes darting from each little injury and scuff. Admittedly, Purpled look ridiculously cool in that armor he was wearing, like a mercenary knight or something and if it were any other reason, any other time, Punz would tease Purpled for it.

Right now though, it only served to remind him of the gap between them. A gap that Punz had never known.

Had he ever known his little brother at all? He thought he did.

"I'm fine." Purpled told him, his armored outfit glowing brightly for a moment before blinking out of existence, leaving behind particles of light and a casual set of clothes. What Purpled had been wearing before he... left. Little shit *jumped out the window* of their *two-story apartment building for fuck's sake*. The teen stumbles a bit, "I'm fine Punz, just tired." Purpled grunted when Punz helped steady him.

"Seems more than 'just tired' to me." Punz said, staring at the scabbed over cut on his cheek. That hadn't been there before, since when-

Purpled nudged him but he can't stop staring at his face, it's subtle in a way, but he sees the scab healing over. Growing fainter and smaller, reminding him of that one video of an injured hand healing in a timelapse. Admittedly slowed down of course, but it was healing much faster than normal.

This wasn't a timelapse though.

"I said I'm fine, it's just exhaustion and shit. Trust me."

"I did trust you, then you sold your soul." It was unintentional, he didn't mean to sound harsh or to say *exactly* that. Guilt ebbs at the way Purpled flinches but he's said it, he can't really take it back and it's the *truth*.

Purpled's brows furrows, lips thin and he takes a brief look around, everyone's grouped away, family meeting with family with the exception of the ones who didn't have family there or at all. "I... It's not my smartest move, I'll admit. But there were benefits to my actions, you can't deny it." Purpled muttered to him and Punz stares.

"Benefits, *what benefits?*"

His little brother doesn't look at him, he's off, looking at a stray wall but his stance is set. Back straight, arms crossed and though he was tired, he was standing ground. "Remember the lottery thing I said I won? That paid off the bills and buy us some shit?" He finally looks back to him and Punz *staggers* back, a horrifying realization settling in. "I never won the lottery Punz."

Of course, *of fucking course*.

God, how could he have been so *stupid?!*

That lottery bullshit had never seemed legitimate, but Tubbo, George and fucking *Eret*, *all insisted* that it wasn't a scam. That his brother had legitimately won the lottery, that he'd been lucky enough to receive a *huge* amount of money. Just enough to cover their expenses, the hospital bill, their rent, the food *and* have leftover to buy a few things they've always wanted. Those new parts for his van, both their computer's-

Purpled had become a mag because of him.

Because he'd been mugged, his card and valuables stolen and sent into a *goddamn coma*. It was short, but it was enough to get the bills piling- they didn't have that kind of money, they

were already cruising on a thin life, vaguely comfortable but able to tip over at any time if anything happened. *And something happened.* Fuck, it would have taken *so much* to get that debt cleared. Their father would *never* help or support them like that, not if he didn't get anything in return the fucking *shitstain*. They literally had no one else to go to, and out of nowhere, his little brother *wins the fucking lottery*-

Definitely official, tonight was the worse night of his life so far.

He dreads the future nights to come. ~~Will his brother never return one night? Dead and gone dead and gone.~~

"Purp," Punz starts, struggling to find words, struggling on what to even *feel*. Someone was shouting in the background, they sounded angry, he doesn't know who was shouting, he can't bring it in himself to learn who as he stares down his little brother, he had tears threatening to form in his eyes.

A hand grasps his arm, tight but comforting, a touch desperate maybe. "Don't." Purpled said sharply, eyes hard but watering slightly. "Don't blame yourself you *stupid idiot*. I did this, I made this decision. I did this to myself, do *not* think this is about you Punz." Not entirely at least. His other arm is grasped now too as Purpled slumps over, his head thumping against Punz's chest. "And *don't*-" His grip tightens to the point of slight pain, "don't follow the others. *Don't contract*. Don't be even more of an idiot than you are now. Just- let *one* of us be normal."

It's not a hug, so Punz makes it one. It's awkward, they're both uncomfortable, on the edge of crying when they really don't want to and-

"Purpled."

Both brothers jump at the sudden appearance of, Tommy?

The blond teen didn't seem like he was in a good mood, was he the one shouting earlier?

Tommy glanced between them, his sullen face twisting. He shook his head and gestured for Purpled to follow him, "C'mon. We have drops to put away."

Despite how awkward and uncomfortable the hug had been, Punz was hesitant to let go. Purpled shrugged off his arms, coughing and recomposing himself into the usually laid-back piece of shit that Punz knew and love.

It's a bit startling, to see how fast Purpled could mask his emotions, but it makes sense, Purpled always had a better control over his emotions and self-image. And by becoming a mag, it seemed like those skills were put to good use and made even better. "Yeah, I'm coming." Before he leaves, he looks back at him, his face conveying the unsaid words.

Promise me.

Punz takes in a deep breath as his brother walks away, trying to reorganize his thoughts and emotions.

He doesn't know if he'll be able to keep that promise.

"You uh, you okay Tommy?"

Okay?

Okay?

Tommy was *far* from okay, he was *not* okay and he just- "I'm. *Coping*." He grits out, placing the flask of unknown liquid unto the shelf a little bit too hard. It doesn't break, it doesn't melt or bubble. See? Coping. He was coping just fine. He's let out most of his aggression on the hordes and shit, he wasn't at risk at blowing things up like Purpled, Tubbo and literally everyone else were concerned about.

He just...

"I heard what Wilbur said, back there." Purpled says carefully, had it been anyone else right now, Tommy would have snapped at them to shut the fuck up. Including his best friends, but Purpled? Tommy merely took in a deep breath, grunting as the older teen continued. "He's full of shit. He's a newbie, he doesn't know what he's saying."

"The Tommy I know doesn't fucking act like this! Are you even still my little brother after three years in this shitshow?! For the past year, you acted like NOTHING was wrong but NOW you're showing your true face- was everything a lie to fool us?! Did you have a pleasant time playing HOUSE with us MUGGLES during the day while at night you're GALLIVANTING AS THE FUCKING SANTORINI FEELING BETTER THAN ALL OF US HERE?!"

Tommy took in another deep breath.

His shoulders slump and he just feels, exhausted.

He's not exhausted like the others, their magic on the low while his was relatively okay- not at the top, below the middle perhaps. But he's just so emotionally exhausted from tonight (last night?) that he just, wants to sleep again. Maybe George had the right idea, putting him to sleep at the start of the night. He still does have the right idea, sleeping through the fucking chaos and drama that was happening right now.

"I know." He finally replies to Purpled, "He doesn't know fuck all he's saying."

They leave the Vault, seal it once more and Tommy laughs, bitter, tired and just done.

"The worse part is, the fucker's right. Every single word."

"How're you feeling Puffy?"

She smiled wryly, massaging her wrist and groaning as she finally, *finally* had a chance to sit down. God, last night was a *nightmare*. "Normally it's me asking everyone else that." She

replied quietly, tiredly tying her hair up. Skeppy snorted from the screen, looking just as tired as she was.

"Hey on the upside on all this, maybe some therapists will contract and we can get more mag therapy going. Make it mainstream and shit." Puffy laughs slightly at that.

"Maybe, maybe. Granted I'm not officially a therapi-"

"Cut the bullshit Puff, because of you, mags are actually putting effort into their own mental health. Not to mention the shit you've done for us all. Just because you don't have a license or credentials *yet* doesn't mean shit."

Puffy sighs, "Yeah well, at this point, I'm worrying if I'll ever get it now." She toyed with the damned bracelet forever on her wrist. Hm, maybe she shouldn't be calling her soul 'damned'... "So, what's the word on board?" Last night was a nightmare.

Unfortunately the nightmare wasn't over.

This was just the beginning.

Chapter End Notes

FANART :D

[by Ecliptic Arts](#)

WHOO! RANBOO! nice redraw, you've improved! :D

[by vivienne-joi](#)

VIVIENNE-JOI!!! they're back with a wishes fanart! last time they were on here, they completed the line of mag-outfits! but now they're back with stella and creative mode george :DDD

[by uisstuff](#)

TOMMY! fire :)

in all seriousness i kinda wish i had tommy manifest his bow as an actual fire bow but hey, love this anyway :D

i decided that dream and drista's family are all named with the letter 'd', because why not? i find it kinda funny X) the mom's name is diana, as said and the dad's name is dominique, that was unsaid. and the last name for them all is wastake so...

so yeah, diana and dominique! they are original parents for dream and drista in this story- admittedly in the beginning i did think of using puffy as yknow, their mom and stuff but nope. i got other plans for her, plus, its something different from the norm! so im digging it.

also i edited a bit of a past chapter to help support this chapter! before i had drista contract before meeting stella but i changed my mind and decided to have stella be the

reason why she contracted in the first place! it just fits better yknow?

AND we got purpled! whose reason to wish was indeed purely for the sake of monetary gain... ish. he and punz support each other and ofc, when punz was down, purpled stepped up. but maybe he should've stepped up in another way. in any case, things happened and now we have purpled in the mag team and punz staying off it (for now?)

i didn't really intend to focus on either of them this chapter but here we are

admittedly i really did want to go more into tommy and his family but whenever i tried to do it in this chapter, i wasnt satisfied, i got angry and even almost broke a few things lmao. so we're gonna have to push that back until a better situation comes up, aka when my brain thinks of something i actually like and not feel angry at.

plus, i think we need to lay down a few more things before we go into tommy's past as well as the gourd family, hm?

move the story along

and with that story, shall we change to a different setting for a bit?

EDIT 6/4/22: IMPORTANT EDIT AND ANNOUNCEMENT!!

As of now, I'll be taking a writing hiatus since I'm feeling pretty burntout from writing. I had plans to write and update SO MANY THINGS, but when I tried to write my brain just bluescreened on me and I ended up doing literally anything else but writing. So, yeah, it's unfortunate but I'll be taking most of the month off but hopefully I'll be able to update again by the end of the month.

Sorry for the inconvenience but thank you for reading this note and understanding. Have a nice pride everyone :)

Captain O' Captain

Chapter Notes

A REMINDER OF THE AGES (mostly for me because it's been a while jeez, also other characters are added to this list)

Lani- 13

Drista, Fran- 14

Hattie, Oswald (DECEASED) - 15

Tommy - 16

Ranboo, Tubbo, Purpled, Clementine (DECEASED)- 17

Quackity, Fundy, Jack, Clara- 18

Karl, Quackity Niki - 19

Eret, Sapnap, Punz- 20

Skeppy, Foolish - 21

George, Technoblade, Dream, Wilbur - 22

Puffy, Bad - 23

Sam - 25

Sneeg - 27

Philza - 38

Schlatt - 36

Ohne, Exde - ?

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Puffy hung her head, fingers knitted tightly together as she slumped against the table despondently.

"This... is not looking good." She hears him scoff.

"Yeah, no shit. In the past night alone, there've been *hundreds* of new contracts. An influx of new mags. The groups are all scrambling for control, recruitment pitches have gone through the roof- the waves are high captain, I certainly don't know if the ships can handle it." Puffy can't help but laugh slightly at Skeppy's analogy, she appreciated it even if it was connected to something so troublesome. "And that's on the topic new mags alone, the government is a *whole* differently story. With several chapters. It's a fucking *series*."

That was an understatement.

Where would they even begin with the problem that the government would have about them? The fact that there *is-was* a secret community of powerful, magical warriors that they had no control over? The fact that said powerful, magical warriors were mostly underage? The amount of blood that was shed but hidden and unknown until today? Dangerous creatures and

people that were right under their noses? That children were making a profit by putting themselves in danger?

The list was endless and Puffy was not looking forward to the repercussions that would soon follow.

The semi-fragile foundations of the mag community was starting to crumble, and it'd be a mad dash to try and reinforce everything and make sure everyone was okay.

And that was what Puffy wanted to do, make sure that everyone was alright in the end.

"How's everyone over there?" She asked, lifting her head to look at Skeppy.

He looked just as tired as she was. God, they both needed the rest, if they were lucky maybe they could squeeze in a nap somewhere.

While there were a lot perks to being a mag, like sleeping less was one of them but they still needed to rest and actually sleep. It was easier to recover and just healthier that way, Puffy has heard of mags foregoing sleep entirely but that rarely ever ended well.

Skeppy sighed, "Exhausted, but we're good. Aside from the hordes and mobs, nothing else much happened." But the big problem was still there though, they both knew that. *ALL* mags new that.

Magic was now public. The thin veil between them was somehow gone and now they were forced to deal with the consequences. And there *would* be consequences. So many, consequences.

Puffy really hoped that some sort of stability would soon be established but unfortunately she knew that this was only the start, and for that stability to come, for it to even begin, they'd have to handle the chaos.

She straightened in her chair, enough despairing. They had to plan, work things out and make sure they were ready for whatever else was going to happen.

Though before she could even start or say anything, a new person joined their call.

"Tubbo." Puffy greeted with a slight smile but frowned as she saw how haggard Tubbo looked. "Where's George? Eret?" With how things were, she'd been expecting George or even Eret to be joining their call- they *were* the leaders after all. But if Tubbo was joining...

"Eret's resting and George is... Unconscious. He faced Stella and went creative mode on her to protect Sapnap, Dream and Drista." She stiffened at the names, if she'd been standing she surely would've wavered in place as she realized what Tubbo had just said.

Skeppy looked shocked, "Don't tell me-"

Poor Tubbo could only slump in his seat before he muttered, "We've got four new mags on the team. Wilbur and Techno contracted too."

Skeppy hissed, "*Yikes*."

Puffy closed her eyes, taking in deep breaths as she tried to fight off the headache that edged her mind. It was a failing battle. "Oh Tubbo..." Oh *everyone*.

George, Drista and Tommy must've been devastated... and angry. It didn't look like anything was going on in the background though, nothing seemed burnt, impaled or broken. So that was a plus.

"How- How is everyone doing?"

Tubbo looked up and Puffy took in another deep breath at how miserable Tubbo looked. The sheer dismay that the boy had on his face, though he was clearly trying to keep together, trying to make sure his emotions don't influence him *too* much lest his magic respond in kind.

Another reason as to why therapy was so important, yet somewhat dangerous. Magic was reactive after all, the more powerful and extreme the emotions, the bigger the reaction. If one needed an example, just look at Foolish, better yet look at *Tommy*.

"We're... doing." Tubbo winced, "We were at Dream and Drista's house but had to leave, we're all at the base now." He leaned to the side, reaching out at the camera to swivel it around. Show them both exactly who was in their base.

Puffy chewed on her lip, seeing them all. Wincing particularly at the sight of Drista slumped over in Dom's embrace while Diana held her hand. Lani was sitting by her, some more emotional support maybe.

Dream was nearby but he was talking to Sapnap, she couldn't see his face, just his back but just his body language told her that he was frustrated and concerned over Drista. She could at least see Sapnap's face which was grim.

She couldn't see Eret, but he was probably resting somewhere else in the base. George too.

She was surprised when the camera turned to face Phil and his family- or most of them, he, Wilbur and Techno were with Ranboo. But the lanky teen seemed to be openly *berating* Wilbur who looked deeply ashamed but very frustrated. She couldn't hear them, they were too far away. Techno and Phil looked uncomfortable, disappointed.

Tommy was nowhere in sight. But then again, neither was Purpled or Punz.

Skeppy whistled, "What'd Wilbur do to get *Ranboo* on his ass?"

The camera was forced back to face Tubbo and he had a dark look on his face, "He said things he *really* shouldn't have."

Puffy listened with wide eyes as Tubbo recounted what happened. Tommy had been talking to his family, and at first it seemed- alright. Tense, but considering the situation it was inevitable, normal really. What *wasn't* normal was *Wilbur* of all people, lashing out at *Tommy*. Tubbo told her, word for word, what exactly Wilbur said and try as she might, the feeling of indignation and anger that bubbled in her stomach was a bit difficult to keep down.

Because Tubbo was right, Wilbur shouldn't have said those things.

He didn't understand the Mag life, he didn't understand *Tommy's* life- he sure as hell had *no right* to say that!

However, Puffy thought, rationalizing and thinking over the situation, that was the problem wasn't it?

Wilbur, as well as the others, had no idea of the mag life. Had no knowledge of what happened to them, to *his own little brother*. It wasn't an excuse to yell at Tommy though, but she could understand his anger, his frustration. Lashing out like that, from the looks of things, he deeply regretted it. Hopefully, he'd apologize soon.

"Where's Tommy?"

Tubbo frowned, "Down at the vault with Purpled, putting away the drops. Punz followed after them I believe so he's seeing it as well. They haven't come up yet but it should be fine."

"Isn't the vault in the basement? With The Cage?" Skeppy questioned, and Puffy flinched back at the mention of *The Cage*.

Every group had at least one. And Puffy hates it, god she hates it, but she knows why they need it. Their own Cage was also in the basement. Not by their own vault of course but they had it.

The young teen's lips thinned, "Should be fine. We'll... explain that later. Anyway, back to business."

It's abrupt but it remind both her and Skeppy on why they were on call in the first place.

"Right," Skeppy cleared his throat and Puffy sighed. The night was over, but like the day, it was all just beginning.

"Puffy."

"Sneeg." She smiled at the man, or tried to, it turned into a grimace pretty easily. Usually, she'd be happy to see her friend face to face, *usually*.

Now though? Not so much.

Niki shoots her an apologetic look that she waves away, she wasn't at fault for any of this. Even though Nikki *did* bring Sneeg to their base on his request, it was really just inevitable before Sneeg would've asked to come meet her anyway. So might as well have it now right? It wasn't like she wanted to go to bed or just even rest for an hour no...

Just get it over with.

"So... magic, huh?" Sneeg said, looking around their base- a warehouse by the docks entirely owned by her. "Been a wild night for the both of us."

Puffy laughed crookedly, "Oh you have *no* idea." She shook her head and glanced over to Sneeg, sitting on one of her chairs and drinking Niki's tea and eating one of her leftover pastries. The man looked just as tired as she was, his whole world shaken by the revelation of magic as well as his life being in danger not even an hour ago. Caught in one of the spawner chunks and almost consumed. Luckily Nikki had just been heading back, she saw him and other people lured into the damn thing and dealt with it accordingly. Sneeg had asked, demanded really, to accompany her and to speak with Puffy.

Sneeg took in a deep breath and gave Puffy a hard look, "Alright, I'm just going to cut right to the point here Puffy. How long have you or the others known about the Gourd sisters? Clementine? Hattie?" Immediately she and Niki winced and looked away from Sneeg as his face twists into something of bitter exhaustion. "Christ- who else do you know? How many of the missing kids I've been looking for mags? Or just, *dead*?"

Puffy bit her lip and considered the guilt she felt from withholding important information from her dear friend. Sneeg was a private investigator, a detective that looked into missing cases and such- it wasn't his main focus per say. But after Clementine went missing, he had gone looking for her and later on Hattie and had took interest in other missing persons cases.

Another unfortunate truth to the mag world was that a- she hesitates to call it that, but a '*fair*' amount of mags were people who had gone missing one way or another. Either before or after they turned into mags, be it running away from their lives to start anew somewhere else or submerge themselves deeper into the mag world, or they died within spawn chunks or even other mags.

How do you tell your detective friend that you knew *exactly* what happened to the missing girls he'd been looking for? Having offered to look for them rather than hired because he'd been a friend of both the mother of the children as well as the fathers of the girl's close friends? While he accepted the money that Phil, Schlatt and Helena had given him, he'd put it all into trying to find Clementine, and then later on, Hattie.

How do you tell *anyone* that you know that one girl was dead, but the other was alive and- doing as well as she can, which was just enough to go by it seemed.

"How-" Puffy starts to ask, but Niki interrupts her, phone in hand. "Wil told the discord server. He met Hattie face-to-face as she was trying to shoot Tommy again." She grimaced, ah. That explains how Sneeg knew. Sneeg mouthed 'again' before shaking his face.

"I'd like some answers here, ladies. Some context would be nice too." Sneeg said, rubbing his face. "I know that maybe not every case I have, may end up related to mags but- I just want a general idea, and maybe knowledge that some of these people I'm looking for are actually alive. Or dead." He had a job to do after all, any information would be appreciated. And while he's still smarting from the fact his own friends kept valuable information- he knew they were simply trying their best. That really, realistically, it wasn't like they could just *tell him* about it. From what he's read and gathered so far... He doesn't like it, the whole 'mag world' and whatever system was in place there, the fact that *children* were involved but- he *understands* it. To an extent at least. He still hates it, but it's *something*.

He's certainly reacting better than some other people out there.

"That's... a hard thing to count or calculate Sneeg." Niki admitted slowly, "Mags come and go, and there's certainly mags that have gone missing one way or another, before *and* after. Some mags in hiding or just, run away. Though our community is small and the world, dangerous, it's still hard to get an accurate count on things. I'm sorry." She apologized quietly, giving the tired detective a sad look. She could only offer that, as well as more drinks and pastries.

Puffy bit her lip, weighing the pros and cons then sighed. "Sneeg, I don't know how many of the people you're looking for are mags or not. Even though the mag world was small, we didn't know *everyone*. But I *do* know that *some* of the people you're looking for are mags, I saw their names when I visited you." She gains Sneeg's immediate attention, "The Gourd sisters are both mags but Clementine is confirmed deceased while Hattie is obviously still alive." Sneeg grimaced but takes out his notepad nonetheless to write down what she says. "Fran Wolpin is still alive, Oswald Axel, deceased recently of a few months, Clara Nova... I think she's still alive but I haven't heard of her in a while."

"She's still alive." They all jumped at Fundy's sudden appearance. "I keep in touch with Yogurt and he's seen her from time to time, so she's alive."

"Fundy!" Puffy scolded, clutching her shirt at the grinning man that stood behind her chair. "Don't *do* that!"

He snickered, his grin getting even wider. "Man, you must be *really* exhausted to haven't notice me sneaking in Captain. You should probably rest soon." He said, though said lightly, his eyes were serious as he meant what he said. "Heya Sneeg! Detective work so early in the morning? Really dedicated to your job huh?"

"I'm dedicated in finding these people and helping them out, or at least find out what happened to them and tell their families." Sneeg replied dryly, looking at his notepad. Two people dead. He always knew there was a chance that Clementine was dead- statistics were there, she wasn't the type to just *run away* abruptly and there was no body but... to actually hear it be *confirmed*... Oswald too, poor boy.

"Does that include the bad families that hurt them and made them run away in the first place? The ones that they left because they could finally leave on their own with no one to stop them? Maybe they left for a good reason, and they don't want to be found or be told about to the assholes they left behind for a better life?" Fundy questioned with an oddly cold tone. Gone was his grin, instead, he stared at Sneeg with an expectant, steaming eyes. Eyes that glowed gold with magic.

"Fundy." Niki cautioned warily as Sneeg straightened in his seat.

"How can you-" 'call it a better life?' Sneeg almost asks upfront, he cuts himself off and takes in a deep breath. "Per my job, I'm *obligated* to tell the families the state their missing child, or relative, etc, is. If I happen to know about it anyway, if I don't, then tough luck." He wouldn't tell shit families the whereabouts of the family they drove away- not the ones who were extra shit or didn't seem remorseful in any way. He's actually a bit hurt that Fundy would think he'd do that. However from the sound of it, Fundy had a personal reason for questioning his motives.

"Fundy, stand down- Sneeg's our friend. He's a private investigator but he's still a friend of ours." Puffy said softly and Fundy looked away. "I'm sorry Sneeg, it's been a stressful night for all of us."

"No kidding." Sneeg huffed, "Magic, child soldiers, *new reasons why people have gone missing*. Fuck, Puffy. What the hell am I suppose to tell the families? Oswald's brother has been looking for him ever since he ran away from his fosters, Helena may be in a coma right now but what am I suppose to tell *her*? And Sam? Puffy, that man has been looking for Fran for *months*."

"Well, we can tell Sam now that the cat's out of the bag." Niki said softly, "Fran's been doing okay. She's been taken in by some good mags and given a place to stay. She's been wanting to visit Sam for so long, but she's afraid her parents might see her if she goes to him, mag or not. If we tell him, then he can visit her just fine, right?" She glanced at Puffy who could only shrug. It sounded like a good idea in theory, but in practice? Who knows.

"Who has her? Where is she staying?"

Fundy finally glanced back at Sneeg, looking less cold and he actually smiles. "Trust us when we say she's in good hands. She moved to a new place just last month, renting at a mag-owned apartment complex."

"Renting? She's *twelve*. She- for fuck's sake, I know I said *child soldiers* but-" "I know Sneeg." Puffy sighed deeply, giving him a war-weary and exhausted look. "It's *horrible*. And you have no idea how many of these kids need help, need *therapeutic* help. It's one of the reasons why I'm so dead set into becoming a therapist." Which may or may not happen now, depending on what the fuck happens.

Actually.

No.

She was *going to be a therapist*. No matter what.

Sneeg cursed, pressing his palms against his eyes. "*Fuck... Fuck*. Okay. Shit- if I make a list of names would any of you recognize them as mags? Wait, I should probably include pictures because they might change their names."

Fundy grimaced but sighed, "No idea man, but we'll help if we can. Though it'll take a while, a lot of shit is starting Sneeg."

Puffy could barely hold back a snort, that was understating things.

Ping

She checked her inventory at the sound of her phone going off, Sneeg stares as it appears in her hand. "It's Foolish." Puffy said as she checked the screen. She stood up from her chair, "He's probably phoning in to report me on the mags that have entered our territory. I'll be

right back, I need my computer- Niki, can you check our stock on healing items? Fundy, how are you on magic?"

Fundy glanced at his bracelet, "I've been up all night dealing with hordes, other mags and avoiding the public. I'd say pretty sapped for the moment, but if you need me out there I can do it."

"No, I'll go." Niki said, draining her cup and grabbing a few of her own pastries. "You just got back Fundy, have some time to rest. I'll go after I check the stock."

Puffy nodded, "Alright, thank you Niki. You can stay for as long as you'd like Sneeg, but tell me if you're leaving, I'll have someone take you home or wherever you want to go." She left before he could even say anything like protest, she still had work to do.

He watched both women leave the room, still feeling conflicted over, well, *everything* that has happened tonight.

Sneeg had spent most of his night inside ever since the news had hit, he'd been eating when it happened and he abandoned his dinner in favor of looking up what the fuck was happening. He couldn't believe it at first, who would? But then he checked his discord, wanting to talk to his friends and lo and behold, some of his *friends* were *mags*. Puffy, Niki, Bad, George.

Fuck, his friend's *kids* were mags. Tommy, Tubbo, Drista, Purpled-

And then there were the *websites*.

He'd seen spammed on twitter was a link, the source was obviously a trash account made in the moment just to give the link and then tossed away once the link was spread. Clicking on it sent you to one of of, presumably, many mab websites that had been hidden from the public. Like the dark web, but not as hidden away anymore, and quite easily accessed.

He'd gone on it for a while, seen the frankly ridiculous things on it- bounties, requests, missions, job offers, information of 'dangerous mags' that held the picture of either young adults or fucking just *children*.

It didn't last long, either from how many people were accessing it or from the fact whoever was behind it had pulled the plug for damage control.

Sneeg had spent the rest of the night trying to gather information, he'd ask his friends but they were all busy doing... well, mag stuff. Which implied- no, which *definitely* involved a... lot of things.

Things that Sneeg doubted any normal person could do, *much less people younger than him*.

"Sneeg." He blinked as Fundy got his attention, the young man climbing over the back of the chair where Puffy sat so he could sit on the back with his feet planted on the cushions. Not a normal way to sit, but it gave Fundy height and made Sneeg look up to meet his eyes. "Sorry for the whole thing back there, those questions though, they had to be asked. I know you're a

good guy Sneeg, you're a friend and I've seen your work ethic and stuff but- things are going to be *really* complicated if you're going to keep looking for people and those people are mags."

No kidding. It was already complicated *now* but he got where Fundy was coming from.

"I'll toe the boundaries but I won't cross them." Sneeg promised him, it's what he's been doing anyway.

Fundy grinned, it's all teeth but he had approval in his eyes. "Great! You'll definitely live with that in mind!"

Though cheery and probably (?) meant to be reassuring, it sure as hell was not.

Sneeg shook his head and looked at his notepad, at the names he'd written down. His eyes wander to the top of the list.

"What happened to Clementine in the first place?"

Fundy faltered, nearly slipping off his seat on top of the chair's back. "That's... not my story to tell." He replied quietly, closing his eyes with a sigh. "That's Tommy's story to tell. But I'll give you the gist of things I guess."

"Clementine died for Tommy, and because of that, Tommy became a mag. I don't know when Hattie found out, but she always suspected Tommy being involved with Clementine's 'disappearance', and she was right... Sneeg, when you find your missing people, do you contact the police if they've done a crime that you know they did?"

Sneeg's brows furrowed, "Yes... why? What- what did Hattie do? I know she assaulted Tommy from Wilbur but, what *else* has Hattie done to warrant an arrest?"

Fundy hummed, and a sad smile graced his face.

"What's the punishment for someone who unintentionally put someone else into a coma?"

Sneeg gave him a blank stare, until it clicked in his head and dread pooled in his stomach. "*She's* the reason why Helena's in a coma? Fundy, she's been in the hospital for almost *two YEARS!*"

"I did say unintentionally." Fundy replied offhandedly as he started tossing a glowing orange cube in the air, his soul cube Sneeg remembers. "Though does it become intentional if she doesn't undo whatever she did to Helena? So, what's the verdict for her detective?"

Said detective stared at him and let out a wheezing breath. Fucking hell, not even a full DAY and things were already piling up.

man it has been A LONG WHILE since i updated this story. i know, i know- im sorry okay! major writer's block got to me about this, i didn't know how to write this chapter whatsoever even though i knew what i wanted- which was shifting the pov to our dear captain here.

after some help from a friend (thank you very much) ive made great progress on the chapter!

i'll be deleting the authors note about technoblade's death soon after i update this of course.

ANYWAY, on with the story! we're going to be sticking with puffy and the others for a bit. and we get a little bit of more worldbuilding as well as some backstory to hattie, or well- what exactly happened with her mother helena.

next chapter hopefully won't take SO DAMN LONG TO WRITE

but then again i've got some irl-ish plans in the way for the following month or so. plans that will either succeed or fail, depending. we'll see how this goes.

Not An Update, Important Note

Hello Readers, it's been a while hasn't it?

Okay, cutting to the chase. This is a temporary chapter about something very important;

As you all know, I have no updated this fic in a while and there are reasons for that. Loss of motivation, writer's block, depression- etc.

Point is, I was given the suggest from a close friend of mine that maybe I could just let go and instead give you guys one last update of an outline of what I wanted to do with this story. And it sounds like a great idea, however I still feel guilty and I also don't really want to give it up like that. But at the same time, it's not fair to you readers who have been waiting for the next update of the fic for so long or just want to see this continue but can't because I can't write it.

So I decided to give you guys the choice. If you guys have a tumblr account, please go [HERE](#) and vote on the poll I made.

Those that don't, just comment and I'll keep track of it, add it into the final results.

The poll will be up for a week.

Whatever the final results are, just know that I am extremely grateful for you guys. Thank you for reading my fics, thank you for every kudos, comment, bookmark- everything. I hope to see you again, wherever really, and that you continue reading despite it all. Be it my fic, or someone else's.

I'll see you all in a week.

EDIT: It's been a week, and the results are out! I will be doing an outline for this fic in the coming year. I've decided to do Remix first, Wishes next, and Theseus last. Around late January or early February is when I'll plan to release Remix's outline but I won't promise the exact timing. Thank you all for your comments and your time, I'll see you guys around :)

Works inspired by this one

[Restricted Work] by [MyGenderIsMalt37](#), [renthedog.\(MyGenderIsMalt37\)](#).

[Heritage](#) by [Cleanse_Your_Eyes.\(Cleanse\)](#)

[Magic and Everything In-between](#) by [SummerRobyn](#)

[break the cycle in half](#) by [rosewitchx](#)

[Restricted Work] by [eneliii](#)

[Defy Destiny](#) by [SylphyCloak](#)

[Restricted Work] by [Lightningstrike5757](#)

[Restricted Work] by [GoodbyeMyDignity](#)

[Wishes and Family - A Broader View](#) by [Empy02](#)

[Just how would you react?](#) by [siliconforbrains](#)

[The risks we take](#) by Anonymous

[Behind The Masks](#) by [TheImmortalLoneWolf](#)

[Stages of Corruption](#) by Anonymous

[Last Promise in the Light of the Setting Sun \[Discontinued\]](#) by Anonymous

[Restricted Work] by [HoneySsickle](#)

[Let's Enter Into A Magical World Abruptly! \[DISCONTINUED\]](#) by [AL_2424](#)

[Icy Hell \(I'll save you\)](#) by [ButternutWillow](#)

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!